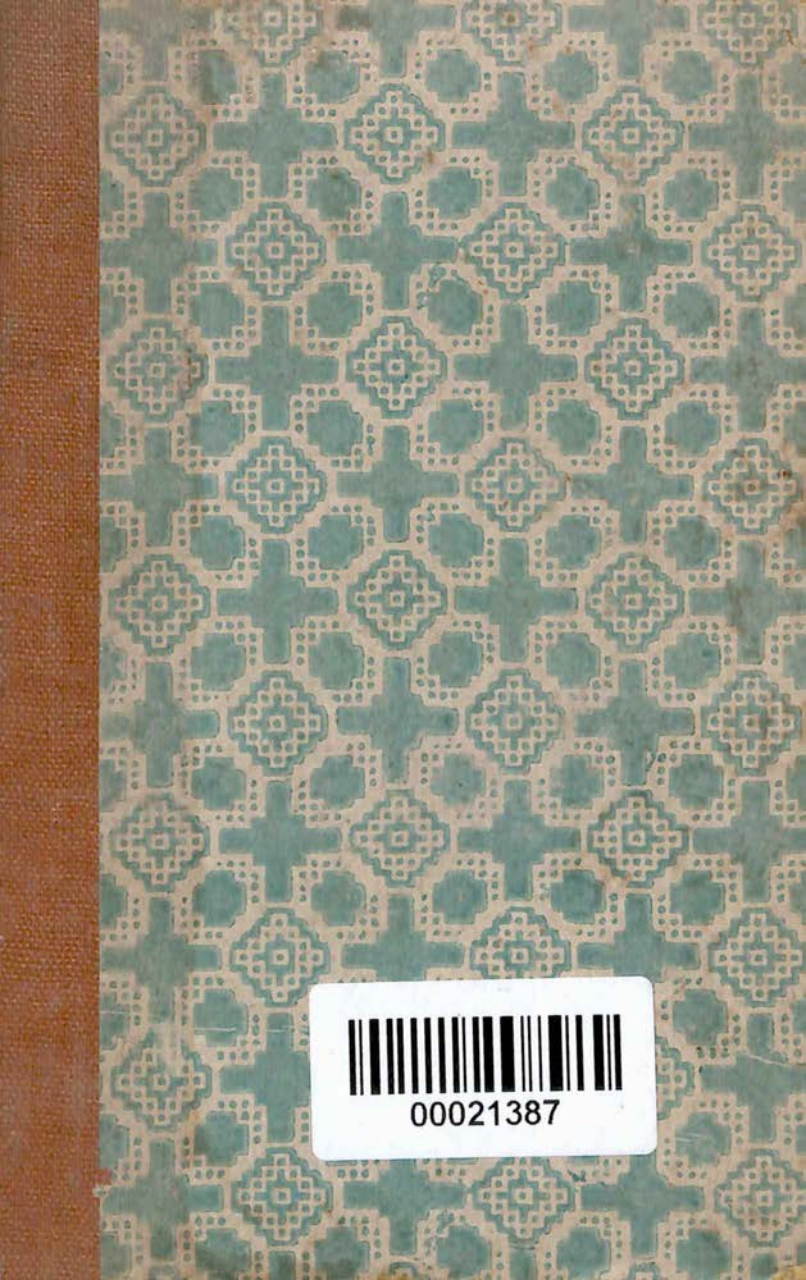
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Life & Writings of Joseph Mazzini

VOL. VI.—CRITICAL & LITERARY.

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LIFE & WRITINGS

OF

JOSEPH MAZZINI

VOL. VI.

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years. Pure in heart, and led by one of those illusions which naught but the evidence of facts can destroy—too often with the destruction also of one half of the soul—he was on his way to make one last effort to revive that decayed Authority; to endeavour to infuse one drop of the life-blood of Humanity into its exhausted veins.

Russian, Prussian, and Austrian notes had preceded him; demanding from the Pope a formal condemnation of this audacious commentator of St. Paul, who affirmed that wheresoever is the Spirit of God, there is liberty. Cardinal Lambruschini, the same to whom he had himself opened the path to hierarchical power, was adverse to him. Gregory XVI. received him coldly, and only upon condition of his remaining silent upon the very subject that had brought him to Rome. A long letter which he addressed to him remained unanswered; perhaps even unread.

With a heart full of sorrow and bitterness; having weighed every stone of the ancient edifice, and found naught but dust and ruin, the priest departed. His gaze lingered long on the cupola of St. Peter's; no longer the sanctuary of the word of God. With a heart swelling with unshed tears—even as one who witnesses the burial of his beloved—he traversed the vast deserted Campagna; an eloquent image of the solitude daily extending around the Papal See. But he bore his faith with

him across the desert, and by that faith he was saved.

He knew that the Thought of God is immortal, and that although both the direction and the interpreters of the Apostolic mission may be transformed, the mission itself cannot cease throughout the evolution of the centuries, till earth's latest day. He knew that the decay of a form of authority is naught other than its transmission; and that the death of a form of faith is naught other than its transformation.

Instead of giving himself up to despair, he meditated upon the new life destined to succeed that life extinct. His eagle glance sounded the heights and depths of the world; searching out and studying every sign annunciatory of that life to come; while he prayerfully awaited an inward inspiration that should reveal to him the site of the future temple of the Deity.

One day, when both Rome and the Monarchy believed the man crushed and conquered, he arose, as if called by an irresistible force; his voice resounded in double power, like the voice of the prophets of old; and his utterance had all the religious solemnity of one who, after long and weary search, has found at length the truth. He preached God, the people, love, and liberty. He proclaimed the downfall of the powers of the day, and called upon the Nations to wrest from their grasp the

insignia of the mission they had betrayed. The terrible accuser arose to denounce all that until then he had once defended; to raise on high all that he had once striven to overthrow. From that time forward he has never changed; nor will he ever change again.

It was—for those able to comprehend it—a great lesson. In that struggle of a devout and holy soul, between the records of the past and the previsions of the future; in that unequal, tempestuous, often wavering, but always progressive elevation of a sincere and powerful intellect in search of truth; in that ultimate, unlooked-for determination—contrasting, to outward appearance, with twenty years of previous labour,—which affixed the seal of religion upon all that the instincts of half-a-century had pointed out,—there was, on the one side, a rare psychological phenomenon, well worthy of study; and, on the other, a splendid augury and a glorious confirmation of the recent dogma of the sovereignty of the peoples. With a few exceptions, however, the lesson passed unheeded. When they beheld that powerful intellect, which they had supposed exhausted by twenty years of labour, arising giant-like between a world in ruins and a world new born; when they saw him, as if endowed with a second youth, bound across the abyss that divides the tomb from the cradle, and stand erect upon the soil of the

future,—both friends and enemies recoiled in alarm. A wide circle of solitude and silence was formed around him. The first forsook him, as if they felt his unexpected daring a reproof; the last still regarded him with distrust, remembering his past. No sooner had the upholders of the Papacy recovered themselves, than they hurled every description of calumny and outrage upon him. Forgetting the wide distinction between change the result of progress in ideas, and change the result of lust of wealth and power, they judged him as they might have judged a Thiers or a L'Herminier, attributing his sudden conversion to wounded self-love (precisely as the holy war maintained by Luther against the Papacy was attributed to venal priestly jealousy), and declared (even as others had declared of Luther) that his rebellion might have been prevented by the timely offer of a Cardinal's hat. Saint Paul at Damascus would have been incomprehensible to them.

In England, prejudice falsified the political opinions of Lamennais; and the man whom I saw but lately so full of sweetness and love; who weeps like a child at a symphony of Beethoven; who will give his last franc to the poor; who tends flowers like a woman, and steps out of his path rather than crush an ant,—was transformed by journalists into a preacher of anarchy and man of blood. Each of his works, moreover, has been criticised separately,

on its political or artistic merits; and never, so far as I know, have his writings been studied, as they require to be, in their *ensemble*.

It is time that this should be done. Lamennais, as a philosopher, as a powerful writer, and as the head of a political school, is an individuality which it is important thoroughly to know. The progress of his mind is intimately linked with the progress of the epoch.

This, however, is a work I have neither time nor space to accomplish here. If I were able to follow the successive manifestations of that vast intellect one by one, I believe I could show how his philosophical theory of the general consent—or tradition—considered as the criterion of certainty, was destined by logical necessity to lead him to the social principle of the People, sole depositary and continuer of tradition. But the few pages at my command would not suffice for this; and I shall therefore limit myself to indicating the direction to be pursued by all who are desirous of rightly studying his life and works.

Felicité Lamennais was born in 1782 at St. Malo; in that province of Brittany which gave Pelagie, Abelard, and Descartes to France, and in the same city which had witnessed the birth of Chateaubriand a few years before. His mother died during his infancy, and the wealth which his

father had acquired in commerce having been lost in the Revolution, the family had not sufficient means to provide him with a regular education. The boy thus grew up in complete freedom, beneath the eye of God; untrammelled by the pedantic methods of a college, and even without a master; passing his days between the family library—where he was often shut up by an old uncle with Horace and Tacitus for companions—and the shore of the vast ocean, dashing, like a wave of eternal poetry, against the barren rocks of Brittany.

The intellect of Lamennais developed its native sublimity and independence in the solitude, unrestrained by any formal doctrine. His imagination, nourished by the contemplation of nature, and the noble and severe poetry of the scenes by which he was surrounded, was alive to religious inspiration at a very early age. We are told by Robinet that "he even now remembers, with a sort of dismay, the sense of pride that took possession of him one day, when he was but nine years old, on contemplating a terrific tempest from the walls of the city, and hearing the miserably prosaic remarks of the other spectators on the aspect of the sea and the raging of the waves. Their observations aroused a sense of disdainful pity in his mind, and he drew apart from them, recognising within himself, child

as he was, the instinct of the infinite, revealed to him by the sight of the raging elements."

Meanwhile, another ocean, not less solemn and tremendous, was raging around the young spirit which thus identified itself with the tempest—the sea of Revolution, beating fiercely against a past which had founded the unity of France, but was incapable of aught further, and therefore doomed to perish. That sea swept over and nearly submerged the soil whose produce was parasitic honour and monopoly of caste; in order that, like Egypt after the inundation of the Nile, its sources of production might be renewed, and prepared for a second harvest.

But—like every violent impulse—overpassing its true limits, the Revolution severed the tradition it should have continued; and in order more completely to separate itself from the old formulæ of religion, it assailed the foundations of Religion itself—eternal Source of all the successive formulæ adopted by humanity. In the midst of the gigantic tumult; in a land shaken by falling ruins, it was natural that the icy wing of Doubt should darken for a time the young and solitary soul thus educated to reflection by the unguided study of a mass of unselected reading. All the most powerful intellects have begun their career by doubt. Doubt descended upon the soul of Lamennais, but only to pass across it like cloud-shadows over the

sea, leaving no trace of its passage. The conflict was brief, and the Empire found Lamennais sustained by an ardent religious faith, and thirsting for religious unity.

This was in 1804.

The relations of the Empire to religion are well known. The Empire professed its desire to protect religion; but it was that protection of the powerful which stifles all liberty. Education, the Priesthood, all things were required to succumb to the dominating Power. Religious worship became a branch of public administration—nothing more. This was the state of things as far as the Government was concerned; among the people, indifference had succeeded to negation. How could any real religion show itself among an abject stipendiary and servile clergy? The course of Lamennais was soon decided. His first war must be waged against the most glaring, urgent, and serious evil. The time was not yet ripe for him to seek out a new sphere; he withdrew into the ancient sphere. Born a Roman Catholic, he believed in the sovereignty of the faith—in the triumph of moral force. He regarded forms merely as the pledges, the symbols of the *idea*. In 1808, the year after the Spanish insurrection, he published his first work, *Reflections on the Condition of the Church in France*. It was alike a voice from Religion and a voice from the People, and as such, a simultaneous presage of the epoch to come;

but the book itself was merely a violent and intolerant assault upon the disposition to negation displayed by the eighteenth century, and an appeal to the clergy to rekindle men's faith in the unseen and immaterial, by worthily representing that faith themselves. There was nothing in such language calculated to offend the existing Powers, yet, nevertheless, as if foreseeing the genius destined one day to fraternise with the people, the Imperial Police was alarmed, and ordered the sequestration of the work.

Four years later Lamennais published, jointly with his brother, a second work, *On the Institution of Bishops.* Two years after this Napoleon fell, and Lamennais went to Paris, where he dwelt in poverty until the return from Elba. It was then that, in order to escape persecution, he went to London. He remained there seven months, in great poverty and quite unknown. He returned to France after the battle of Waterloo, and shortly afterwards retired to his own Brittany. There, at thirty-four years of age, in 1817, he entered the priesthood at Rennes. In 1817 he published the first volume of his work *On Indifference in Matters of Religion.* This was his first experience and his first illusion.

His first illusion. The Revolution had persecuted Religion; the Empire had degraded it by making it dependent upon the State; the new Mon-

archy promised to restore it to honour. Founded upon the theory of *Right Divine*, and the Catholic principle of Authority, the interests of the Monarchy were in fact identical with those of the Church.

On all sides, save in the ranks of the Government, the tendency of society was towards opposition. It was so in the masses; the instinct of the age—indefinite, but nearly always true in direction—perceived that there was no real vitality left in the Church, and that every effort in its favour would be unavailing. It was so in the thinkers, almost all of whom belonged to the purely rationalistic and experimental school; and it was so in the ranks of *liberalism;* for the liberals of that day, incapable of grasping the conception of a progressive epoch, sought merely to *destroy*, and were followers of the superficial school of Voltaire.

Trembling at the recollection of the excesses of the Revolution; irritated by an indifference threatening the nation with intellectual torpor, and more perilous than ill-grounded hostility; convinced that the policy pursued by the dominant school led only to incredulity, and had in it no germs of a future—Lamennais was driven to rest his hopes upon the existing Power. He cherished the idea of a monarchy so linked with Religion as to put an end to the existing moral anarchy, and reconstitute a vast and prolific unity. His work *On Indifference in Matters of Religion* is based on the notion of a

chimerical alliance between the two authorities. The volumes, issued successively during the years 1820 to 1824, were, like his first, unjust and intolerant; violent in the political portions, and imperfect, though powerful, in the philosophical part. But a radical diversity of opinion should not make us forget the real merits of the work; its undeniable eloquence, and forcible expression of a real need—already forefelt by poetry—the necessity of re-establishing Tradition as the source of Authority; of breaking through the circle in which rationalism and materialism had enclosed the human mind, and of going forwards under the double guidance of a religious faith and the conscience of Humanity. The author of the work on Indifference thus did good service, though unconsciously, to the cause of common progress, and we are beginning to perceive this at the present day. He restored Tradition to its rights—Tradition, without which no philosophy can exist; and he infused new life and gave new consecration to philosophy itself, by bringing it into contact with the social world; from which it had gradually been farther and farther withdrawn.

Led astray by his erroneous political opinions, Lamennais himself misconceived the bearing and consequences of the principles he propounded, and his view of Tradition was narrow and arbitrary; but he re-opened the true path, and that alone is sufficient to give a philosophical value to his work.

The restitution of one vital element to human intellectual progress, is the principal characteristic of the book. It was to be expected that the details should soon be forgotten, and they were so. Moreover, to any one who studied his pages with attention, it was easy to perceive that the ties which still bound him to error were not likely long to resist the progressive character of his own genius. He allied himself to Monarchy, not so much because of any intrinsic merit he perceived therein, as because it presented an appearance of stability, from which he anticipated potency in good. At times it is evident that he himself regarded the alliance with suspicion; and his frequent reproofs of the Monarchy's lack of energy already betray that republican severity, which, at a later period, inspired his *Words of a Believer*, and which was destined to be fostered in him by the conduct of the Monarchy itself.

Partly from that spirit of distrust, natural to every merely temporal Power, partly from special circumstances, the Monarchy of the Restoration, which realized no advantages for the people, realized scarcely any benefit to the Catholic religion. The Church remained as servile as it had been under the Empire. "The Bishops," said the authors of *L'Avenir*, in a memorial addressed to Gregory XVI., "were allowed no official communication with the Holy See, and every Catholic

priest who ventured to correspond with Rome, ran the risk of punishment, possibly even of exile. There were no longer any provincial councils, diocesan synods, nor ecclesiastical tribunals for the maintenance of discipline. The Council of State was the sole judge in all matters concerning religion and conscience. Education was in the hands of a secular corporation, from which the Clergy were excluded: the spiritual direction of the Seminarists was circumscribed; and even that branch of instruction was subject, in the most important points, to the civil authorities. The system of Evangelical Councils under a common direction was either forbidden by the law, or only granted by special authorisation, revocable at any time, and almost exclusively to a few feminine congregations. All, in short, that constituted the true life of religion was enervated or destroyed by the Imperial laws, which had been retained. The two celebrated ordinances of the 16th June 1828 are known to all men; ordinances which submit, *de facto*, all ecclesiastical schools to the supremacy of the civil authority; they limited the number of youths who should be allowed to prepare themselves by prayer and study for the service of God; they compelled them, at a certain age, to assume a special form of dress, and required of the teachers —teachers previously approved by the Govern-

ment—an oath never to belong to any congregation unrecognised by the State."

Such was the method of the restored Monarchy whose recent unaccountable habit it is to represent itself surrounded by an *auréole* of religious piety and Catholic fervour. It rendered that Church servile, which it professed to revere, and undermined the foundations of religion by a hypocritical alliance which made it in some sort responsible for every political step injurious to the country.

Lamennais thought to remedy this double evil by a simple alteration of names. Joining the ministerial press, he wrote first in the *Conservateur* (the property of Chateaubriand), then in the *Drapeau Blanc*, then in the *Memorial Catholique;* but he nevertheless preserved an independent attitude towards the supreme power, and remained an opponent of the ministry Villèle, as he had been of the ministry Decazes. Little by little he abandoned the cause of Monarchy, and devoted himself exclusively to that of Religion. His dissatisfaction was still more openly evinced in 1825, when he published his *Religion, considered in its Relation to Civil and Political Matters,* a book which was prosecuted by the Government, and for which he was condemned to a fine of thirty-six francs; and again in 1829, by the publication of another work, *On the Progress of Revolution and of the War*

against the Church, in which he maintained the cause of Religious Independence against the Government.

The year 1830 arrived. A monarchy, the issue of fifteen years of purely negative and sceptical opposition, could not be more religious than the monarchy it overthrew. To organize power with firmness; to constitute it upon the basis of material interests, by leading men's minds away from the path of ideas and of moral progress—to maintain a constant harmony between the inclinations of the Parliament and the personal designs of the King; —such was the programme of the monarchy of the *Citizen* King. It had no principles, no belief, and no affection for either Church or people. The last were repulsed, and the former was subjugated, as it had been under the previous monarchy. Lamennais therefore held the Empire, the Legitimate Monarchy, and the Monarchy of Louis Philippe, in like esteem.

Abroad, matters were even worse. In Italy, in Russia, and in Austria, the people were cruelly oppressed; and the Church was a mere instrument in the hands of unjust governments. The experience was complete: the illusion destroyed for ever. Lamennais, in disdainful anger, burst the bonds that so long had confined him. There yet remained to him one other element of authority to be tested in the service of righteousness—a power,

great through its gigantic past, founded upon the moral force of the Word, and accustomed to declare itself the earthly representative of Him who, above all others, had loved the people—the Papacy. Lamennais abandoned monarchy and turned to the Pope: despairing of all help from the lying protectors of the Church, he turned to the Church itself. It was the second period of his career; the second experience; the second illusion; and it was destined to be far briefer than the first.

I know that many have ranked Lamennais among the writers who follow after victory, no matter whence it spring. But they who so judge him understand nothing of the man, nor of his works. Lamennais was gifted by nature with far more of the temperament of the martyr than of the sectary of popular applause. He followed nothing but the truth; that which his own mind declared to him to be such. His writings, before the year 1830, already indicate the progressive nature of his mind. Now, to *progress* is not to *change;* to progress is to *live;* and the true life of genius consists precisely in its assimilation of a portion of the great social manifestations of its epoch. The insurrection of July did not seek the achievement of any new aim; it re-asserted former conquests, which were threatened by the Government; but, as is always the case in great popular movements, it gave rise to demonstrations which revealed the

germs of a new life in the people, and proved that their antagonism to the faith was not an antagonism to the religious principle itself, but to the worn-out religious forms which had become hostile to progress. In France three days of popular sovereignty witnessed no single act of crime or disorder. Religion excited no hostility, save when it appeared united with a monarchy rebellious to the will of the country: wherever it appeared alone it was treated with respect. And even the temporary enthusiasms excited by various attempts at creating a new religious faith, were really a proof that men's minds were weary of mere individualism and doubt, and were thirsting for a new and potent unity. In other parts of the European continent—in Poland, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy—the popular movements were pure from all anarchy; and in some instances a religious feeling was associated with their national aspirations. There was in those revelations of the popular principle, in the prophetic thrill that then ran through the earth, a something divine. Lamennais understood it. "We live," he wrote, "in one of those epochs in which all things aspire towards renovation, to pass from one condition to another: none doubt this. Never was there a presentiment more intense, a conviction more universal. But according as we contemplate the future or the past—life or death—some amongst us hope, others fear. But, I repeat it, we

all of us believe in an approaching change, in an inevitable great revolution. It will come then, and quickly. In vain they strive to maintain the things that were; in vain to retrace the course of time, or to perpetuate the existing anarchy: it is impossible. There is in the intimate nature of things a supreme, a fatal, and irrevocable necessity, stronger than every power. Of what avail are the pigmy hands stretched forth to arrest the progress of the human race? What can they accomplish? The people are impelled by an irresistible force. Whatever efforts are made, they will go whither they are called; and naught can arrest their course through the path of the ages, for it is upon that path that man is gradually prepared for eternity."

Wherefore, thought Lamennais—the mission of the Peoples, and their disposition towards order and justice, being recognised — wherefore should the Church refuse to regulate their movements, to preside over the action of this providential instinct of the multitudes?

Why should not Rome—which has already twice given unity to the world, under the Cæsars and under the Popes—utter a third Word, of import still more vast, and consequences still more fruitful? Why should not the priest, himself a son of the people, elevate the hand that bears the martyr's cross, and sanctify with his blessing the crusade of the oppressed, in the pilgrimage ordained for them

by God towards liberty, equality, and love? And Lamennais devoted himself to the work with all the ardour which faith in a great principle awakens in a powerful intellect. He exhorted the clergy to renounce the miserable governmental stipend which impeded their liberty of action.

In September 1830 he founded *L'Avenir*, a daily publication bearing the epigraph *God and Liberty*, and founded at the same time a *General Agency* for the defence of religious liberty. In the first he propounded a doctrine which may be defined in his own words as destined "to destroy the reign of force; to substitute for it the reign of justice and charity, and thus realize among the members of the great human family, a unity; in which each living of the life of all, will both share and promote the well-being of all."

Such, he affirmed, was the spirit of the Gospel. By means of the "*General Agency*" he established an association for the purpose of obtaining a remedy for all violations of the liberty of the ecclesiastical ministry; of protecting the establishments of primary, secondary, and superior education against every arbitrary exercise of power; of maintaining the rights of every Frenchman to associate with others for purposes of prayer, of study, or of investigating the best means of serving the cause of religion, of civilisation, or of the poor. At a later period he proposed that a union should be formed

among "all those who, in spite of the massacre of Poland, the dismemberment of Belgium, and the conduct of the pretended liberal governments, persisted in the hope that the nations would one day be free, and in the determination to labour towards that aim."

These efforts were not without result. Local associations were established, the provincial papers disseminated his writings, and several schools were instituted. And, that naught of the earthly portion assigned by God to the just man—the praises of the good and the persecutions of the wicked—might be withheld from Lamennais,—the Government, alarmed, sequestrated *L'Avenir*, and summoned its director before their tribunals.*

But governmental persecutions could not subdue the mind of Lamennais, who, however, was destined to endure a far more terrible trial, the ruin of his last and noblest illusion; the proof that his heroic effort to restore life to the Rome of the Popes was too late; that Rome was a tomb, and the Papacy a corpse. That corpse, galvanized by diplomacy, arose to curse the daring priest who strove to recall it to the long-forgotten Gospel. The old man of the Vatican was no other than one more bad king among the many; the *Pope* had completed his moral suicide on the day on which he ceased to

* Lamennais' articles in *L'Avenir* have been collected by Dellaye, under the title of *Trois Mélanges.*

listen to the voice of progressive humanity. And now, precisely when Lamennais appealed to him to raise the banner of Christ and liberty, the Pope made King was calling upon Austria to destroy that banner in his states: while Lamennais garlanded the sepulchre wherein Poland lay for a while entombed, with all the flowers of Christian hope,—the Pope was cursing the liberty of Poland, and gratifying Russia by signing the servile Bull against the Polish bishops: while Lamennais was collecting 80,000 francs in the office of the *Avenir* in aid of the suffering Irish, the Pope-King was organizing cohorts of ruffians to shed the blood of unarmed men and women in the streets of Cesena and Forlì. The hierarchy in Rome persecuted all who joined in the noble endeavours of Lamennais. In many dioceses the ordination of young men suspected of approving the doctrines of the *Avenir* was forbidden; professors and curates were suspended from the exercise of their sacred offices for the same reason. The self-styled *religious* press heaped calumny and outrage on the apostles of God and liberty; and the rumour of a papal condemnation was already spread, when Lamennais, loyal and devoted to the last, suspended the publication of *L'Avenir* and started for Rome, accompanied by two fellow writers in that paper, in order to dispel the doubts of Gregory XVI., and explain his doctrines to him.

The book *Affaires de Rome* contains an exact and dispassionate account of that period; of the manner in which the three pilgrims were received; of the inefficacy of their efforts; of their departure; of the Encyclica of the 15th August 1832; of the resignation with which *L'Avenir* was suppressed and the *General Agency* dissolved; and of the persistence with which the Court of Rome nevertheless demanded a declaration of absolute, unlimited submission, in temporal as well as spiritual matters. The arts adopted constituted a positive system of moral torture; used against a man whose only guilt was having dreamed the redemption of Rome possible.*

They succeeded. In a moment of weakness Lamennais signed in Paris, on the 2d December 1833, his unlimited adhesion to the doctrine of the Encyclica; and retired, wounded to the heart, to the solitude of La Chenaye, about a league from Dinan.

The second experience was complete—the last illusion vanished. How many youthful ardent spirits have I not seen succumb beneath the first! How many powerful intellects, illumined at the outset by a ray of sacred truth, afterwards degraded by a single delusion, have profaned the flower of

* I will quote a single example. The Bishop of Rennes published a *confidential* letter, wrung from the brother of Lamennais, declaring his intention of separating from him.

faith and hope by scepticism and the inertia of discouragement! At fifty-one years of age Lamennais had twice drained the cup of life to the last drop, and tasted naught but bitterness and impotence. And yet—the example is almost unique—he did not despair. In that small and slender form, which appears as if sustained solely by force of will, was the soul of a giant. God had impressed his Napoleonic brow with the sign of a mission, and that brow, furrowed by the papal and monarchical anathemæ, had bent for an instant, not before their fury, but beneath the weight of a divine idea, and only to be raised again more serene, irradiated with new youth, and crowned with the glories of the future.

Discouragement is but disenchanted egotism.

The thoughts that thronged across his spirit in those days of trial, and which were his salvation, are so beautifully and powerfully expressed in his *Affaires de Rome*, and appear to me so well calculated to strengthen all who are labouring under discouragement, that I cannot resist the temptation of quoting a portion of them here.

"Indifference, inertia, a naturally yielding disposition, and, above all, fear, paralysing fear; these are the causes which blunt or corrupt the weak conscience of the many, who wander hither and thither without any governing rule of conduct, crying, *Peace, peace*, when there is no peace pos-

sible. They fear fatigue; they fear the struggle; they fear everything but that which is really fearful. I tell you that there is an eye whose glance descends like a curse from on high upon these men of little faith. Wherefore think they they were born? God has not placed man on earth as in his final dwelling; to waste his days in the slumber of indolence. Time passes them by, not like the light zephyr that caresses and refreshes the brow, but like the wind that now burns, now freezes; a tempest that drives their frail bark among arid rocks, beneath a stormy sky. Let them arise and watch —seize the oars, and bedew their brows with sweat. Man must do violence to his own nature; and bend his will before that immutable order of things which encompasses him above, below, in grief and misfortune. A duty, an absolute duty, governs him from the cradle upwards; growing with his growth and accompanying him to the tomb: a duty toward his brothers, as well as to himself; a duty towards his Country, towards Humanity, and above all, towards the Church; the Church, which, rightly understood, is but the home of the universal family; the great city wherein dwells Christ, at once Priest, King, and ruler of the world; calling upon the free, in every portion of the universe, to unite beneath the eternal law of intellect and love."

"And since he appeals to all, and all of us here

below are soldiers enlisted to fight the good fight against evil; the battle of order against disorder; of light against darkness; since we are all of us given power, nay commanded, strictly commanded —from the supreme head of the society to which we belong, down to the obscurest Christian amongst us—we will bring our forces, however humble, in aid of the common aim.

"Was not the offering of the poor Shepherds accepted by the God who came into the world to save us, with the same favour as the rich offerings of the Magi?

"No: our lips shall not be mute while the world is overshadowed by danger of death. We will not stand motionless like veiled statues on the shore of the torrent which threatens the foundations of the temple, detaching the stones one by one, and hurling them confusedly among the ruins of things doomed to pass away,—the hut of the peasant, the palace of the noble, and the throne of the king. Let all who have the things of eternity at heart arise with us! Let all who love God and man with all their heart and soul, and count all else as naught, join their voices and their hearts to ours. Why disturb ourselves if many refuse to unite in action with us? Shall we consume the energy of our hearts in idle tears for this? Faith demands action, not tears; it demands of us the power of sacrifice —sole origin of our salvation;—it seeks Christians

capable of looking down upon the world from on high, and facing its fatigues without fear; Christians capable of saying, *We will die for this;* above all, Christians capable of saying, *We will live for this;* for he who dies for the world achieves but an individual triumph, and the triumph to which man should aspire is not his own, but that of the cause he has embraced."

The cause of Lamennais was, from that day forward, our own. His glance had for the second time penetrated that infinite, the image of which had been revealed to him when, a child of nine years old, he contemplated the tempest from the walls of his native city. It was the infinite of Humanity, the progressive interpreter of the law of God, which he, like Pascal, viewed as a single man who lives for ever and increases in knowledge for ever. Humanity, initiator of its own advance; now through the medium of individuals, now of multitudes, according to time and events; but for ever bent, from experience to experience, from epoch to epoch, upon ascending the scale of perfectionment; on achieving the comprehension of its *aim* and of its duty; on the practical realisation of the divine *ideal* within it. It was the infinite of the people; of the universality of citizens, superior to all powers; of the universality of believers, superior to all Popes; steadfast amidst the change of all things else; capable of improvement, while all else is

doomed to corruption; sole depositary of the germs of a social and religious future; while individuals and castes cling to a past destined sooner or later to overwhelm them in its own ruin.

From that day the third period of Lamennais' existence began: the priest of the Romish Church became the priest of the Church Universal. The first expression, I might almost say effusion, of that new life was the powerful work entitled *Words of a Believer*, in the lyrical passages of which the three immortal sisters, Religion, Charity, and Poetry, are heard together in lovely harmony; a book which Gregory XVI., in his Encyclica of the 7th July 1834, called *libellum . . . . . mole quidem exiguum pravitate tamen ingentum*, but which, translated into all languages, has everywhere carried consolation and promise to the souls of the sorrowing and oppressed.

To conclude: the space allotted me does not allow a critical examination of the *Affaires de Rome*, the *Livre du Peuple*, or the articles which appeared in the *Monde*, and were afterwards collected under the title of *Politics for the People*; works, all of them, posterior to the *Words of a Believer*, and marking the further progress made on the path pursued by Lamennais with the epoch. He is now employed on a work* in many volumes, to which he intends to consign the fruits of his long

* *Esquisse d'une Philosophie.*

studies and reflections. My purpose in these few lines has merely been to point out the direction in which he advances. I desire to show the link—hitherto unobserved—which unites his past with his present; and to enable the reader to understand how this man, often accused by those who either have not read him, or have read him superficially, of sudden and inexplicable changes, has, in fact, always pursued one sole sacred idea—the good of the people, through the medium of a religious belief. He has only changed the instruments by which he strove to realize that aim, whensoever those he wielded broke in his grasp through corruption or decay. And the series of these changes forms a summary of the experience of an entire epoch. If we had gained naught besides this from Lamennais, he would still have deserved our gratitude and affection. He has, so to speak, sacrificed himself for us; he has explored for us the path we have to tread, and pointed out to us where the abyss lies beneath the flowers; where the void is hidden by the semblance of life. He compelled the Monarchy to unmask, and the Papacy to utter its last word in the Encyclica of 1832. And when at length he came amongst us, crying, *There is neither hope nor life save in the people*, it was not merely the cry of a noble soul athirst for love—he brought with him demonstration incontrovertible.

"The path he pursues is that of Humanity.

Long may he live to pursue it! His career is not completed. Where will he stop? cry those of his adversaries who would fain see him turn back. Onward, onward, for ever! cry those who comprehend his soul; for his life, like the life of genius, like the life of the coming generations, consists in advancing.

"Will the day ever come when his glance shall embrace the whole of the immense horizon spread before it? Of this we are certain, that from whatever altitude he may attempt it, he will measure its depth and breadth free alike from trouble or illusion; and if, in order to reach the promised land, it be needful to descend into the abyss, he will dare the descent, unrestrained by the world's vain clamour. For us, and for our century, he has initiated a crusade more glorious and more memorable in the sight of future generations than the crusade preached by St. Bernard; for not the sepulchre, but the legacy of Christ is the price of the conquest to which we are led by the Breton priest. The battle is no longer with Islam, but with the impiety of social life; we seek not the ransom of a few Christians, but of the vast majority of the human race."

Those beautiful lines are written by a woman, known to Europe under the name of George Sand.

[Mr. Mazzini wrote three different notices of the works of George Sand at different periods. The first appeared in the *Monthly Chronicle;* the second in the *People's Journal;* and the third formed the preface to a translation of the *Lettres d'un Voyageur,* by Miss Eliza Ashurst.

The important portions of these articles have been brought together in the following pages; but as the greater part of the earliest of them consisted of a critical refutation of the charges of immorality and "aversion to matrimony," brought against George Sand by certain clamorous critics of the day, who, although listened to with unmerited respect by the public during the rising of her star, have been utterly forgotten or disregarded since it attained its meridian, the translator has, by the author's desire, abstained from reprinting a defence of which the interest was merely temporary.]

GEORGE SAND.

BUT a few years ago and George Sand was, here in England, prejudged an *outlaw*. There was a terror in her name, a triple censure—religious, political, and social—upon her books. People took great care not to read them—they contented themselves with judging them. The few minds hardy enough to venture into the abyss were cautious not to avow it; they confessed to Paul de Kock and Balsac. From the height of its Gothic watchtower sounded the alarm-gun of the old *Quarterly*. Let the enemy but touch British ground with the sole of his foot, and public morality was evidently ruined for ever!

The enemy has now penetrated to the very heart of the kingdom. George Sand is read, admired, and loved.

There is in this simple fact, in this decisive change of opinion, as it regards the powerful writer who bears the name of George Sand,* something more than a caprice, or passing infatuation. There is an evidence of true progress; a precious result

* All the world now knows that this writer, thank God, is a *woman*; her real name is Aurore Dupin.

of several beneficent and honourable causes which are at work; the inevitable action of which the few chosen souls have long watched in silence; and which it is well to point out at the present time.

First, there is the all-powerfulness of genius. Between this sun of the soul, which God has placed on a height above us, as a beacon between ourselves and him, and the millions of men who must strengthen and enlighten themselves by it; hypocritical prejudice, the low hate of mediocrity, the petty reactions of the idolators of the past, the cowardly uneasiness of disturbed indolence, may accumulate thick unwholesome vapours; but it is only for a time, and the immortality of genius can wait patiently for its day of triumph.

Those who have watched the sunrise upon
Alps from some lofty peak, have seen, as I h
from Mount Cenis, first, the night, the vast n
sad and void, but in which one would say a crea
was in course of elaboration—then the first ray
light trembling upon the horizon, vague and p
like a timid and uncertain hope; then the long l
of fire cutting the blue heaven, firm and decided
a promise; and then, as at a given signal, the
of vapours mounts slowly from the abyss, grey a
sombre as Doubt, extending itself like a shro
between the earth and the star of day; rising lik
a bad thought betwixt the world and truth; t

which succeeds the struggle, eminently poetic, between the orb, apparently beamless and lifeless, and the rolling mist, here black as envy, there dull and heavy as senseless ignorance; a biting cold the while encircling you in its serpent folds; threatening your heart like uncertainty in the hour of trial—until at last the sun, disengaging himself from the cloud, reveals himself high in heaven, calm in his glory, and inundates you, in the midst of the dazzling snows, with warmth and light.

Such is the life of Genius. Envy and persecution;—but on one side of the tomb—it matters little which—assured triumph. You may burn the works of Rousseau in the public market-place; the spirit of Rousseau will survive; it will reappear to you [illegible]ears afterwards, embodied in the French constitu[illegible]ion. You may misinterpret the spirit, and blacken [illegible]your leisure the memory of Byron—you may [illegible]e his statue from Westminster Abbey; but the [illegible]ple, who recognise in him the victim of one [illegible]ch and the prophet of another, will read, and [illegible]opt him as their own, in spite of you; and pos[illegible]rity will end by placing his proscribed statue [illegible]ove the tomb where will lie for ever interred the [illegible]nciple of aristocracy. You may sound your [illegible]arm against George Sand in your old *Quarterly*, [illegible]nd forbid your youth to read her: you will find [illegible]ome day, without well knowing how, the best places [illegible]n your library usurped by her volumes. It is not

so easy to suppress one of the two first living writers* of France; and when I say this I speak of literary merit merely, of what regards *form* alone.

Another cause is the indestructibility of all real genuine *individuality*. You may stifle, and would to God that this happened more frequently than it does, every thought of the artist who is not true to himself; every talent yoked to the service of a fictitious, conventional, and unreal faith. "Lies," as Carlyle says, "exist only to be extinguished." And however brilliant and life-like may be the colours in which it arrays itself, the dawn is the sure summons for any *spectre* in human shape to disappear. But where there is a *human being*, the reality of a *life*, the impress of a soul, feeling, suffering, aspiring, and diffusing its spirit around, all the powers of the world united will not succeed in annihilating one atom of it. Human nature is sacred, imperishable as God, of whom it is a reflex; death is only for *forms*. George Sand is a power of *reality*.

All that she has written, even supposing it to be error, is truth to her; it is written with her heart's blood; she would be ready, doubt it not, to sign it with the blood of her body. She has often scandalised and shocked her readers, but it has never been in seeking merely for an artistic effect or through the mere eccentricity of genius. No

* The other is *Félicité Lamennais*.

she has always believed herself to be accomplishing a duty. With a nature eminently democratic; tortured by the necessity of loving and being loved; yearning, mid a stormy life, for peace and order; how many times must she have felt almost terrified at the solitude into which she was entering! How many times would she not have preferred, had it been possible, to act in all things with the multitude! But there was within her that instinct of strong souls, the fascination of truth; the revolt against the false and unjust; the ardour of proselytism. And she has always—God only knows with what suffering—obeyed this instinct. The form of her aspirations for social reform, and of her religious presentiments, has sometimes slightly [illegible]nged; she has immediately hastened to declare [illegible]Each of her books is eminently an action. It [illegible] manifestation, I might say a confession,—so [illegible]h is there that is religious in the character of [illegible] genius,—made without reserve and without [illegible]guise; without pride as without false shame; [illegible]d picturing truly the state of her mind at the [illegible]ne of its production. It has been found easy to [illegible]vent against her almost all kinds of accusations; [illegible]ut never those of hypocrisy, of Jesuitism, or of the [illegible]nity of an artist attitudinising, or draping herself [illegible] order to please.

And, what is more, the individuality of George Sand is not only her *own;* it is that of our age;

and in this power of identifying herself with the age, lies the true secret of the immense repugnance and the immense sympathy she has excited. It was felt from the first that there was in that voice, melodiously sad, yet proud and firm, more than a mere individual aspiration; it spoke the secret of the world around her; the complaint of the age, groping onwards amidst ruins; the aspiration—earnest though indefinite—of the advancing generation. In that double series, embracing all the high priests of art, from Homer to Goethe on one side, from Dante to Byron on the other; the place of George Sand cannot be doubted. By the peculiar nature of her artistic genius, as well as by the temper of her soul, keenly alive to holy indignation, exalted pity, and boundless love, she belongs entirely to the second,—to the geniuses who s struggle, and aspire, not to those who calmly template; to those who desire to transform medium in which humanity works, not to th who seek to elevate themselves, in calm impa bility, above it; to the prophets of the ideal, future; not to the painters of the actual and pres She is born to an apostolate. Sorrows, uncerta ties, hopes, daring; all that characterises a ra fluctuating, like our own, between a cradle and tomb; between an epoch which is passing aw and another which approaches,—she accepts a and embodies all in herself. She has encountere

every obstacle on her path ; she has been wounded by every thorn ; she has dared the edge of each giddy precipice ; ever in advance, she beckons to us with her hand, pointing out all the difficulties to be smoothed away, all the gulfs to be closed up. Coming in the days of 1830, after an heroic effort, which those who made it fondly hoped would have advanced the world a step, but which ended in nothing better than a patching up of the old system, she felt at once that the question of life could not be solved by remaining on the surface of a simple political organization, that it throbbed at the very heart of society ; and making a scalpel of her pen, she probed the evil to its core and laid it bare.

Whenever this happens in the world's history, whenever some one amongst us, appointed by God for the task, comes to disturb the torpor of humanity by grief and reproaches, the first impulse of the crowd is inevitably hostile. "Why troublest thou the night with thy cries?" say the demigods to Prometheus. "Why do you rouse me from this welcome slumber?" says the unhappy one, wearied by suffering, to those who urge him onwards ; "I was about to lose consciousness of my misery, and you recall me to it ; curses upon you!"

Human indolence and apathy are the greatest enemies that truth, and the genius which proclaims truth, can encounter upon earth.

It is not well to prostrate one's self, with closed

eyes, before intellectual greatness, or to follow it without inquiry whithersoever it may lead. There are moments when the pale and modest star, kindled by God in simple hearts, which men call *conscience*, illumines our path with truer light than the flaming comet of Genius on its magnificent course. But such moments, thank God, are rare. The giants of intellect, be they what they may, are nearer to God than the rest of us; and they are ill-advised who persecute them with suspicion or intolerance. Very seldom does true Genius make alliance with immorality; and yet, it appears as if it were our chief study to demonstrate the contrary; so great is our fondness for dwelling upon and exaggerating the smallest infirmity, the slightest blemish in the potentates of intellect. Very indulgent to ourselves and to mediocrity in general, we are suddenly transformed into the most rigid puritans when judging those who rise above the common level. We are always on the watch to detect some error in these beings, who are driven by the very intensity of sympathy which is a characteristic of their organization, to assimilate a portion of the ills and passions of their age. We find matter of accusation in their tears, and stigmatize every cry that bursts from their trembling lips, without caring to discover whether it was not wrung from them by anguish; and we unpityingly condemn them for the very evils transfused into them by

contact with ourselves. Is this justice? Is the reaction to which we thus give rise, useful? Is there such a superfluity of faith in the world, as to render it no evil to diminish men's faith in genius?

To demand of the artist that he should never make a false step in the whole course of his career; that he should always remain pure and serene as an angel in the midst of a society so agitated and corrupt as our own; that he should commune only with heaven during the throng and press of evil around him, is somewhat too much. That he should raise himself after every fall; that he should earnestly combat falsehood and evil in himself and others; that, even while initiating us into the terrible secrets of his struggle, he should strengthen us in hope and duty, nor die without indicating to us the path to victory—all this we may, all this we ought to demand of Genius; but no more. We have a right to deplore that an intellectual giant, like Goethe, after having stated the problem of Humanity in *Faust*, should have died without offering us any other solution than *indifference*.

Such indifference is impossible to George Sand, and this it is which renders her doubly dear and sacred to us. She has suffered through us and for us. She has passed through the crisis of the age. I have said that the evil she has portrayed is not *her* evil; it is ours. It does not come to us from her; it was and is around us; in the air we breathe;

in the foundations of our corrupt society, and, above all, in the *hypocrisy* which has spread its ample cloak over all the manifestations of our life. But whilst we, partly from incapacity, and partly from cowardice, have been silent, at the risk of allowing the evil to become a fatal sore,—she has spoken; her daring hand has torn away the veil; she has laid bare the festering wounds, crying to us: *See what your society really is!* She has shown not only the intuition, but the courage and the sincerity of genius. Thank God! she has had also, as much as possible, its reward. I do not speak of glory; which, in spite of all that has been done to prevent it, has crowned her. I know well that she values it but little. I do not even speak of something much more precious,—of the small number of chosen souls, the initiative and precursive of every country, who commune with her from afar; whom her voice encourages and consoles; who rise up stronger from the perusal of her works, and follow all her steps with love and admiration. I speak of the reward which God has given her through her own conscience; of the work of holy calm which she has achieved in her own soul, and which has found its gradual expression in the series of her writings. It is this work which it is most essential to point out to all those who would truly comprehend and judge George Sand. They must embrace her whole career, and follow it step by step in its

ascending progress; from the stagnant depths and vapours of society, up to the clear azure of those exalted regions to which she has raised herself by degrees. Her writings contain the true story of the life of her soul. Taken altogether, they reveal this continually ascending progress. *Indiana*, *Lélia*, *Jacques*, the *Letters of a Traveller*, and *Spiridion*, may be regarded as marking the various stages of her upward career. There may possibly exist some danger to the weak in one or other of her isolated volumes,—but good, great good, will be the result of making a complete study of the whole. How many things which appear to us offensive, out of place, and prosaic in nature, reveal themselves full of meaning, and harmonised in the general beauty of the whole, when the landscape unrolls itself from the highest peak to the persevering traveller! How shall we smile at these sorrows, at these inexplicable discords which we now call by the name of *evil*, when, the painful course of development and trial once accomplished, we can, from the height of a superior and perfected existence, feel and understand our *whole life* in its unity of intelligence, of love, and of power! The law of physical nature and of our life, is often reproduced in miniature in the accomplishment of the task of Genius.

There are two phases, clearly distinct, and yet thoroughly in unison, since they spring one from the other, in the works of George Sand. The—so-

called—Byronic inspiration preponderates in the first, of which *Lélia* is the culminating point. The protestation there is daring, obstinate, and uttered with an energy at times startling: the suffering poignant, sometimes to despair. The writer denounces society as it is, rather than proclaims society as it will be. It is not that the hope of better things is wanting to her. *Indiana*, so far as protestation against the actual state of *woman* is concerned, is enough, in itself, to prove the contrary; for through all the influences of Delmar and Raymond, types of brutality and vice, she preserves for her heroine enough of life to bless and to be blessed, when Ralph, the type of love founded upon self-devotion, reveals himself to her. Still, one would say that this hope is rather a suggestion of the intellect than a belief of the soul. The expression of it is cold, and almost seems like an afterthought. George Sand's true element, nevertheless, appears to be, above all things, *suffering*—the convulsive sense of her own sorrows, uniting with those of the world, and the reaction resulting therefrom. By and by her thoughts elevate and purify themselves; her glance turns oftener to the future; the religious sentiment, prominent in George Sand, becomes more and more developed and intense. The turbid stream purifies itself by mounting in vapour towards heaven, to fall again in dew. Calm succeeds to storm; the very shadow of scepticism

has given place to faith; faith sad and without the spring of youth, for its torch does not shine on this side of the tomb; but strong and immovable, as is all religious conviction.

Our earthly life is not the *right* to happiness, it is the *duty* of development; sorrow is not evil, since it stimulates and purifies; virtue is constancy in devotion; all error passes away; truth is eternal, and must, by a law of providence, triumph sooner or later, in the individual as in humanity. George Sand has learned these things, and repeats them to us with the sweet and impressive voice of a sister. There is still, as in the sounds of the Eolian harp, the echo of a past agony; but the voice of the angel preponderates; even as when gazing on a beautiful sunset, and penetrated by the sense of its melancholy, a voice within us murmurs: *It is not for ever.*

The admirable *Lettres d'un Voyageur* mark the transition point between the two phases which I have just pointed out. In them we have a fragment of the secret biography of a powerful intelligence; the confession of a great and noble soul that has loved much and suffered much, addressed to all those who suffer and who love; while, at the same time, it unfolds a striking page of truth, snatched from contemporary history; the record of a moral crisis, which has lasted from 1815 until now; the long and prophetic lament of a whole

generation, which has come into the world during the interval between two suns; whose life has consumed itself amid the ruins of social order; unable to escape thence, to enter the promised land of the future. The last pages of the book are illumined by the beams of the coming day, and the vague outlines of the hoped-for land are revealed; a reality distant, without doubt, but certain, nevertheless, in the opinion of the way-weary "traveller."

Let those who have never suffered from the evils of the actual time; to whom life, as it now is, without love and without a common faith, appears desirable and normal; who — shadows among shadows—demand from existence merely a course of agreeable sensations; from art, the amusement of an hour; from philosophy, a mere aimless gymnastic exercise of the intellectual faculties; from religion, only brick and mortar chapels, empty formulæ and individual hopes,—leave the *Letters of a Traveller* unread. It is not meant for them. No doubt they would find in it matter for admiration; landscapes traced by the hand of a master; fascinating brilliancy of style; pages often equal, sometimes superior, to the best of Rousseau's *Rêveries;* but the essence, the soul of the book, the only part to which the author would attach importance, will utterly escape them. Those only who have learned to believe with Schiller that *life*

is earnest, and who neither shrink from nor reject any of the consequences of that belief, can seize its import.

They know that life has only been given us that we may incarnate in ourselves the ideal of which the prophetic instinct has been infused into our hearts by God ; and that if God has not placed us as isolated beings in this world, it is in order to teach us self-devotion ; that we may consecrate the results of this painful conquest to something beyond our own individuality. They know that the secret of this world is *progress;* laborious and incessant progress of the soul, and of all souls *through* and *for* each other, towards eternal truth ; that our life is one of God's thoughts, realising itself in time and space ; that the material universe is a grand symbol, a living form of this thought ; of which each epoch unfolds a fresh development ; that man is an intelligence, a volition called upon to interpret the symbol, to investigate the form ; in order to approximate towards the divine idea ; that labour is consequently the divine law of our existence ; repose, its desertion and suicide.

They comprehend, and profane not, the grand figure of the Martyr whom Humanity has worshipped, without imitating, for eighteen centuries. They feel how sacred is sorrow ; how inevitable and how fruitful is doubt ; how prophetic and how deeply religious are those instructive movements of the

nations which are stigmatized by the name of revolt; and those aspirations after the renewal of religious faith, which it is sought to smother under the name of heresy. They fight and shed their blood for the good cause; and it is for them, her brothers, that George Sand has written this book. They will derive from it consolations worthy of themselves; new strength for those moments of weakness which cannot fail to visit them during their struggle; and a profound sentiment of religion; without which the struggle would be both hopeless and aimless.

The principal characteristic of the period of transition through which we are dragging our weary way; which has destroyed one generation and still corrodes the heart of the youth of the present day, is not, in spite of all that has been said, a lack of *poetry*. There is too much of suffering and too much of presentiment in the world for this. Neither is it a want of individual courage. Never, perhaps, since many centuries, has martyrdom been braved with more stoicism in Europe. Neither is it the power of high thought which is wanting;—the last fifty years have seen historical science, the closest analysis of social phenomena, philosophical intuition and scientific observation, attain a potency which few of our ancestors could even have imagined. The most fatal defects of our youth are a foolish pride of individuality, and a want of per-

sistent energy of will. There is in us, children of the nineteenth century, something of the Titan and something of Hamlet. We commence by believing exclusively in ourselves; we end by believing in nothing. And both of these phases of the soul, through which so many of us have passed, arise from one and the same cause—the want of a sacred common faith. Our human life, thus disinherited, wanders from the straight path, and in its irregular course, now soars to heaven, now plunges into the depths of hell; instead of expanding and developing in calmness and strength through weal and woe. The Titan falls, overcome by the law of things; Hamlet sinks under the weight of an idea; —the believer alone remains erect, like an old oak, though beaten by the tempests. Sadly and silently does he accomplish his daily task, without cowardly discouragement: he knows that the flower of his soul's hope can only bloom beyond the cradle of transformation, called, in this world, the grave.

The heaven above is full of gloom; the earth is encumbered with ruins, whence is heard the long lament, the wail of the suffering millions of human beings by whom the ruins are thronged. Full of eager confidence and pride, the young man starts on his career; his pure heart throbs responsive to every generous emotion; his knitted brow reveals the instinct of emancipation peculiar to the age in which he lives; but, unconsciously to himself, he

has inhaled at every pore the chilling breath of the last hour of the night. What obstacles shall stop his course? Danger is inviting at his age; the joys of triumph and glory, which every man, at the outset of his career, believes so easily won, are his goal. Suffering itself is not without a certain charm for youth. He rushes onward, through impulse, not through the energy of a well-pondered determination; spurred along by hope, not by the sense of a duty imposed by faith; because he believes in himself; not because he believes in God and His holy law of labour and sacrifice. Still he goes onward, espousing the cause of the oppressed, and revolting against injustice. He protests, if not in the name of truth, in the name of his own dignity, against the phantoms, the gigantic lies, which encumber his route. Later on, his energy relaxes, his step hesitates. He had expected danger, but he had dreamed of a brilliant danger, a deadly struggle; he has found inertia, that passive resistance which exhausts but kills not; the mocking smile of the sceptic, the indifference of the unintelligent many, where he had expected to meet the savage cry of hatred. He had strength enough to endure the martyrdom of the body; but not that martyrdom of the soul, constant and barren disappointment. Friendships, which he fondly believed immortal, have vanished like a morning dream. Love was to have wreathed him a crown of roses;

but the roses have withered beneath the icy breath of society; they have perished amid the tempest of human chances; the thorns alone remain. Glory flies before his pursuit. If he soars upwards, he is solitary; if he clings to the earth he had so wished to purify and transform, he is stained by its impurities, and torn by its brambles. He has no faith to guide his steps: the men around him have no faith. His imprudent mother has murmured in his ear, with a kiss: *Be happy!* His father has said to him: *Be rich!* Rich and happy! Why should he not be so? Why should he be self-devoted to unhappiness for a world incapable of appreciating or understanding his sacrifice? This is the commencement of his temptation. If he yield to it, he becomes either a misanthrope or an egotist—Timon or Don Juan; or if his endowments prevent his sinking so low, he will go through the world useless to others, a burthen to himself; pursuing the *idea* without its application, like Faust; or the phantom of suicide across the glaciers, like Manfred. Alas! how many souls dear to my heart, have not I seen reach this point! How many young men, perhaps even amongst those to whom the *Letters of a Traveller* allude under fictitious names (and if this be so, it must be one of George Sand's bitterest griefs), how many young men have I not hailed at the commencement of their career, glowing with enthusiasm and full of the poetry of great enterprises,

whom I see to-day precocious old men, with the wrinkles of cold calculation on their brow; calling themselves *free from illusion*, when they are only disheartened; and *practical*, when they are only commonplace.

And how many of them might not have been saved, if, at the first development of their intelligence, their mothers, instead of saying to them: *Be happy*, had said to them: *Be good and pure!* if their fathers, instead of saying to them: *Be rich*, had said to them: *Be strong, know how to suffer! there is no treasure equal to a tranquil conscience!* how many of these young souls, naturally good, but feeble because they had no other support than their own individuality, would have escaped the atheism of despair, if, at the acme of the crisis, a friendly hand had pressed their shoulder, and a faithful voice had murmured in their ear:

"Be faithful to the dream of your youth; it is the image of a distant ideal, which, from the very fact that its reflection is in each and all of us, must, sooner or later, be realized. Cherish hope in your soul; it is the bud of the flower. Have faith in friendship; worship love; but forget not that neither friendship nor love are happiness; they are but its promise: they are two wings, bestowed by God upon your soul, not that you should stagnate in mere enjoyment, but that you should raise yourselves to a worthier height. Of what do you com-

plain? For what cause, and against whom, do you raise the cry of revolt? Had you then formed so false a notion of human life as to imagine that the reward of your endeavours would be reached in this existence? Is not aspiration the normal state of a human soul? There is neither happiness nor repose upon this earth: what you call repose is egotism, the death of the soul; and what you dream of under the name of happiness would be the cessation of that which constitutes the essence of a human being. All that which is, is but in course of development, and is destined to end elsewhere. In this lower world there is for us only consolation, only hope. Is it God's fault if he has not accorded to you the power of reaching the haven before the voyage is finished? You are yet in the midst of the ocean; struggle on bravely, hand on oar and eye on heaven; the very billow that affrights you forwards you on your way, and you have strength enough to rule it like a fiery courser if you persist; but let your arm droop, your energy relax for a moment, and you are carried back to the point from which you departed, or swallowed up in the depths. Cast behind you these phantoms of glory and enjoyment; they are vapours illumined by the sun's rays for an instant, but dark and gloomy a moment after. There is but one reality in our human life—*duty*—mournful, but sacred as the stars, as all lovely things. Make

your pact with duty; God in his goodness will double your strength, and give you love for your consolation. I, too, have suffered; I, too, have found life bitter; I have passed through the same tempests; my heart has been torn by the same deceptions; but God, love, and my faith in duty have saved me. To me also have men appeared wicked and degraded;—but was not this an added reason to endeavour, at all risks, to make them better? Often have I mistaken the phantom of love for love itself; but ought I, for that reason, to desert the reality, and stifle the divine instinct in my heart? When I found myself ready to fail; ready to sink under isolation and suffering—I thought of other sufferings; of the child of the people tormented by poverty and misery, and deprived of the life of the soul; of genius misunderstood; of nations enslaved; of those who have died for them with a smile on their lips; of Jesus on the cross, breathing words of forgiveness,—and I went on my way again. My cheek is pale and worn; my heart is dead to pleasure; but I am calm; faith in the future and in God;—this is enough for the few days given to us."

It is in such wise that George Sand speaks through these *Lettres d'un Voyageur* to our whole contemporary generation; so eager in beginning the struggle against social egotism and falsehood, and so easily discouraged by the first defeat.

Having been a witness to so much sublime aspiration and so much cowardly apostasy ; having lived the life of the age itself ; having suffered its sufferings—the more acutely, through being compelled to their analysis by the light of her own genius—she has believed that it might be well to unveil to her fellows the origin of the moral crisis through which she has passed, and the secret which has saved her —not indeed from suffering, but from despair. She has halted midway on her life's course ; at that decisive point to which we all arrive, where the disenchantments of worldly illusion commence, and our dreams—of friendships we believed eternal, of love founded on enjoyment, of great enterprises requiring the martyrdom of a life, but which we imagined might be realized in a few years—flee from us one by one ; leaving the bitterness of disappointment within us, and a desert around us. She has laid bare these internal crises before us, but pointed out to us, with a hand yet trembling with pain, that star of salvation towards which our life must tend unceasingly. Dark flashes of life's tempests, and the holy calm reflection of hopes beyond this existence, are mingled in the pages of this record ; which is *our* record, traced by the hand of one of the best of our sisters ; on whom God has bestowed the genius wanting in ourselves.

May the knowledge of the good she has

worked to many amongst us, soften the memory of her own sorrows!

It was in 1836 that I first met with these "Letters," in the numbers—I believe—of the *Revue des deux Mondes.* My dearest friend had perished in the prisons of Charles Albert; others were condemned to linger there for twenty years; others were dying the slow death of the soul. Plans which I had formed with all the energies of my heart and mind, had just been annihilated on the very point of accomplishment. From the tree of my life the fairest hopes withered day by day; I heard them crackle like dead leaves under my footsteps. I had no longer faith in men; no longer faith in myself. I still believed in God, and had faith in the future of my country; but from time to time doubt swept across my soul with icy wings. The disgraceful character of a persecutor had at that time been forced upon Switzerland by foreign Cabinets, and I was about to be chased from a land which I had learned to love as my second country. This book was to me a friend; a consolation. This sisterly voice, its accents broken by suffering, yet having strength to speak words of encouragement and hope to those "who were yet wandering amid storm and darkness," was sweet to me as is the cradle song to a weeping child. Many others have felt, many will doubtless feel, all I felt then. Travellers themselves through difficult paths, they

will learn from these "Letters" where doubt and discouragement may lead them; and learn also how to regain strength and hope . . . "and the call of a friendly voice, from the height of the next hill, as they ascend the steeps of the lofty mountain," will be to them also, I doubt not, an encouragement and a consolation.

[The above was followed in the original article by an extract from the *Letter* suggested by the sight of Prince Talleyrand's castle, which was printed by George Sand during his lifetime.]

. . . . .

I have said somewhere in the beginning of these pages, and I recall it when citing *Les Lettres d'un Voyageur*, which no man could ever have written—that, *thanks be to God!* George Sand is a *woman*. It is this indeed which is the last and most important cause of the immense excitement produced by her works. As a writer, as an apostle of religious democracy, George Sand, high as she may be placed, does not stand alone. But what she is, she is as a *woman*. In the vast and imposing question which is beginning to ferment in men's minds, and which I have no intention of treating here, of the emancipation of woman, of the determination of her duties and her rights in the world, the materials for decision were wanting to us; and it was evidently not from *our* impressions, or from *our* judg-

ments, that we could draw them. We might, indeed, in some exceptional moments of revelation, through affection, understand *a* woman; but *woman*, all that she feels, all that she dreams, all that she pursues; what sanctifies her or makes her fall; what weighs upon her and transforms her true nature, in the present arrangement of society, a woman only could tell us; and no woman had as yet told us so well. Some women indeed, before her, had endeavoured to deal with the question; but simply on the ground of right, and as theorists; giving us what the common element of humanity could supply, and nothing more—nothing that a *man* could not have written. In France, Madame de Staël had made a step in advance by her *Corinne*. There, woman is shown as a being gifted with an *individuality*, the development of which should be the source of a new ideal. But more strong in intellect than in heart, and not having had, after all, to struggle with life in such sad earnest as George Sand, Madame de Staël was not destined to advance upon the path as yet but dimly seen. She drew back, in fact, soon afterwards, in *Delphine*, where the woman is *subalternised* even in the words which serve as an inscription to the work.*

Madame Sand is the first who has boldly

* "A man must brave opinion, a woman submit to it."

entered the arena, and she has maintained her position through all. As a *human being* she has pleaded for the equality to which her sex has a right, by mingling herself, theoretically and practically, with all our struggles, with all the great questions—religious, social, and political—which at present interest us: as a *woman* she has declared to us the secret of her sex; its inward *life* in all its phases, under all circumstances; and she has thus prepared the way to a just conception of the special mission reserved to her sex—of the duties and special rights which have fallen to its share. This point of view, which I cannot, for want of space, do more than merely indicate here, will receive, I hope, its full development, either from myself or others, at a future time. It is also with a view to some more special articles that I have abstained from any attempted appreciation of her numerous works, of the salient points of her artistic genius, or of the subordinate ideas which are there revealed. I have only wished here to express some few of the general thoughts which the cherished name of my friend, of my sister in belief, of the writer from whose pages I have so often benefited, suggests to me. As to her life, whatever may be the curiosity of my readers, I have not thought it either my right or my duty to occupy myself with it. Her life is in her books. Every

soul worthy of understanding her will learn to find her there. George Sand is one of those geniuses whose every work contains the image of its author, visibly transferred to its page by her own tears and heart's blood.

BYRON AND GOETHE.

(A very incorrect translation of this criticism appeared in the *Monthly Chronicle* in 1839.)

I STOOD one day in a Swiss village at the foot of the Jura, and watched the coming of a storm. Heavy black clouds, their edges purpled by the setting sun, were rapidly covering the loveliest sky in Europe, save that of Italy. Thunder growled in the distance, and gusts of biting wind were driving huge drops of rain over the thirsty plain. Looking upwards, I beheld a large Alpine falcon, now rising, now sinking, as he floated bravely in the very midst of the storm and I could almost fancy that he strove to battle with it. At every fresh peal of thunder, the noble bird bounded higher aloft, as if in answering defiance. I followed him with my eyes for a long time, until he disappeared in the east. On the ground, about fifty paces beneath me, stood a stork; perfectly tranquil and impassible in the midst of the warring elements. Twice or thrice she turned her head towards the quarter from whence the wind came, with an indescribable air of half indifferent curiosity; but at length she drew.

up one of her long sinewy legs, hid her head beneath her wing, and calmly composed herself to sleep.

I thought of Byron and Goethe; of the stormy sky that overhung both; of the tempest-tossed existence, the life-long struggle, of the one, and the calm of the other; and of the two mighty sources of poetry exhausted and closed by them.

Byron and Goethe—the two names that predominate, and, come what may, ever will predominate, over our every recollection of the fifty years that have passed away. They rule;—the master-minds, I might almost say the tyrants, of a whole period of poetry; brilliant yet sad; glorious in youth and daring, yet cankered by the worm i' the bud, despair. They are the two Representative Poets of two great schools; and around them we are compelled to group all the lesser minds which contributed to render the era illustrious. The qualities which adorn and distinguish their works, are to be found, although more thinly scattered, in other poets their contemporaries; still theirs are the names that involuntarily rise to our lips whenever we seek to characterise the tendencies of the age in which they lived. Their genius pursued different, even opposite routes; and yet very rarely do our thoughts turn to either without evoking the image of the other, as a sort of necessary complement to the first. The eyes of Europe were fixed upon the pair, as the spectators gaze on two mighty wrestlers in the same arena;

and they, like noble and generous adversaries, admired, praised, and held out the hand to each other. Many poets have followed in their footsteps; none have been so popular. Others have found judges and critics who have appreciated them calmly and impartially; not so they: for them there have been only enthusiasts or enemies, wreaths or stones; and when they vanished into the vast night that envelopes and transforms alike men and things — silence reigned around their tombs. Little by little, poetry had passed away from our world, and it seemed as if their last sigh had extinguished the sacred flame.

A reaction has now commenced; good, in so far as it reveals a desire for and promise of new life; evil, in so far as it betrays narrow views, a tendency to injustice towards departed genius, and the absence of any fixed rule or principle to guide our appreciation of the past. Human judgment, like Luther's drunken peasant, when saved from falling on one side, too often topples over on the other. The reaction against Goethe, in his own country especially, which was courageously and justly begun by Menzel during his lifetime, has been carried to exaggeration since his death. Certain social opinions, to which I myself belong, but which, although founded on a sacred principle, should not be allowed to interfere with the impartiality of our judgment, have weighed heavily in the balance; and many young,

ardent, and enthusiastic minds of our day have reiterated with Bönne that Goethe is the worst of despots; *the cancer of the German body.*

The English reaction against Byron—I do not speak of that mixture of cant and stupidity which denies the poet his place in Westminster Abbey, but of literary reaction—has shown itself still more unreasoning. I have met with adorers of Shelley, who denied the poetic genius of Byron; others who seriously compared his poems with those of Sir Walter Scott. One very much overrated critic writes that "Byron makes man after his own image, and woman after his own heart; the one is a capricious tyrant, the other a yielding slave." The first forgot the verses in which their favourite hailed

> "The pilgrim of eternity, whose fame
> Over his living head like Heaven is bent;" *

the second, that after the appearance of *The Giaour* and *Childe Harold*, Sir Walter Scott renounced writing poetry.† The last forgot that while he was quietly writing criticisms, Byron was dying for new-born liberty in Greece. All judged, too many in each country still judge, the two poets, Byron and Goethe, after an absolute type of the beautiful, the true, or the false, which they had formed in their own minds; without regard to the state of social relations as they were or are; without any true conception of the destiny or mission of Poetry, or

* Adonais. † Lockhart.

of the law by which it, and every other artistic manifestation of human life, is governed.

There is no absolute type on earth: the absolute exists in the Divine Idea alone; the gradual comprehension of which man is destined to attain; although its complete realisation is impossible on earth; earthly life being but one stage of the eternal evolution of Life, manifested in thought and action; strengthened by all the achievements of the past, and advancing from age to age towards a less imperfect expression of that idea. Our earthly life is one phase of the eternal aspiration of the soul towards progress, which is our Law; ascending in increasing power and purity from the finite towards the infinite; from the real towards the ideal; from that which is, towards that which is to come. In the immense storehouse of the past evolutions of life constituted by universal tradition, and in the prophetic instinct brooding in the depths of the human soul, does poetry seek inspiration. It changes with the times, for it is their expression; it is transformed with society, for—consciously or unconsciously—it sings the lay of Humanity; although, according to the individual bias or circumstances of the singer, it assumes the hues of the present, or of the future in course of elaboration, and foreseen by the inspiration of genius. It sings now a dirge and now a cradle song; it initiates or sums up.

Byron and Goethe summed up. Was it a defect in them? No; it was the law of the times, and yet society at the present day, twenty years after they have ceased to sing, assumes to condemn them for having been born too soon. Happy indeed are the poets whom God raises up at the commencement of an era, under the rays of the rising sun. A series of generations will lovingly repeat their verses, and attribute to them the new life which they did but foresee in the germ.

Byron and Goethe summed up. This is at once the philosophical explanation of their works, and the secret of their popularity. The spirit of an entire epoch of the European world became incarnate in them ere its decease, even as—in the political sphere—the spirit of Greece and Rome became incarnate before death in Cæsar and Alexander. They were the poetic expression of that principle, of which England was the economic, France the political, and Germany the philosophic expression: the last formula, effort, and result of a society founded on the principle of Individuality. That epoch, the mission of which had been, first through the labours of Greek philosophy, and afterwards through Christianity, to rehabilitate, emancipate, and develop individual man—appears to have concentrated in them, in Fichte, in Adam Smith, and in the French school *des droits de*

l'homme, its whole energy and power, in order fully to represent and express all that it had achieved for mankind. It was much; but it was not the whole; and therefore it was doomed to pass away. The epoch of individuality was deemed near the goal; when lo! immense horizons were revealed; vast unknown lands in whose untrodden forests the principle of individuality was an insufficient guide. By the long and painful labours of that epoch, the human unknown quantity had been disengaged from the various quantities of different nature by which it had been surrounded; but only to be left weak, isolated, and recoiling in terror from the solitude in which it stood. The political schools of the epoch had proclaimed the sole basis of civil organization to be the right to liberty and equality (liberty for all), but they had encountered social anarchy by the way. The Philosophy of the Epoch had asserted the Sovereignty of the human *Ego*, and had ended in the mere adoration of *fact*, in *Hegelian* immobility. The Economy of the epoch imagined it had organized *free* competition, while it had but organized the oppression of the weak by the strong; of labour by capital; of poverty by wealth. The Poetry of the epoch had represented individuality in its every phase; had translated in sentiment what science had theoretically demonstrated; and it had encountered the void. But as

society at last discovered that the destinies of the race were not contained in a mere problem of liberty, but rather in the harmonization of liberty with association;—so did poetry discover that the life it had hitherto drawn from individuality alone, was doomed to perish for want of aliment; and that its future existence depended on enlarging and transforming its sphere. Both society and poetry uttered a cry of despair: the death-agony of a form of society produced the agitation we have seen constantly increasing in Europe since 1815: the death-agony of a form of poetry evoked Byron and Goethe. I believe this point of view to be the only one that can lead us to a useful and impartial appreciation of these two great spirits.

There are two forms of Individuality; the expressions of its internal and external, or—as the Germans would say—of its subjective and objective life. Byron was the poet of the first, Goethe of the last." In Byron the *Ego* is revealed in all its pride of power, freedom, and desire, in the uncontrolled plenitude of all its faculties; inhaling existence at every pore, eager to seize "the life of life." The world around him neither rules nor tempers him. The Byronian Ego aspires to rule *it;* but solely for dominion's sake, to exercise upon it the Titanic force of his will. Accurately speaking, he cannot be said to derive from it either colour, tone, or image; for it is *he* who colours; he who sings; he

whose image is everywhere reflected and reproduced. His poetry emanates from his own soul; to be thence diffused upon things external; he holds his state in the centre of the Universe, and from thence projects the light radiating from the depths of his own mind; as scorching and intense as the concentrated solar ray. Hence that terrible unity which only the superficial reader could mistake for monotony.

Byron appears at the close of one epoch, and before the dawn of the other; in the midst of a community based upon an aristocracy which has outlived the vigour of its prime; surrounded by a Europe containing nothing grand, unless it be Napoleon on one side and Pitt on the other, genius degraded to minister to egotism; intellect bound to the service of the past. No seer exists to foretell the future: belief is extinct; there is only its pretence: prayer is no more; there is only a movement of the lips at a fixed day or hour, for the sake of the family, or what is called *the people:* love is no more; desire has taken its place; the holy warfare of ideas is abandoned; the conflict is that of interests. The worship of great thoughts has passed away. That which *is*, raises the tattered banner of some corpse-like traditions; that which *would be*, hoists only the standard of physical wants, of material appetites: around him are ruins, beyond him the desert; the horizon is

a blank. A long cry of suffering and indignation bursts from the heart of Byron; he is answered by anathemas. He departs; he hurries through Europe in search of an ideal to adore; he traverses it distracted, palpitating, like Mazeppa on the wild horse; borne onwards by a fierce desire; the wolves of envy and calumny follow in pursuit. He visits Greece; he visits Italy; if anywhere a lingering spark of the sacred fire, a ray of divine poetry, is preserved, it must be *there*. Nothing. A glorious past, a degraded present; none of life's poetry; no movement, save that of the sufferer turning on his couch to relieve his pain. Byron, from the solitude of his exile, turns his eyes again towards England; he sings. What does he sing? What springs from the mysterious and unique conception which rules, one would say in spite of himself, over all that escapes him in his sleepless vigil? The funeral hymn, the death-song, the epitaph of the aristocratic idea; we discovered it, we Continentalists; not his own countrymen. He takes his types from amongst those privileged by strength, beauty, and individual power. They are grand, poetical, heroic, but solitary; they hold no communion with the world around them, unless it be to rule over it; they defy alike the good and evil principle; they "will bend to neither." In life and in death "they stand upon *their* strength;"

they resist every power, for their own is all their own ; it was purchased by

> ——" Superior science- penance—daring—
> And length of watching—strength of mind—and skill
> In knowledge of our fathers."

Each of them is the personification, slightly modified, of a single type, a single idea—the *individual ;* free, but nothing more than free ; such as the epoch now closing has made him ; —Faust, but without the compact which submits him to the enemy ; for the heroes of Byron make no such compact. Cain kneels not to Arimanes ; and Manfred, about to die, exclaims—

> " The mind, which is immortal, makes itself
> Requital for its good and evil thoughts—
> Is its own origin of ill, and end—
> And its own place and time, its innate sense,
> When stripped of this mortality, derives
> No colour from the fleeting things without,
> But is absorbed in sufferance or in joy ;
> Born from the knowledge of its own desert."

They have no kindred : they live from their own life only : they repulse humanity, and regard the crowd with disdain. Each of them says : *I have faith in myself ;* never, *I have faith in ourselves.* They all aspire to power or to happiness. The one and the other alike escape them ; for they bear within them, untold, unacknowledged even to themselves, the presentiment of a life that mere

liberty can never give them. Free they are; iron souls in iron frames, they climb the alps of the physical world as well as the alps of thought; still is their visage stamped with a gloomy and ineffaceable sadness; still is their soul—whether, as in Cain and Manfred, it plunge into the abyss of the infinite, "intoxicated with eternity," or scour the vast plain and boundless ocean with the Corsair and Giaour—haunted by a secret and sleepless dread. It seems as if they were doomed to drag the broken links of the chain they have burst asunder, rivetted to their feet. Not only in the petty society against which they rebel, does their soul feel fettered and restrained; but even in the world of the spirit. Neither is it to the enmity of society that they succumb; but under the assaults of this nameless anguish; under the corroding action of potent faculties "inferior still to their desires and their conceptions;" under the deception that comes from within. What can they do with the liberty so painfully won? On whom, on what, expend the exuberant vitality within them? *They are alone;* this is the secret of their wretchedness and impotence. They "thirst for good"—Cain has said it for them all—but cannot achieve it; for they have no mission, no belief, no comprehension even of the world around them. They have never realized the conception of *Humanity* in the multitudes that have preceded,

surround, and will follow after them; never thought on their own place between the past and future; on the continuity of labour that unites all the generations into one Whole; on the common end and aim, only to be realized by the common effort; on the spiritual post-sepulchral life even on earth of the individual, through the thoughts he transmits to his fellows; and, it may be—when he lives devoted and dies in faith—through the guardian agency he is allowed to exercise over the loved ones left on earth.

Gifted with a liberty they know not how to use; with a power and energy they know not how to apply; with a life whose purpose and aim they comprehend not;—they drag through their useless and convulsed existence. Byron destroys them one after the other, as if he were the executioner of a sentence decreed in heaven. They fall unwept, like a withered leaf into the stream of time.

> "Nor earth nor sky shall yield a single tear,
> Nor cloud shall gather more, nor leaf shall fall,
> Nor gale breathe forth one sigh for thee, for all."

They die, as they have lived, alone; and a popular malediction hovers round their solitary tombs.

This, for those who can read with the soul's eyes, is what Byron sings; or rather what Humanity sings through him. The emptiness of the life and death of solitary individuality, has never been so powerfully and efficaciously summed up as in the

pages of Byron. The crowd do not comprehend him: they listen; fascinated for an instant; then repent, and avenge their momentary transport by calumniating and insulting the poet. His intuition of the death of a form of society, they call wounded self-love; his sorrow for *all*, is misinterpreted as cowardly egotism. They credit not the traces of profound suffering revealed by his lineaments; they credit not the presentiment of a new life which from time to time escapes his trembling lips; they believe not in the despairing embrace in which he grasps the material universe—stars, lakes, alps, and sea—and identifies himself with it, and through it with God, of whom—to him at least—it is a symbol. They do, however, take careful count of some unhappy moments, in which, wearied out by the emptiness of life, he has raised, —with remorse I am sure—the cup of ignoble pleasures to his lips, believing he might find forgetfulness there. How many times have not his accusers drained this cup, without redeeming the sin by a single virtue; without—I will not say bearing—but without having even the capacity of appreciating the burden which weighed on Byron! And did he not himself dash into fragments the ignoble cup, so soon as he beheld something worthy the devotion of his life?

Goethe—individuality in its objective life—having, like Byron, a sense of the falsehood and

evil of the world around him—followed exactly the opposite path. After having—he too in his youth—uttered a cry of anguish in his Werther; after having laid bare the problem of the epoch in all its terrific nudity, in Faust; he thought he had done enough, and refused to occupy himself with its solution. It is possible that the impulse of rebellion against social wrong and evil which burst forth for an instant in Werther, may long have held his soul in secret travail; but that he despaired of the task of reforming it as beyond his powers. He himself remarked in his later years, when commenting on the exclamation made by a Frenchman on first seeing him: "*That is the face of a man who has suffered much;*" that he should rather have said: "*That is the face of a man who has struggled energetically;*" but of this there remains no trace in his works. Whilst Byron writhed and suffered under the sense of the wrong and evil around him, he attained the calm—I cannot say of victory—but of indifference. In Byron the man always ruled, and even at times overcame the artist: the man was completely lost in the artist in Goethe. In him there was no subjective life; no unity springing either from heart or head. Goethe is an intelligence that receives, elaborates, and reproduces the poetry affluent to him from all external objects: from all points of the circumference; to him as centre. He dwells aloft alone; a mighty Watcher in the midst

of creation. His curious scrutiny investigates, with equal penetration and equal interest, the depths of the ocean, and the calyx of the floweret. Whether he studies the rose exhaling its eastern perfume to the sky, or the ocean casting its countless wrecks upon the shore, the brow of the poet remains equally calm: to him they are but two forms of the beautiful; two subjects for art.

Goethe has been called a Pantheist. I know not in what sense critics apply this vague and often ill-understood word to him. There is a materialist pantheism and a spiritual pantheism; the pantheism of Spinosa and that of Giordano Bruno; of St. Paul; and of many others;—all different. But there is no poetic pantheism possible, save on the condition of embracing the whole world of phenomena in one unique conception; of feeling and comprehending the life of the universe in its divine unity. There is nothing of this in Goethe. There is pantheism in some parts of Wordsworth; in the third canto of Childe Harold, and in much of Shelley; but there is none in the most admirable compositions of Goethe; wherein life, though admirably comprehended and reproduced *in each* of its *successive* manifestations, is never understood as a *whole*. Goethe is the poet of details, not of unity; of analysis, not of synthesis. None so able to investigate details; to set off and embellish minute and apparently trifling points; none throw so beau-

tiful a light on separate parts; but the connecting link escapes him. His works resemble a magnificent encyclopædia, unclassified. He has felt *everything;* but he has never felt *the whole.* Happy in detecting a ray of the beautiful upon the humblest blade of grass gemmed with dew;—happy in seizing the poetic elements of an incident the most prosaic in appearance;—he was incapable of tracing all to a common source, and recomposing the grand ascending scale in which, to quote a beautiful expression of Herder's, "every creature is a numerator of the grand denominator, Nature." How, indeed, should he comprehend these things, he who had no place in his works or in his poet's heart for Humanity, by the light of which conception *only,* can the true worth of sublunary things be determined? "Religion and politics,"* said he, "are a troubled element for art. I have always kept myself aloof from them as much as possible." Questions of life and death for the millions were agitated around him; Germany re-echoed to the war-songs of Körner; Fichte, at the close of one of his lectures, seized his musket, and joined the volunteers who were hastening (alas! what have not the kings made of that magnificent outburst of nationality!) to fight the battles of their fatherland. The ancient soil of Germany thrilled beneath their tread; he, an artist, looked on unmoved; his heart knew no

* *Goethe and his Contemporaries.*

responsive throb to the emotion that shook his country; his genius, utterly passive, drew apart from the current that swept away entire races. He witnessed the French Revolution in all its terrible grandeur, and saw the old world crumble beneath its strokes; and while all the best and purest spirits of Germany, who had mistaken the death-agony of the old world for the birth-throes of a new, were wringing their hands at the spectacle of dissolution;—he saw in it only the subject of a farce. He beheld the glory and the fall of Napoleon; he witnessed the reaction of down-trodden nationalities—sublime prologue of the grand epopee of the Peoples destined sooner or later to be unfolded,—and remained a cold spectator. He had neither learned to esteem men, to better them, nor even to suffer with them. If we except the beautiful type of Berlichingen, a poetic inspiration of his youth, man, as the creature of thought and action; the artificer of the future, so nobly sketched by Schiller in his dramas, has no representative in his works. He has carried something of this nonchalance even into the manner in which his heroes conceive love. Goethe's altar is spread with the choicest flowers, the most exquisite perfumes, the first fruits of nature; but the Priest is wanting. In his work of second creation—for it cannot be denied that such it was—he has gone through the vast circle of living and visible things; but stopped

short before the seventh day. God withdrew from him before that time; and the creatures the Poet has evoked, wander within the circle, dumb and prayerless; awaiting until the Man shall come to give them a name, and appoint them to a destination.

No, Goethe is not the poet of Pantheism; he is a polytheist in his method as an artist; the pagan poet of modern times. His world is, above all things, the world of forms; a multiplied Olympus. The Mosaic heaven and the Christian are veiled to him. Like the Pagans, he parcels out Nature into fragments, and makes of each a divinity; like them, he worships the sensuous rather than the ideal; he looks, touches, and listens far more than he feels. And what care and labour are bestowed upon the plastic portion of his art! what importance is given—I will not say to the objects themselves—but to the external representation of objects! Has he not somewhere said that "the Beautiful is the result of happy position?"*

Under this definition is concealed an entire system of poetic materialism, substituted for the worship of the ideal; involving a whole series of consequences, the logical result of which was to lead Goethe to indifference, that moral suicide of some of the noblest energies of genius. The absolute concentration of every faculty of observa-

* In the *Kunst und Alterthum*, I think.

tion on *each* of the objects to be represented, without relation to the *ensemble;* the entire avoidance of every influence likely to modify the view taken of that object, became in his hands one of the most effective means of art. The poet, in his eyes, was neither the rushing stream, a hundred times broken on its course, that it may carry fertility to the surrounding country; nor the brilliant flame, consuming itself in the light it sheds around while ascending to heaven; but rather the placid lake, reflecting alike the tranquil landscape and the thunder-cloud; its own surface the while unruffled even by the lightest breeze. A serene and passive calm, with the absolute clearness and distinctness of successive impressions, in each of which he was for the time wholly absorbed, are the peculiar characteristics of Goethe. "I allow the objects I desire to comprehend, *to act tranquilly upon* me," said he; "*I then observe the impression I have received from them,* and I endeavour to render it faithfully." Goethe has here portrayed his every feature to perfection. He was in life such as Madame Von Armin proposed to represent him after death; a venerable old man, with a serene, almost radiant countenance; clothed in an antique robe, holding a lyre resting on his knees, and listening to the harmonies drawn from it either by the hand of a genius, or the breath of the winds. The last chords wafted his soul to the East; to the

land of inactive contemplation. It was time: Europe had become too agitated for him.

Such were Byron and Goethe in their general characteristics; both great poets; very different, and yet, complete as is the contrast between them, and widely apart as are the paths they pursue, arriving at the same point. Life and death, character and poetry, everything is unlike in the two, and yet the one is the complement of the other. Both are the children of fatality—for it is especially at the close of epochs that the providential law which directs the generations, assumes towards individuals the semblance of fatality—and compelled by it unconsciously to work out a great mission. Goethe contemplates the world in parts, and delivers the impressions they make upon him, one by one, as occasion presents them. Byron looks upon the world from a single comprehensive point of view; from the height of which he modifies in his own soul the impressions produced by external objects, as they pass before him. Goethe successively absorbs his own individuality in each of the objects he reproduces. Byron stamps every object he portrays with his own individuality. To Goethe, Nature is the symphony; to Byron, it is the prelude. She furnishes to the one the entire subject; to the other the occasion only of his verse. The one executes her harmonies; the other composes

on the theme she has suggested. Goethe better expresses lives; Byron life. The one is more vast; the other more deep. The first searches everywhere for the beautiful, and loves, above all things, harmony and repose; the other seeks the sublime, and adores action and force. Characters, such as Coriolanus or Luther, disturbed Goethe. I know not if, in his numerous pieces of criticism, he has ever spoken of Dante; but assuredly he must have shared the antipathy felt for him by Sir Walter Scott; and although he would undoubtedly have sufficiently respected his genius to admit him into his Pantheon, yet he would certainly have drawn a veil between his mental eye and the grand but sombre figure of the exiled seer, who dreamed of the future empire of the world for his country, and of the world's harmonious development under her guidance. Byron loved and drew inspiration from Dante. He also loved Washington and Franklin, and followed, with all the sympathies of a soul athirst for action, the meteor-like career of the greatest genius of action our age has produced, Napoleon; feeling indignant—perhaps mistakenly—that he did not die in the struggle.

When travelling in that second fatherland of all poetic souls—Italy—the poets still pursued divergent routes; the one experienced *sensations;* the other *emotions:* the one occupied himself espe-

cially with nature; the other with the greatness dead, the living wrongs, the human memories.*

* The contrast between the two poets is nowhere more strikingly displayed than by the manner in which they were affected by the sight of Rome. In Goethe's *Elegies* and in his *Travels in Italy*, we find the impressions of the artist only. He did not understand Rome. The eternal synthesis that, from the heights of the Capitol and St. Peter, is gradually unfolded in ever widening circles, embracing first a nation and then Europe, as it will ultimately embrace Humanity, remained unrevealed to him; he saw only the inner circle of paganism; the least prolific, as well as least indigenous. One might fancy that he caught a glimpse of it for an instant, when he wrote: "History is read here far otherwise than in any other spot in the Universe; elsewhere we read it from without to within; here, one seems to read it from within to without;" but if so, he soon lost sight of it again, and became absorbed in external nature. "Whether we halt or advance, we discover a landscape ever renewing itself in a thousand fashions. We have palaces and ruins; gardens and solitudes; the horizon lengthens in the distance, or suddenly contracts; huts and stables, columns and triumphal arches, all lie pêle mêle, and often so close that we might find room for all on the same sheet of paper."

At Rome, Byron forgot passions, sorrows, his own individuality, all, in the presence of a great idea; witness this utterance of a soul born for devotedness:—

"O Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery."

When at last he came to a recollection of himself and his position, it was with a hope for the world (stanza 98) and a pardon for his enemies. From the 4th canto of Childe Harold, the daughter of Byron might learn more of the true spirit of her father, than from all the reports she may have heard, and all the many volumes that have been written upon him.

And yet, notwithstanding all the contrasts, which I have only hinted at, but which might be far more elaborately displayed by extracts from their works; they arrived—Goethe, the poet of individuality in its objective life—at the egotism of indifference; Byron—the poet of individuality in its subjective life—at the egotism (I say it with regret, but *it*, too, is egotism) of despair: a double sentence upon the epoch which it was their mission to represent and to close!

Both of them—I am not speaking of their purely literary merits, incontestable and universally acknowledged—the one by the spirit of resistance that breathes through all his creations; the other by the spirit of sceptical irony that pervades his works, and by the independent sovereignty attributed to art over all social relations—greatly aided the cause of intellectual emancipation, and awakened in men's minds the sentiment of liberty. Both of them—the one, directly, by the implacable war he waged against the vices and absurdities of the privileged classes, and indirectly by investing his heroes with all the most brilliant qualities of the despot, and then dashing them to pieces as if in anger;—the other by the poetic rehabilitation of forms the most modest, and objects the most insignificant, as well as by the importance attributed to details—combated aristocratic prejudices, and de-

veloped in men's minds the sentiment of equality. And having by their artistic excellence exhausted both forms of the poetry of individuality, they have completed the cycle of its poets; thereby reducing all followers in the same sphere to the subaltern position of imitators, and creating the necessity of a new order of poetry; teaching us to recognise a *want* where before we felt only a desire. Together they have laid an era in the tomb; covering it with a pall that none may lift; and, as if to proclaim its death to the young generation, the poetry of Goethe has written its history, while that of Byron has graven its epitaph.

And now farewell to Goethe; farewell to Byron! farewell to the sorrows that crush but sanctify not —to the poetic flame that illumines but warms not— to the ironical philosophy that dissects without reconstructing—to all poetry which, in an age where there is so much to *do*, teaches us inactive contemplation; or which, in a world where there is so much need of devotedness, would instil despair. Farewell to all types of power without an aim; to all personifications of the solitary individuality which seeks an aim to find it not, and knows not how to apply the life stirring within it;—to all egotistic joys and griefs—

> "Bastards of the soul;
> O'erweening slips of idleness: weeds;—no more—
> Self-springing here and there from the rank soil;

> O'erflowings of the lust of that same mind
> Whose proper issue and determinate end,
> When wedded to the love of things divine,
> Is peace, complacency, and happiness."

Farewell, a long farewell to the past! The dawn of the future is announced to such as can read its signs, and we owe ourselves wholly to it.

The duality of the middle ages, after having struggled for centuries under the banners of Emperor and Pope; after having left its trace and borne its fruit in every branch of intellectual development; has reascended to heaven—its mission accomplished—in the twin flames of poesy called Goethe and Byron. Two hitherto distinct formulæ of life became incarnate in these two men. Byron is isolated man, representing only the internal aspect of life; Goethe isolated man, representing only the external.

Higher than these two incomplete existences; at the point of intersection between the two aspirations towards a heaven they were unable to reach, will be revealed the poetry of the future; of humanity; potent in new harmony, unity, and life.

But because, in our own day, we are beginning, though vaguely, to foresee this new social poetry, which will soothe the suffering soul by teaching it to rise towards God through Humanity; because we now stand on the threshold of a new epoch, which,

but for them, we should not have reached ;—shall we decry those who were unable to do more for us than cast their giant forms into the gulf that held us all doubting and dismayed on the other side ? From the earliest times has genius been made the scapegoat of the generations. Society has never lacked men who have contented themselves with reproaching the Chattertons of their day with not being patterns of self-devotion, instead of physical or moral suicides ; without ever asking themselves whether they had, during their lifetime, endeavoured to place aught within the reach of such but doubt and destitution. I feel the necessity of protesting earnestly against the reaction set on foot by certain thinkers against the mighty-souled, which serves as a cloak for the cavilling spirit of mediocrity. There is something hard, repulsive, and ungrateful, in the destructive instinct which so often forgets what *has* been done by the great men who preceded us, to demand of them merely an account of what more *might* have been done. Is the pillow of scepticism so soft to genius as to justify the conclusion that it is from egotism only that at times it rests its fevered brow thereon ? Are we so free from the evil reflected in their verse as to have a right to condemn their memory ? That evil was not introduced into the world by them. They saw it, felt it, respired it ; it was around, about, on every side of them, and they were its greatest victims. How could

they avoid reproducing it in their works? It is not by deposing Goethe or Byron, that we shall destroy either sceptical or anarchical indifference amongst us. It is by becoming believers and organizers ourselves. If we are such, we need fear nothing. As is the public, so will be the poet. If we revere enthusiasm, the fatherland, and humanity; if our hearts are pure, and our souls steadfast and patient, the genius inspired to interpret our aspirations, and bear to heaven our ideas and our sufferings, will not be wanting. Let these statues stand. The noble monuments of feudal times create no desire to return to the days of serfdom.

But I shall be told, there are imitators. I know it too well; but what lasting influence can be exerted on social life by those who have no real life of their own? They will but flutter in the void, so long as void there be. On the day when the *living* shall arise to take the place of the dead, they will vanish like ghosts at cock-crow. Shall we never be sufficiently firm in our own faith to dare to show fitting reverence for the grand typical figures of an anterior age? It would be idle to speak of social art at all, or of the comprehension of Humanity, if we could not raise altars to the new gods, without overthrowing the old. Those only should dare to utter the sacred name of Progress, whose souls possess intelligence enough to comprehend the past, and whose hearts possess sufficient

poetic religion to reverence its greatness. The temple of the true believers in art is not the chapel of a sect; it is a vast Pantheon, in which the glorious images of Goethe and Byron will hold their honoured place, long after *Goethism* and *Byronism* shall have ceased to be.

When, purified alike from imitation and distrust, men learn to pay righteous reverence to the mighty fallen, I know not whether Goethe will obtain more of their admiration as an artist, but I am certain that Byron will inspire them with more love, both as man and poet—a love increased even by the fact of the great injustice hitherto shown to him. While Goethe held himself aloof from us, and from the height of his Olympian calm seemed to smile with disdain at our desires, our struggles, and our sufferings,—Byron wandered through the world, sad, gloomy, and unquiet; wounded, and bearing the arrow in the wound. Solitary and unfortunate in his infancy; unfortunate in his first love, and still more terribly so in his ill-advised marriage; attacked and calumniated both in his acts and intentions, without inquiry or defence; harassed by pecuniary difficulties; forced to quit his country, home, and child; friendless—we have seen it too clearly since his death—pursued even on the Continent by a thousand absurd and infamous falsehoods, and by the cold malignity of a world that twisted even his sorrows into a crime;

he yet, in the midst of inevitable reaction, preserved his love for his sister and his Ada; his compassion for misfortune; his fidelity to the affections of his childhood and youth, from Lord Clare to his old servant Murray, and his nurse Mary Gray. He was generous with his money to all whom he could help or serve, from his literary friends down to the wretched libeller Ashe. Though impelled by the temper of his genius, by the period in which he lived, and by that fatality of his mission to which I have alluded, towards a poetic Individualism, the inevitable incompleteness of which I have endeavoured to explain, he by no means set it up as a standard. That he presaged the future with the prevision of genius, is proved by his definition of poetry in his journal—a definition hitherto misunderstood, but yet the best I know: "*Poetry is the feeling of a former world and of a future.*" Poet as he was, he preferred activity for good, to all that his art could do. Surrounded by slaves and their oppressors; a traveller in countries where even remembrance seemed extinct; never did he desert the cause of the peoples; never was he false to human sympathies. A witness of the progress of the Restoration, and the triumph of the principles of the Holy Alliance, he never swerved from his courageous opposition; he preserved and publicly proclaimed his faith in the

rights of the peoples and in the final * triumph of liberty. The following passage from his journal is the very abstract of the law governing the efforts of the true party of progress at the present day: "Onwards! it is now the time to act; and what signifies self, if a single spark of that which would be worthy of the past † can be bequeathed unquenchably to the future? It is not one man, nor a million, but the *spirit* of liberty which must be spread. The waves which dash on the shore are, one by one, broken; but yet the *ocean* conquers nevertheless. It overwhelms the armada; it wears the rock; and if the Neptunians are to be believed, it has not only destroyed but made a world." At Naples, in the Romagna, wherever he saw a spark of noble life stirring, he was ready for any exertion; or danger, to blow it into a flame. He stigmatized baseness, hypocrisy, and injustice, whencesoever they sprang.

Thus lived Byron, ceaselessly tempest-tossed between the ills of the present, and his yearnings

* "Yet, Freedom! yet, thy banner torn, but flying
Streams, like the thunder-storm, *against* the wind:
Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,
The loudest still the tempest leaves behind.
The tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind,
Chopped by the axe, looks rough and little worth,
But the sap lasts—and still the seed we find
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the North,
So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring forth."

† Written in Italy.

after the future; often unequal; sometimes sceptical; but always suffering—often most so when he seemed to laugh;* and always loving, even when he seemed to curse.

Never did "the eternal spirit of the chainless mind" make a brighter apparition amongst us. He seems at times a transformation of that immortal Prometheus, of whom he has written so nobly; whose cry of agony, yet of futurity, sounded above the cradle of the European world; and whose grand and mysterious form, transfigured by time, re-appears from age to age, between the entombment of one epoch and the accession of another; to wail forth the lament of genius, tortured by the presentiment of things it will not see realized in its time. Byron, too, had the "firm will" and the "deep sense;" he, too, made of his "death a victory." When he heard the cry of nationality and liberty burst forth in the land he had loved and sung in early youth, he broke his harp and set forth. While the *Christian* Powers were protocolizing or worse—while the *Christian* nations were doling forth the alms of a few piles of ball in aid of the *Cross* struggling with the Crescent; he, the poet and pretended sceptic, hastened to throw his fortune, his genius, and his life, at the feet of the first people that had arisen in the name of the nationality and liberty he loved.

* "And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep."

I know no more beautiful symbol of the future destiny and mission of art than the death of Byron in Greèce. The holy alliance of poetry with the cause of the peoples; the union—still so rare—of thought and action—which alone completes the human Word, and is destined to emancipate the world; the grand solidarity of all nations in the conquest of the rights ordained by God for all his children, and in the accomplishment of that mission for which alone such rights exist;—all that is now the religion and the hope of the party of progress throughout Europe, is gloriously typified in this image, which we, barbarians that we are, have already forgotten.

The day will come when Democracy will remember all that it owes to Byron. England too, will, I hope, one day remember the mission—so entirely English, yet hitherto overlooked by her—which Byron fulfilled on the Continent; the European rôle given by him to English literature, and the appreciation and sympathy for England which he awakened amongst us.

Before he came, all that was known of English literature was the French translation of Shakspeare, and the anathema hurled by Voltaire against the "intoxicated barbarian." It is since Byron that we Continentalists have learned to study Shakspeare and other English writers. From him dates the sympathy of all the true-hearted amongst us for

this land of liberty, whose true vocation he so worthily represented among the oppressed. He led the genius of Britain on a pilgrimage throughout all Europe.

England will one day feel how ill it is—not for Byron but for herself—that the foreigner who lands upon her shores should search in vain in that Temple which should be her national Pantheon, for the Poet beloved and admired by all the nations of Europe, and for whose death Greece and Italy wept as it had been that of the noblest of their own sons.

In these few pages—unfortunately very hasty—my aim has been, not so much to criticize either Goethe or Byron, for which both time and space are wanting, as to suggest and if possible lead English criticism upon a broader, more impartial, and more useful path than the one generally followed. Certain travellers of the eleventh century relate that they saw at Teneriffe a prodigiously lofty tree, which from its immense extent of foliage, collected all the vapours of the atmosphere; to discharge them when its branches were shaken, in a shower of pure and refreshing water. Genius is like this tree, and the mission of criticism should be to shake the branches. At the present day it more resembles a savage striving to hew down the noble tree to the roots.

[NOTE—1870.]

[The Translator delayed publication of the three foregoing articles by the author's desire. Mr. Mazzini had hoped to be able to add to each of them. He would have been glad to point out the splendid confirmation of his early expressed opinion of Lamennais, afforded by the continuation and close of that great man's religious and political career; but ill health, and the constant pressure of more immediate duties, have rendered this impossible, and compelled him to renounce all literary labour. While consenting—although with reluctance—to the publication of the article on Byron and Goethe in its present form, Mr. Mazzini has desired the Translator to say for him that the twenty years of study and experience which have passed over his head since those pages were

written have only tended to increase rather than diminish the sympathy and admiration with which he always regarded the former. He would gladly hope that, even as it now stands, the article may awaken in the mind of his readers a new interest in this very important subject, and lead to a more impartial and serious study of Lord Byron's life and works than Englishmen have been accustomed to bestow upon them. He trusts they will at last feel the necessity of looking at him with their own eyes, and no longer be content to accept the distorted image offered to them by the reports of contemporaries utterly incapable of comprehending him, or the vague insinuations of a biographer who scrupled not to silence a voice from the tomb so soon as he was secure of receiving the same pecuniary advantage from the violation of his sacred trust, as he had reason to hope might accrue to him from its fulfilment. Mr. Mazzini is well convinced that a candid and unbiassed investigation of Lord Byron's character, as it may be learned in his own poems, letters, and journals—*but in these only*—will surely tend to confirm the sketch of it traced in the foregoing pages; the view therein taken being the result of a deep conviction following upon earnest study, although the chief characteristics of the poet's heart and genius are rather hinted at than developed.

With regard to George Sand, the Translator has

a more painful duty to perform, as she is bound to make known to the reader how that writer's unhappy deviation from her original course, both as author and politician, since the Empire, has compelled Mr. Mazzini sorrowfully to modify his opinion of her in both characters. Her works—as if by a sort of expiation—have much diminished even in literary merit since that fatal year. "I have," he says, "sadly and unwillingly become convinced that what I once hailed as the utterance of a high priestess, was only the passive, changeful evolution of a merely artistic power, uttering—like the statue of Memnon—sounds harmonious, but unconscious; not bearing to heaven the progressive aspiration of the soul within, but simply varying with the varying influence of the rising or sinking sun."]

THOUGHTS UPON DEMOCRACY IN EUROPE.

(First published in the *People's Journal*, 1847.)

I.

THE democratic tendency of our times, the upward movement of the popular classes, who desire to have their share in political life,—hitherto a life of privilege—is henceforth no Utopian dream, no doubtful anticipation. It is a fact, a great European fact; which occupies every mind, influences the proceedings of governments, defies all opposition. Whatever may be said to the contrary, no one, now-a-days, sees in the ever-strengthening voice of rising nations, of generations desirous of laying the foundations of a better future, of oppressed races claiming their place in the sunshine—nothing more than the vain imagination of a writer, or the cry of an agitator thrown out hap-hazard among the crowd. No, it is something more serious; it is a page of the world's destiny, written by the finger of God in the heart of these generations whose movement hurries us along. It is the development

of that law of which we are but the agents—the law of continual progress—without which there would be neither life, nor movement, nor religion; for there would be no Providence. Friends and enemies begin to own this. And yet, if the former salute the development of this fact with hymns of joy; the latter persist in regarding it as something abnormal, as a scourge acknowledged to be inevitable; but against which the human heart is irresistibly impelled to struggle. They are corrupted, you will say, and governed by egotism. This is true of many; but in their ranks are to be found upright men, hearts capable of feeling, but under the yoke of mistaken convictions: even among the friends of democracy there are men who put their hands to the work with hesitation, and who sometimes appear seized with vague terror. One would say that the echo of that wild cry uttered some ten years since by a statesman speaking of the working classes, "*The barbarians are at our gates*," still rings threateningly in their ears.

Whence comes this? Do we not all applaud, as did the Romans in their theatre, the prophetic verse of the freedman—"*Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto;*" when, through the vista of history, we see slavery and its pagan theory of two races, fall before the holy words of Jesus—"*All men are children of God?*" Do we not hail, as another great conquest of the divine spirit that ferments in

the heart of humanity, that other era in history, when through the Christian doctrine: *we are all brethren*, serfdom disappeared and made room for the free communes? Why then, instead of rejoicing at the good news that millions of our brethren demand to join with us in accomplishing the world's work, do so many among us turn pale with terror at the signs of the coming future? Do they not call themselves Christians? Do they not repeat, as formulæ of their belief, these words of the only prayer taught us by Christ to the *Father*:— "*Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven?*"

And what is the present movement but an attempt at the practical realization of this prayer? We are labouring that the development of human society may be, as far as possible, in the likeness of the divine society; in the likeness of the heavenly country, where all are equal; where there exists but one love, but one happiness for all. We seek the paths of heaven upon earth; for we know that this earth was given us for our workshop; that through it we can rise to heaven; that by our earthly works we shall be judged; by the number of the poor whom we have assisted, by the number of the unhappy whom we have consoled. The law of God has not two weights and two measures: Christ came for all: he spoke to all: he died for all. We cannot logically declare the children of God to be

equal before God and unequal before men. We cannot wish our immortal spirit to abjure on earth that gift of liberty which is the source of good and evil in our actions; the exercise of which makes man virtuous or criminal in the eyes of God. We cannot wish the brow that is raised to heaven to fall prostrate in the dust before any created being; the soul that should aspire to heaven, to rot in ignorance of its rights, its powers and its noble origin; while on earth. We cannot admit, that instead of loving one another like brethren, men ought to be divided, hostile, selfish; jealous, city of city, nation of nation. We protest, then, against all inequality, against all oppression, wheresoever it is practised; for we acknowledge no foreigners; we recognise only the just and the unjust; the friends and the enemies of the law of God. This forms the essence of what men have agreed to call the *democratic movement;* and if anything ever profoundly surprised me, it is that so many persons have hitherto been blind to the eminently religious character of that movement, which is sooner or later destined to be recognized. Whence comes then, once more, that instinctive mistrust and even hostility which here, as elsewhere, accompanies every step of its progress? I think it comes in part from terror at the past, in part from the anarchy of the present; but above all from a false, or at least very imperfect theory, which the democratic party themselves

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have too often assigned as the basis of their activity.

There are men who no sooner hear the name of democracy than the phantom of '93 rises immediately before them. With them democracy means the guillotine surmounted by a red cap. This is just as though we were to judge of monarchy by the horrors recently committed by the Austrian government in Gallicia ; or Christianity by the St. Bartholomew and the cold-blooded cruelty of the Inquisition. Others cite the ever-recurring agitations of the small Italian democracies of the middle ages ; as if there could be any historical analogy between the representative democracy of future times, with its interpreters intrusted with the application and development of a fundamental law, and that of towns where the principle was only adopted in the election of chiefs, where there existed no constitution directing and binding together citizens and chiefs, and where, consequently, insurrection was the only remedy against abuse of power. The union of the democratic principle with representative government is an entirely modern fact, which throws out of court all precedents that might be appealed to ; they have nothing but the *word* in common ; the *thing* is radically different. And as for the horrors which signalized the upstarting—for it was by no means the organization but the upstarting of democracy

in France—they were exceptional facts which cannot occur again. To say nothing of the progress made in fifty years, and the wholly different temper of the men who now plead the cause of democracy,—there was then a feudal system to be destroyed, of which the characteristics no longer exist except in the north of Europe—a struggle between federalism and the principle of national unity, which has long since been settled in all settled states, and—what is now impossible,—a war of all Europe against the country which first hoisted the standard of democracy.

What is real at the present time, and indefinitely obstructs the progress of the principle, is the anarchy which prevails in the camp of its apostles. The democratic party is, perhaps, the only one in Europe which is without a government; which has no directors, and no moral centre in Europe to represent it. We are believers without a temple. We have imbibed from the past so much fear of authority; we dread so much being formed into regiments on the high-road; that each throws himself into a bypath, with great danger of going astray. Liberty, which should be but a *means*, has become an *end*. We have torn the great and beautiful ensign of democracy: *the progress of all through all, under the leading of the best and wisest.* Each has snatched a rag of it, and parades with it as proudly as if it were the whole flag; repudiating

or not deigning to look at the others. One has fallen upon an exclusively political idea. He has his ten pound franchise, or his five points, or something else of the sort: to this he clings; he regards, often with hostility, always with disdain, those who propose another measure, even if that measure appear to him good in itself; because he is afraid it may divert the public attention from his favourite plan. Another, seizing the merely *economical* part of the question, calculates progress by the number of railroads about to open; of steamers which afford new means of transit; of new markets gained for the national industry: he calls himself a *practical* man, and laughs at political questions and idea-hunting. A third, disgusted with our existing social organization, but disgusted like the child who breaks his toy because he has knocked his head against it, desires to suppress, to annihilate all which he thinks mischievous. He has drawn from his brain a model republic of beavers or of bees; he calls upon the human race to come and frame itself therein, and remain there for ever. Others, again—choice spirits who have intuitively discovered the truth, without troubling themselves much how to impregnate the masses with it—feel great pity for all this: they say—"Man is now sick; above all things he must make haste to get well: he is egotistical; he has only to become again affectionate and devoted:

he is sceptical, he has lost the light of faith; he must recover it as soon as possible under pain of death: when he has once recovered health and sight all will go on well." So on, and God knows how many different plans and points of view I could enumerate in the party to which I think it an honour to belong. Below all this the people, without leisure to compare, to study, and to select, amid these conflicting ideas, that which is nearest to and contains most truth, become accustomed to doubt. For the people there is but one thing certain—their own misery, and the feeling of distrust and reaction produced by it—a feeling which the spectacle offered by their teachers is not calculated to diminish.

Among all these fractions of a party, there is not one completely right, not one completely wrong; they are all fragments of democracy; they are not Democracy. Give the suffrage to a people unfitted for it, governed by hateful reactionary passions, they will sell it, or will make a bad use of it; they will introduce instability into every part of the state; they will render impossible those great combined views, those thoughts for the future, which make the life of a nation powerful and progressive. Develop as much as you please material interests; if moral advancement does not outstrip them, it is probable you will increase the already too great riches of the few, while the mass

of producers will not see their condition improved; or even you will increase egotism; you will stifle under physical enjoyments all that is noblest in human nature; material progress alone *may* end in a Chinese society. As to the Utopists, they forget that we are here below, not to create human nature, but to carry it forward; they forget that all the elements of human activity, individual property, riches, etc., are in themselves neither good nor evil: they are instruments with which we may do good or evil. We should anathematize none of them; we should find out how to direct them aright. And as for the moralists, the philosophical writers, who would begin by transforming the inward man; they forget that the labouring man, who works fourteen or sixteen hours a-day for a bare subsistence, with no security for the morrow's existence but the labour of his hands, has not time to read and reflect, even if he knows how to read: he drinks and sleeps. It is very difficult to find the *ubi consistat* of the lever of Carlyle, Emerson, and all the noble minds which resemble them, to act on the Glasgow weaver, the *canut* of Lyons, or the Gallician serf.

And yet the suffrage, the progress of industry, the increase of comfort, the co-partnership of labour with intelligence and capital; all these are good, all these will enter into the future, either as the application, or the consequence of the great

democratic idea which guides the world. The evil is, that each of us having discovered one face of the polygon, one aspect of the human problem, endeavours to substitute it for the entire problem; it is, that we persist in endeavouring to amend the details, without troubling ourselves about the principle which governs them; it is that we all, while endeavouring to perfect the instruments and to multiply, as I may say, the materials of life, resemble the economist, who should think he had assured the physical well-being of nations by teaching them how to increase production, without in any way providing for the just distribution of the produce. The threads which should form the social web become like lost spider's threads, crossing against each other in the air, and at length carried away by the wind.

I have often dreamed of a state of things in Europe when every loving and devoted soul, convinced of the necessity of a creed of fusion—of a general doctrine that might correspond with the now undeniable movement that is hurrying Europe, and with Europe the world, towards new destinies—should act upon the duties imposed by such a conviction. Instead of all these associations organized for one special branch of teaching, or of activity, and which are now separate, strangers to each other, not only in different countries, but in the bosom of the same country—often even of the same

town—there should be one great philosophical—I might say religious—association, to which all these secondary associations should be united as branches to the parent stem; each bringing to the centre the results of its labours, of its discoveries, of its views for the future. Instead of all these academies, universities, lectureships, without mission, programme, or extended views—and in which, as if to engraft doubt and anarchy upon instruction itself, a materialist professor of medicine jostles a mystic metaphysician; and a course of individualist political economy follows a course of history or public laws based on the principle of association—there should be one real apostolate of knowledge; starting from the small number of fundamental truths henceforth secured to the human race by the evidence given to them by a few men of genius, but still needing to be made popular. The balance-sheet of our acquirements would soon be struck; and this balance-sheet being synthetically drawn up, the solution of the programme we are all seeking would not long remain undiscovered.

At present we are very far from any such Council of the intellects of Europe. But methinks the time is come to remind the men who desire the general good, of a few simple fundamental principles, which they are in danger of forgetting while carried away by secondary questions and by party spirit.

The suffrage, political securities, progress of industry, arrangement of social organization, all these things, I repeat, are not Democracy; they are not the cause for which we are engaged; they are its means, its partial applications or consequences. The problem of which we seek the solution is an *educational problem;* it is the eternal problem of human nature: only at every great era, at every step we ascend, our starting-point changes, and a new object, beyond that which we have just attained, is brought within our vision.

We wish man to be *better* than he is. We wish him to have more love, more feeling for the beautiful, the great, and the true; that the ideal which he pursues shall be purer, more divine; that he shall feel his own dignity, shall have more respect for his immortal soul. We wish him to have, in a faith freely adopted, a Pharos to guide him, and we would have his acts correspond to that faith.

On this object being proclaimed, Democracy says to us—"If you wish to attain it, let man commune as intimately as possible with the greatest possible number of his fellows." It enlarges upon these words of Jesus—"When three or more of you are assembled in my name, the spirit of truth and of love shall descend upon you." It bids us—"Endeavour all to unite. Invite all to the banquet of life. Throw down the barriers which separate you. Suppress all the privileges which render you

hostile or envious, retain only those of intelligence and morality. Make yourselves equal, as far as it can be done. And this not only because human nature has everywhere the same *rights*, but because you can only elevate *men* by elevating MAN; by raising our conception of life, which the spectacle of inequality tends to lower. All inequality brings after it a proportional amount of tyranny; wherever there has been a slave, there has also been a master; both distorting and corrupting in all those who see them the idea of life. This idea can only be pure and complete where, taken in all its aspects, it offers nothing abject, nothing vicious, nothing maimed. The Spartans diverted education from its true purposes, and condemned their republic irreversibly to death, on the day when to teach their children temperance they showed them a drunken Helot; as we divert it from its purpose when, to teach the inviolability of life, we show to our youth an assassin slain upon the scaffold by society. When all men shall commune together in reverence for the family and respect for property; through education and the exercise of a political function in the state;—the family and property, the fatherland and humanity, will become more holy than they now are. When the arms of Christ, even yet stretched out on the cross, shall be loosened to clasp the whole human race in one embrace—when there shall be no more pariahs nor brahmins,

nor servants nor masters, but only *men*—we shall adore the great name of God with much more love and faith than we do now."

This is democracy in its essentials; all other is a petty revolt, a reaction, able perhaps to destroy, but impotent to reconstruct. I know no one bold enough, corrupt enough, to protest against such a programme. But if this programme is indeed that of democracy, is it that of the majority of democrats? Are they, generally speaking, on a level with their cause in their starting-point, or in the object they aim at? I think not; and I propose to show this by reviewing the principal schools which guide the movement. It may be well, after fifty years of struggles, of victims, and of sacrifices, to consider a little where we are; to reconnoitre the ground well, and to examine whether we have not chanced to go astray.

II.

The ideas which have long agitated the camp of Democracy, may, if maturely considered, be classed under two great doctrines; which, again, may be summed up in two words—*Rights* and *Duties*. Their varieties are numerous; the seeming varieties still more so. Schools, which start from the same point, and profess to have the same object, terminate, some in a new despotism, others in anarchy; some in the re-enthronement of obso-

lete faiths; others in vague and mystic aspirations after an indeterminate future: but all are, in one way or another, connected with the doctrine based upon the *rights* of the human *individual*, or with that which is derived from something superior to all individuals, superior to society itself. The former still rules throughout the ranks of democracy: it has hitherto reigned undisputed in England and America, uncontested save by a few eminent writers, who are little followed.* The second, more recent, and numerically weak, has yet, since 1830, gained over all the purest and most select spirits of the Continent. I think it is destined to triumph, and to organize democracy under its colours, because it starts from a religious point of view inaccessible to the former. This is sufficient to explain the spirit in which these thoughts will be written. I shall need all the toleration, all the habit of free discussion which distinguishes English readers, for, in examining the school which reposes on *individual right*, I shall, I repeat, shock many ideas accepted by the majority of democrats; and shall be opposed to illustrious names, whose principles are generally regarded as unassailable. But the question is too serious for the necessity of examining it, and discussing it freely under every phase, not to be allowed. I have said that democracy is, above all, an *educational problem*, and as the value of all

* Carlyle in England; Emerson in America.

education depends on the truth of the principle on which it is based, the whole future of democracy is engaged in this question. No one can wish that it be lightly treated. No one can fail to perceive the importance of an explanation of the views embraced these fifteen years by many enlightened men in France, Italy, and Germany. It is only by a clear statement of all the ideas, of all the solutions, of all the aspirations which exist within our party, that we can hope to arrive at truth.

The doctrine which takes individual rights for its starting-point has played, especially in the last sixty years, an important part, highly beneficial to humanity. Arising, or, more correctly speaking, reduced to a formula, at a time when the religious life of nations was still in great measure subject to colleges of priests of whatsoever description, their political life to governments of whatsoever description, their intellectual life to censors, and their industrial life to revenue officers;—it has struck down, destroyed, or undermined all these. It has conquered —whether morally or actually, is of little importance, for every moral conquest must sooner or later become actual—liberty of conscience, political securities, and freedom of the press: recently it has conquered free trade. Here is a great and noble part in the history of the world which can never be denied to this doctrine. But the important question for democracy is not there. *Is that enough?*

Are all these conquests the *end*, or are they not rather the *means* to enable us to attain the end? And if this is so, can the principle of the *Ego*, of *individual right*, if laid down as the basis of education, political and moral, can it, I say, guide man, can it associate men for that end, for those ulterior conquests? That is the question. Whoever examines things at all seriously, will perceive that the doctrine of individual rights is essentially and in principle, only a great and holy protest in favour of human liberty against oppression of every kind. Its value, therefore, is purely negative. It is able to destroy; it is impotent to found. It is mighty to break chains; it has no power to knit bonds of co-operation and love.

See before you men, free, emancipated, conscious of their faculties, acquainted with their rights, with God's universe open before them. What use will they make of their liberty? In what way will they employ their faculties? Whither and how will they direct their march? Is not this question—the vital question for the human creature—still untouched? The doctrine of *rights* has given men ability to act; but what will now be their action? Is not this the problem whose solution we are seeking?

Behold nations strong and great; freed from all the fetters which prejudices, class interests, or the hostile ambitions of a few reigning families had

cast around them. What use will they make of their freedom of action? Will they establish their nationality upon broad and active sympathies with Truth, Beauty, and Justice, or will they wrap themselves up in a narrow nationalism? will they strive to encroach upon the rights of others, to absorb, to monopolize all power? Will they perceive that national and international life ought to form only two manifestations of one and the same principle, the love of what is good? Will they, in word, take as their motto, *the weakening of all which is not ourselves;* or, *Amelioration of all by all;* the *progress* of each *for the advantage of all.*

This is the question which democracy desires to solve; for democracy is not the mere liberty of all, but *Government freely consented to by all, and acting for all.* What the world thirsts for at present is, whatever some may say, *authority.* All its insurrections are directed, not against the idea of power, but against the parody of that idea: against a phantom authority; a lifeless shape, henceforth barren and incapable. We desire to be guided; only we wish the best and wisest among us to be our guides. We desire to be associated as closely as possible in a common union in pursuit of a common object; only we wish this union to be freely accepted, this object not to be a fragmentary object, the object of a single class or part. And far from delighting, as so many believe, or pretend to be-

lieve, in disorganization or anarchy, democracy—like the world, whose moving spirit it is at present—thirsts for unity; but, inspired by bitter experience, it declares, that henceforth no unity is possible where an artificial inequality reigns; where a spirit of domination on the one hand, and of distrust and reaction on the other, prevent all community of ideas, and parcel out humanity into distinct classes, by giving them different interests.

The doctrine of individual rights is so incompetent to solve the question as I have here laid it down, that it is terrified at the idea of government. Its supporters regard government as a necessary inconvenience; to which they submit, on condition of giving it as little power as possible. In their theory, government reduced nearly to the functions of a police constable, deprived of every initiative, has no mission but to *prevent*. It is there to repress crime and violence; to secure to every individual the exercise of his rights against any brutal attack of his neighbours—nothing more. And lest, seduced by the sweets of the power deposited in its hands, it should attempt to overstep these narrow bounds, they surround it with suspicion, with mistrust, with hostile local powers; they devote their whole study to organize a system of guarantees against its possible encroachments. Here is, properly speaking, no society; nothing but an aggregation of individuals, bound over to keep the

peace, but for the rest following their own individual objects; *Laissez faire, laissez passer,* is the formula of the school.

This is not the ideal we seek; no, certainly, it was not to attain the ignoble and immoral *every one for himself,* that so many great men, holy martyrs of thought, have shed, from epoch to epoch, from century to century, the tears of the soul, the sweat and blood of the body. Beings of devotedness and love, they laboured and suffered for something higher than the individual; for that Humanity which ought to be the object of all our efforts, and to which we are all responsible. Before a generation which scorned or persecuted them, they calmly uttered their prophetic thoughts; with an eye fixed on the horizon of future times; speaking to that *collective* being which ever lives, which ever learns, and in which the divine idea is progressively realized; for that city of the human race,* which alone, by the association of all intellects, of all loves, and of all forces, can accomplish the providential design that presided over our creation here below. We are all pledged to and for one another. We all live for others; the individual for his family, the family for its country, the country for humanity. We all seek the law of our life; and with us (as in all that exists), the law of the individual is found

* *Civitas generis humani;* the expression of all great men from Tacitus to Dante (*De Monarchia*), from Dante to Bacon.

only in the species. We are all climbing a pyramid, whose base embraces the earth, and whose point rises towards God: the ascent is slow and painful, and we can accomplish it only by entwining all our hands, by aiding ourselves with our united strength, by closing up our ranks, like the Macedonian phalanx, when any of us fall exhausted by fatigue. Herein, in this necessity, lies the legitimacy of democracy, of its aspirations after the emancipation, the elevation, the co-operation of all: herein, also, lies the secret of its inevitable power —inevitable as the accomplishment of the designs of God.

But if from these heights, where all human desires become purified; where the efforts, by which we strive to transform the medium in which we live, receive a religious consecration—you bring democracy down to the narrow arena of individual tendencies; giving it mere individual rights for weapons, and a mere theory of liberty for its aim, without a common higher rule of action, you change its all-embracing, all-sanctifying nature into a something reactionary and hostile; you destroy its organic thought, its eminently social instincts, its thirst for general education, for belief and for unity of direction, to substitute a nameless species of peaceful anarchy, in which man will begin by the worship of individuality, and will fall by degrees into the abysses of egotism. And in the mean-

time you excite, and in some measure justify, the terrors and repugnance of the society you are desirous to gain over; you unconsciously sow hatred; you alienate from us superior minds,* who think democracy barren, godless, and consequently impotent.

I am aware that many who adopt the doctrine I am refuting, will be astonished at the consequences I deduce from it. They dream of the future much as I do; they examine their own hearts, and find that they are ready to devote themselves for others; for the future prospects of humanity; for the development of social instincts; for all that I declare to be the final aim of democracy. These men are better than their doctrine: their heart is better than their head; it *feels* the *collective* life of humanity—it communes with it; that feeling hurries them into a practice which contradicts their theory. But, what assurance have they that others will do what they do? We have to do here, not with the actions of individuals: we have to test the value of a *principle* to be our guide in general education; we have to do with the influence which that principle may exercise on men already more or less corrupted by an education received under the state of things

* *e. g.* Thomas Carlyle, a democrat by every instinctive tendency, denies democracy a future, because he confounds it with the school I am combating.

we desire to abolish, or by a total absence of education.

You speak, some will say to me, of unity of belief, and consequently of education; you condemn our distrust, our system of guarantees; our theory of liberty. Would you entrust the national education to the existing powers? Would you entrust to societies founded on privilege, the initiative of future progress? And ought we, for fear of anarchy, to incur the risk of despotism?

God forbid! The struggle for liberty is as sacred as human individuality: maintain it to the last. Wherever government—corrupt or behind the age—has no true educational mission, beware of giving it one: surround yourselves with guarantees, so long as you can do no better. Only do not erect into a final theory what is but a sad temporary necessity; do not limit the problem to a mere overthrowing of obstacles. We are clearing the ground in order to raise a new edifice. We need liberty, as much to fulfil a *duty* as to exercise a *right:* we must retain it. But if you give to your political education a higher religious principle, liberty will become what it ought really to be —the ability to choose between various means of doing good; if you enthrone it alone, as at once *means* and *end,* it will become what some jurisconsults, copying paganism, have defined it to be —the right to use and to abuse. It will lead

society first to anarchy, afterwards to the despotism which you fear.

Suppose the rights of one individual temporarily opposed to those of another, how will you reconcile them, except by appealing to something superior to all rights? Given the right to increase their wealth, recognised in all, how will you solve, without appealing to another principle, the great and persistent question between the workman and his manufacturing employer? Suppose an individual revolting against the bonds of society: he feels himself strong; his inclinations, his faculties, call him to a path other than the common; he has a right to develop them, and he wages war against the community. Consider well, what argument can you oppose to him consistently with the doctrine of rights? What right have you, from the mere fact that you are a majority, to impose upon him obedience to laws which are not in harmony with *his* individual rights and aspirations? Rights are equal for all: society cannot have one more than an individual. How, then, will you prove to that man that he ought to confound his own will with the will of his brethren? By imprisonment? by the scaffold? That is to say, wherever society has not given education, *by violence.* Suppose one of those solemn crises which threaten the life of a country, and call for the active devotedness of all its sons—a foreign invasion, a violent attempt to

substitute a tyranny for the fundamental laws of the state—some great and indispensable progress to be won for a suffering class, is it in the name of rights that you will call on the citizen to dare martyrdom? Is not the first of rights the right to life? You have taught him that society was constituted for the sole purpose of securing to him *his* rights; and now you demand of him to sacrifice them all—to suffer, to die for the safety of his country—for the progress of a class which perhaps is not even his own! No; he will calculate the risks and the chances of success, and act accordingly; or he will declare himself a cosmopolite—will say—as, in fact, has been often said—"*Ubi bene, ibi patria!*" he will carry his at his shoe-sole, and you will have no right to address to him a single reproach. The man has only been logical—consistent with the principle of the education you have given him.

Alas! what an historical commentary could I, the native of an enslaved country, append to the words I have just written! How much devotedness have I seen fade at the breath of adversity in the last fifteen years! How bitterly have I often repeated, while contemplating these living ruins, the verse of Shakspeare—

Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!

Young men had risen, burning with youth and pride, indignantly shaking off the chains imposed

on their intellect, on their conscience, on all their faculties, and swearing they would fight and suffer unrelaxingly for the national cause. But without a firm belief in the *duty* of devoting themselves to the general cause; without a religious conception of human life; urged by the spirit of reaction and the instinct of their violated rights, rather than by a social inspiration, how could they keep their promise? Two or three years' struggle exhausted those strong resolutions. Exile and persecution took out all the bright colours of the flag they had followed, instead of giving it the sacredness of misfortune. Disappointed hope filled them with a barren bitterness; and at every abandonment, at every desertion, they said to themselves—"*Why struggle for beings so corrupt?*"—not seeing that it is because men are corrupt we should strive to change them. By degrees they allowed themselves to be influenced, to be ruled by the atmosphere which surrounded them; they began to reckon what they lost in the struggle; they found that, for the uncertain gain of a few rights withheld, they risked the loss of their material career—of life itself, the source of all rights. Scepticism seized them, enchained them with its serpent coils. When it had subdued them, it transformed itself into egotism. Thus, saddest of all sad sights, I saw them die the death of the soul. Those only who, taking up the cross of suffering and struggle,

had calmly bidden adieu to *individual* life, to its joys, its dreams, its azure hopes; sad, but resigned; blighted, but not crushed by the tempest, remained erect.

And tell me, when you look at the nations which enjoy more or less liberty—tell me, O my friends in the struggle—whence comes this incessant, ever-growing complaint of the *people*, of the laborious classes, of the millions who toil and suffer? Is there not here an energetic protest against the impotence of that incomplete doctrine which makes the *individual* at once means and end? Take France, for instance. There, for sixty or seventy years, this doctrine has had its philosophers, its moralists, its apostles, its warriors, its triumphs;—1789, 1830. Liberty has been won; the doctrine of individual rights has been incarnated, one may say, in every man. Why do so small a number profit by it? Why have the wrongs of the working masses remained nearly the same? Why have the revolutions directed by the middle class, by the bourgeoisie, been productive for that class alone? The bourgeoisie fought only for rights: it has remained faithful to its principle; and, *its own* rights once won, it felt no need to extend them. The masses have remained excluded from the conquest. What becomes of *rights* for those who have no *power* to exercise them? What becomes of liberty of in-

struction for him who has no time to learn?—of free trade for him who has neither capital nor credit? To prevent the doctrine of rights from becoming a bitter irony for this man—and the name of this man is million—the middle classes should have thought of abridging the hours of labour, of raising wages, of giving a uniform and gratuitous education to the multitudes, of bringing the instruments of labour within the reach of all, of establishing a credit for the talented and honest working man. They have not thought of all this. And why should they have done it? Why should they have limited the exercise of *their* rights for the benefit of others? The lists are opened: 'tis enough—let him run the course who can. The men of 1830 are now called apostates in France: this is wrong. They have, I repeat, only been logical. They honestly opposed the government of Charles X., because it was directly opposed to the class from whence they sprung—to their right of thought, every instant violated—to the right to a share in the government, which their education, their talents, their callings, gave them. These rights won, they rested. Can you, *according to their principle*, require more of them?

A great man, an Englishman, who in his own person sums up all the labours of the school, has replied by anticipation in the affirmative. He has given to the doctrine of individual right the sup-

port of a principle which he declares inherent in human nature, and which merits a separate examination.

III.

BENTHAM — the distinguished man to whom I alluded at the end of my second article—has given to the doctrine which I oppose, as condemning democracy to impotence, the support of a Principle which he thought identical with human nature. His *critical* power, the multitude of his labours, the universality of the applications he made of the principle, and the clearness of his method—for this, in my opinion, is Bentham's great merit—render him, not the founder, but the real head of the school. Throughout all its numerous transformations—the study of which contains a complete refutation of the principle—St. Simonians, Fourierists, Owenites, Communists, are all found to be followers of Bentham. They differ on the employment of the means—on the organization that is to ensure the triumph of the principle; but that principle is the same with them all—*utility*. Man has a right to happiness here below: *well-being*, the *greatest possible happiness*, is the object of all individual and social labour.

I know that the theory of *rights* does not find favour with Bentham by name; but for all who understand the spirit and not the mere dead letter

of Bentham, this is evidently only a quarrel with the word; or, to speak more correctly, a quarrel with the manner in which rights were understood when he began to write. Those were the times of Blackstone: the right spoken of, by whatever name it was called, natural or other right, was a something indefinite, malleable, which was identified with I know not what primitive, unwritten contract between the nation, the aristocracy, and the monarch. And he, the man of written law, a mind fond of codifying in the smallest detail; he who very justly denied the existence of that contract, and who considered the legislation and organization of society radically bad, was irritated by the very name of *right*, and has somewhere called it the greatest enemy of reason. But ascending to a more elevated sphere than that of Blackstone, or that of any other temporary application of right—the two schools which I have called those of Right and of Duty, are distinguished precisely by this, that one takes for its starting-point the *individual* man; while the other starts from a collective idea;—from the idea of the mission of humanity,—to trace the path of the individual.

Bentham's writings recognise no idea superior to the individual; no collective starting-point; no providential education of the human race; no progress of all towards the realization of an ideal standard of excellence. An understanding more

fitted to sound the depths of a single idea, than to grasp many from an elevated point of view; nourished from his tenderest youth with the doctrines of Helvetius; evidently devoid of all religious sentiment, and disinherited of the common inspiration of humanity by his contempt for the past—how should he have dwelt upon anything but the sensations, or the instinctive sympathies and antipathies, of the individual? Bentham, then, viewed in his whole tendencies, belongs to that philosophy of the last half of the eighteenth century, which, in the name of individual feelings and rights, proudly stood forward against the falsehoods of a society grown lifeless, and which, though able to destroy what existed, and to throw out promises for the future, was powerless to realize them.

Man, then, is a being susceptible of pleasure and of pain. To seek the former and avoid the latter is the law of his being; to calculate well, his wisdom. Society may facilitate and guarantee to him many pleasures; it may avoid for him many pains: its object is to organize every thing with a view to the greatest happiness principle for all. In this way the public interest will be identified with private interests. The acts from which the greatest number of pleasures are derived, will be virtuous; those which produce most pain, will be vicious. This, if I am not mistaken, is a dry, crude, but faithful enunciation of the doctrine of Bentham,—and

of two-thirds of the democrats of the day—in its essence.

Its incompleteness as to knowledge of human nature, its omission of all the finest, noblest, most elevated capacities of our soul,* its forgetfulness of the supreme law of the collective world—the continual progressiveness of thought;—the very vagueness of this word *utility*, which receives a different interpretation from every individual, and according to time and place—are things with which I have here nothing to do. The powerlessness of the principle to produce the social transformation which we all invoke, is the point to which I wish to draw the attention of my fellow-labourers. A complete estimate of a man like Bentham cannot be even sketched in two or three pages.

Now I can understand that in face of a society founded on privilege, organized with a view to a monopoly of enjoyment by the minority, one should say as a protest:—"*No: society ought to see to the well-being of all.*" To have said this boldly and without reservation, is the glory of Bentham. But to come to a party which assumes to found a future; which in its convictions is already emancipated from all veneration of privilege and monopoly; which demands from its chiefs an educational principle for the society to come; to say to such a party —"*Teach utility, the love of pleasure, and the abhor-*

* See Bentham's *Table of the Springs of Action.*

rence of pain,"—this is what I own I cannot understand.

What! we desire to be a reforming, renovating party; we are bound to be more noble, more high-minded, more virtuous—for thence alone we can derive the legitimacy of our efforts—than the men of the party we oppose; we complain that at every step we meet with egotism; we deplore the systematic warfare to which unbridled competition, without any higher regulating principle, has reduced society; we are continually speaking of fraternization, association, and love;—and to remedy these evils, to realize an ideal superior to that which now exists, we seek our weapons in the arsenal of the enemy; we say, "*That flag under which the heart of the privileged classes has become narrow, withered, and sterile, shall be ours; we will enlarge it, so that it shall cover us all with its shade!*"

To attain our object we must go back to principle; must re-attach the nations, which now go about groping their way in empty space: to the laws of progress; to humanity; to God: we must raise the now fallen moral sense; must revive a sentiment of duty in the heart of these men now sunk into calculating machines; we must hold out a worthy object to our thinking youth, who, born in the midst of ruins, fall so soon into doubt and discouragement; we must reconstitute the moral existence of man by enthusiasm and love: the old

existence founded on privilege and inequality is now only dust and ashes. And shall we pretend to do this, and to get men to follow us, by saying to them, "*Weigh pleasure and pain in the balance, and choose between them?*"

Let us see: it is certainly the present time that we are forced to take for our starting-point. It is no new-born generation, starting from beneath the mantle of Bentham, gifted with his good intentions, warmed by his Utopian philanthropy, that we have to teach. No; it is the world which swarms around us—suffering, enjoying, competing, coveting, envying: it is the existing society, with its masters, its servants; its men who have everything, and its men who have nothing. You have, on the one hand, a minority which possesses by right of inheritance, by aristocratic tradition, all the elements of wealth —land, capital, machines; on the other, the majority, possessing only its hands, its power of labouring, and reduced to hire this out on the terms imposed by the former, on pain of death by famine. And to these two classes, you, who would transform society, present the word *utility*, the greatest possible *well-being*. How will you reconcile these conflicting interests? The utility of the landowner is to sell his corn for the highest possible price—the utility of the manufacturer is to produce the most at the least possible expense. What suits the one is monopoly, the prohibitory system: what suits the

other is the lengthening of the day of labour, and the greatest possible diminution of wages. How will you, without sacrifices and privations, reconcile these two utilities with that of the workman, which requires not only the assurance of an abundant return for his labour, and the acquisition of hours in which to develop his intellectual, and satisfy his moral, faculties; but which must inevitably urge him to seek a progressively increasing share of the profits with his employer? There is clearly no question here of a balance, of something correlative in matter of interest. The question is one of concessions and privations on the one hand—of gain on the other. By what arguments will you convince the former that for them utility consists in sacrificing a part of their enjoyments? By placing before them, you will say, the security they will thus acquire for the remainder; for if they refuse to do this, they will run the risk of losing the whole by a commercial crisis, by a famine, by an insurrection of the working classes. I know it well; but, honestly, do you think the uncertain future has much share in the calculations of the individual? Do you think the vague prospect of the scaffold has prevented many assassinations? Do you think the prospect of a future revolution enters much into the calculations of the statesman who upholds a despotic government? Have we ever seen the fear of a glut hinder many traders from throwing their

goods into newly-opened markets? No; man in general calculates his utility for the duration of his own life; he willingly repeats for his private behoof the saying of the diplomatist—"*After me the deluge;*" or if he goes so far as to see a black spot rising on the horizon, he says to himself—"Let us wait and see; if the storm come, we will then look to it."

You have—the example has been quoted already, but to me it appears striking—you have an inheritance to divide. Divide it, says the system by the voice of Bentham, so that the subsistence of the rising generation shall be secured; the pains of disappointed expectation shall be prevented, and the equalization of fortunes promoted. How so, pray? What measures will you take, so that, in this country where I write, there shall be no disappointed expectation either on the side of the eldest born, or of younger sons? How contrive in any country that there be no disappointed expectation on the part of the generation that is passing away, or that which is rising up?

I know that there will be loud outcries against this: the utility, it will be said, that we have in view is the *general* utility: it embraces future generations. The landed proprietor, the head of a manufactory, must feel that the question concerns not *their* interest, but that of all; the first-born will not think his expectation disappointed because

an injustice has not been committed: man should desire, as far as possible, not *his own* well-being, but equality of well-being. *Should?* And why? Do you not see that you are appealing to another principle?—to a religious principle? Do you not see that you have invoked something superior to all the individualities that constitute your society; something superior to all the laws that you can promulgate in the name of utility—viz. *Justice?*

Again it is said, Justice and Utility are identical: Justice is the idea—Utility is its symbol, its outward sign. By preaching the latter, then, we by implication preach the principle. Yes; Justice and Utility are identical to the *world,* but not to the *agent;* in their final, but not in their intermediate results. In the eyes of all who can penetrate great historical events, the Crusades struck the first blow at feudalism; they were providentially directed to further the progress of humanity. Does this prove that the thousands of crusaders who fell by famine and the sword in Hungary and Greece, before they kissed the dust of the tomb of Jesus, reaped any earthly advantage on their way? The fall of the Roman Empire, again, was providentially an advance in the progress of the species, in the only way in which they then could draw near each other; the north and south of Europe came into contact, and by their shock prepared the way for a vaster world than the Latin world. Can we say that the

millions of Italians, pillaged, crushed, enslaved, by those who were then called Barbarians, would not have had a right to protest in the name of Utility against the law of circumstances which imposed martyrdom upon them? Utility, a higher degree of material and moral well-being, is always the *last* consequence of a great revolution, of a great justice accomplished; but how many tears, how much bloodshed, how many sacrifices, to attain it! The instinct of human responsibility, the instinct of Justice, may induce a people to sacrifice one or two generations on the field of battle, or in the slower and less brilliant martyrdom of civil struggle of moral suffering; but who will say to it: "*In the name of thy own advantage, sacrifice thyself! in the name of thy well-being, die?*

The obstinacy with which men perseveringly cling to an idea, often to a word, when once adopted, has something in it astonishing: one would say that, like the shipwrecked mariner in the immensity of ocean clinging to a fragment of wood, as to a plank of safety, so the human mind, struck with fear of falling into the void gulf of scepticism, seeks to make of that word, of that fragment of an idea, a plank to which to cling. I have known souls eminently religious, whose every feeling was stamped with the poetry of faith; whose every thought was an aspiration after infinitude;—persevere, perhaps in consequence of a reaction against the God sec-

tarians had painted to them, in denying God, and in making of the great and beauteous universe a lifeless machine; a huge body without soul, floating over the abyss of annihilation, between Chance and Fatality. I have many times met with utilitarians in theory—sincere, ardent, enthusiastic—who accepted all our belief in duty, in sacrifice, in a collective advance on the great ways of progress, and saying to me—"*That is what we desire*," without seeming even to suspect they had, speaking logically, no right to do so; that they could not spring from individual advantage to general utility without introducing into their theory a third term superior to the former two; which is not in it, and which, if introduced into it, would break it to pieces. Their heart taught them better than their understanding; or rather, their understanding had, without acknowledging it, long since abandoned a theory too lightly adopted: the word alone remained with them; and that word annoyed and fascinated them by turns; that word persecuted them like Frankenstein's monster, demanding of them a soul; they wanted to give it ours; they would willingly have introduced Plato, the man "who talked nonsense," into Bentham. They acted like our Neo-catholics, who seek to introduce Liberty beneath the infallible mitre of the Roman Catholic Papacy.

But let me conjure you, my friends, think what

you do. Here the question is not of you, but of all;—of those now living, with their corrupt inclinations, their want of moral vitality—of those who shall come into life, a tablet virgin of all impressions, a white leaf without written characters, calling on you for a Principle of education. And this principle of education can only be but *a definition of human life.* Is life a sensation, a succession of sensations? or is it a finite manifestation of the eternal Idea, developing itself progressively through temporary forms? Is it a simple *fact*, without antecedents or consequences? or is it a *duty* to be fulfilled? Is it the search for happiness here below? or is it the accomplishment of a mission—the search for, and successive realization of, the ideal; of the divine thought which presided at our birth, at the birth of those milliards of worlds that roll harmoniously around us, and are destined to form a concord, of which we shall gradually learn another and another note as we advance? Will you say to these young men, will you say to your children—"*Calculate pleasures and pains?*" or will you repeat to them that beautiful saying of one of our party*—"*There is but one sole virtue in the world—the eternal sacrifice of self?*" Will you intrust their young spirits to the barren, godless formula of interest; or will you comment for them that great saying of Jesus—"*Let him who would be the first*

* Georges Sand.

among you make himself the servant of all?" This is what you are called on to determine. But in deciding, forget yourselves. Look to men such as you have them in general around you. Do not—because you live with our life; because unknown to yourselves you breathe the morning breeze of the day that is about to dawn—do not pretend that all which is found at the bottom of your heart arises spontaneously in the heart of the millions. Do not say, because you are ready to see your utility in martyrdom, that the Glasgow workman and his master, the Irish labourer and the middleman, the child who works in the mine and he who with a rod prevents him from falling asleep, will not find theirs elsewhere. *Martyrdom!* Your theory is disinherited of it. It cannot impose it on the individual in the name of his well-being. Jesus is unintelligible to it: Socrates, if it be at all consistent, must seem to it like the *nonsense-talking* Plato, a sublime fool. There was, at the bottom of his cup of hemlock, something more than a calculation of pleasure or disappointed expectation.

What I am about to say does not appear very scientific; but I could wish people would submit to take the answer to the problem from the words of any good mother to her child. There, in that primitive instruction dictated by love, and in which God reveals himself by sudden illuminations that are worth many volumes—there, I think, will be

found the condemnation of the principle of utility as the basis of education. Mothers know, and we also know it, that if happiness here below was the object of life, our world would be but a sad failure.

The life of man is a journey, whose end is elsewhere. Like the flower, it has its root in the earth, and must force its way through its element, to blow in a subtler element—air. Pain and pleasure, happiness and unhappiness, are the incidents of the journey. The wind blows, the rain falls, the traveller fastens his cloak, sets his hat on firmly, and prepares for the struggle; at a later time the storm passes off, a ray of sunshine breaks forth and warms his numbed limbs: the traveller smiles with pleasure—he thanks God in his heart. But have the sun and the rain changed the end of the journey?

Bentham and his school have taken the incident for the object. To speak more correctly, they have seized one of the results of a principle, and have said—"That is the principle itself." They saw that with every great *moral* progress of man, with every great conquest of the spirit of association and love in history, there corresponded, sooner or later, a material amelioration, an augmentation of comfort; and from this providential fact—which is but *one of the means of verifying human progress*, and which, I repeat, is almost

always realized when the immediate agent has disappeared—they concluded that we have only to make this fact the basis and the object of life. They began the problem at the end, and attempted to poise the pyramid on its apex. Their conduct somewhat resembles that of the child, who maintained that the two expressions—*to eat to live*, and *to live to eat*—were identical. How did they fail to see that, by substituting the fact for the principle, they deprived themselves of what alone can produce the fact?—that, in order to realize it, a society is needed, ready-formed and immutable, imbued with the principle?—that, setting out with private interest, they must end either by making egotists, or by the absurdity of pretending that the private interest of the individual is realized in the interest of those who shall live after him?—lastly, that one may indeed give an apple or a cake in the evening as a reward to the child who has occupied his day industriously and well; but that, if one were to think of saying to him—"*Thy object is the cake or the apple*," one should run the risk of seeing the child rob the neighbour's shop or garden as soon as he hoped to do so undiscovered? Here there would be but one reply—repression; and one would say that Bentham instinctively felt this, when he commenced the series of his labours by organizing the Panopticon. But what sort of

educational principle is that which is founded on repression?

„ No; it is not by speaking of interest and pleasure, that Democracy will remould the globe; it is not by a theory of utility that we shall make the sufferings of the poorer classes and the urgent necessity for a remedy *felt* by the well-lodged, well-clothed, and well-fed classes. It is possible you may make them think your theory very ingenious; but between that and *action*, between that and devotion, is an abyss which you will never fill. Man, some one has said, is quite willing to admire knowledge; but on condition that knowledge shall not derange a hair of his head. So sweet is careless ease by one's paternal hearth, in the midst of smiling faces, when the storm blows without, and the driving rain beats against the strong panes of the window!

There were utilitarians, also, about the time of the fall of the Roman Empire. Their formula was then *panem et circenses*—bread and amusements; and under the reign of that formula, accepted by the people, Rome, devoured by the gangrene of egotism, rotted and perished. Jesus came. He endeavoured not to save the perishing world by analysis. He spoke not of their interest to men whom interest had degraded. He laid down, in the name of heaven, some unknown axioms; and these few axioms *did* change the face of the world.

A single spark of *faith* effected what all the schools of the philosophers had not even a glimpse of—a step in the education of the human race.

IV.

ST. SIMONIANISM is no longer to be reckoned among the fractions into which our democratic camp is split; for some years (and in this devouring epoch, ever eager to reach the goal, each year is equal to a quarter of a century), it has been dead, buried, and forgotten. But it was the most important, I will venture to say the most advanced manifestation of the spirit of new things that breathes through the era. It has sown on our soil many more truths, many more large and productive ideas, than all the socialist schools which I cited in my preceding article. And besides it was, in my opinion, the boldest and sincerest attempt men have hitherto made to realize in practice the fundamental principle of Bentham's idea; to organize society from the point of view of *utility;* and when it fell—lost in those contradictions into which logical consistency irresistibly hurried it—it proved to us the impossibility which I pointed out, of producing the general *well-being* by laying down individual rights and comforts as the object of life. Thus St. Simonianism was useful to us in its death, as well as in its short but brilliant existence. No

doubt it may often have deserved severe blame, but never indifference. And those who had only a smile of contempt for it in its development, and who consigned it to complete oblivion after its fall, appear to me very far from feeling the sanctity of earnest thought, and unable to comprehend the signs of the times and the real wants of existing humanity.

What! I hear it objected—Utilitarianism and St. Simonianism! Bentham and the Père Enfantin! what an association! How can you class in the same category, how couple in discordant union, the practical, positive spirit of the one, and the vague mysticism of the other; a pretended religion, and, we might almost say, a jurisprudence; a theory of freedom, and a dogmatical despotism?—I am about to tell you. But first, let me point out in a few words in what the St. Simonianist manifestation was truly important. Let us, now that the danger is past, calmly appreciate the good, the noble side of the school. The inferences I wish to deduce from its fall, will be but the more striking. In these sketches, moreover, the first object of which is to promote, as far as is in my power, a more serious consideration of the question of the epoch, to solve which is the business of democracy—I could not, without remorse, tread on the graves of our dead, of those who died for us, without addressing to them a few words of gratitude; with-

out establishing the fact that their work is connected with ours; that they still survive in us in all their better parts. We pass but too quickly at the present day from foolish admiration to ingratitude. We often accept, without too much examination, the systems which *live*, or appear to live; we examine not at all the systems which have fallen. With us death is equivalent to condemnation. This doctrine, we say, is dead, therefore it had no right to live. There is something of truth in this; but why should we not say also, This doctrine has lived, therefore it had a right to live? it represented a want, it destroyed an error, it stated an essential question, though without solving it? On this earth all dies and nothing dies. Forms fall without recovery, but there is always something immortal in the idea, in the spirit that produces these forms. And it is that something which constitutes the great stock of human knowledge; the arsenal from whence we draw our implements to open our forward path. We must not forget this. The *vixit, obiit;* it has lived, it has perished; no longer satisfies us. How was it enabled to live? Why has it perished? This is what we require to know; under pain of being condemned to isolation and doubt of all that preceded us in this world.

Founded on a sort of religious conviction, St. Simonianism offered to our eyes a spectacle ex-

ceedingly rare—I would almost say unique—of harmony between the thoughts and actions of a numerous association, composed of men of powerful intellect, of men in trade, and of simple workmen. In an age when the immoral distinction between *theory* and *practice* is but too much the rule of life; when men of *thought* and men of *action* in general stand anxiously apart from each other; when the religious and philosophic question and the political question proceed on two parallel lines—the St. Simonians arose and said: "We *believe* in what we say, and, consequently, we will not only preach but practise it." They perceived that man is only complete through unity of Thought and Action; that Thought is the germ of Action, the wide-spreading tree under which the generations seek shelter. In the midst of a sceptical race, accustomed to the Jesuitism of expediency; smiling at the movements of enthusiasm, and too often refuting an idea by an epigram—they boldly affronted persecution, and what is still more terrible, ridicule; they did not draw back from the mocking laugh which their costume, their rites, and their social household life, drew from the Voltairians of Paris; they even uttered words of peace, when brutally stoned by the Catholic populace of the south of France. It was a right noble spectacle; which, I own, excited my admiration to the highest degree, and which often led me to defend them warmly against the

accusations lightly cast upon them by men fresh from a banquet or a court levee, who had not even taken the trouble to read their writings. This also was in a great measure the secret of their strength and of their rapid progress from 1830 to 1832: the people found in them what it found nowhere else, what it nowhere finds at the present day—convictions and acts; *living books*, if I may be allowed the expression, and not mere thinkers; the nucleus of a Church, not a mere sect of philosophers.

They had, I have said, understood Man completed by Theory and Practice. They understood him also—and this is the second cause of the profound impression they made—complete in the wants which agitate him. They sought to embrace the whole man. At the present day, by dint of analysing, dividing, and subdividing, the unity of man has almost entirely disappeared. As, before the unity of God was revealed by Moses, pagan polytheism had broken it up, parcelled it out into fragments, making of the One Creator so many separate divinities—so the materialist analysis of modern times, by whatever name it is called, has broken up and parcelled out the human being into his several faculties. Religion, art, production, politics:—all these proceed separately, independent, often in opposite directions. "I," says one, "have heaven; what matters your earth to me?" "Let us agree," says another, "on earthly matters;

as to heaven, let each believe as he pleases." "Man is a producing being," says the economist, and he proposes to himself, as the unique, exclusive problem, the augmentation of production; let the *agent* die under his labour, provided the *thing* is made. "Man," cries the socialist, "is a being who consumes," and he busies himself only with the distribution of riches. To arrive more speedily at absolute equality, he takes away all that stimulates man to increase more and more the common fund; without suspecting that he incurs the risk of arriving at equality of indigence, instead of equality of wealth. Some, in the name of human liberty, organize the struggle of the strong against the weak; others, in the name of the superiority of what they call the religious principle, allow of progress in some branches of human development, and affirm the immutability of others. And the issue of all this is a society, which proclaims itself *indifferent* collectively, and *believing* in each of its members; which maintains its right to *punish*, and abdicates its right to *educate*; which preaches *sacrifice* by its religion, *enjoyment* by its policy; and confides the collective development of the association to simple individual liberty.

The St. Simonians felt the radical vice of this society. They felt that man is *one;* religious, artistic, a producer, a consumer; a being at once free and social; that the unity of his life depends

upon the superiority of a dominant Principle, directing all these faculties, all these applications of activity; that if there is any means of making him advance, it is by making the entire man advance. They gave a solution to the religious question, at the same time as to the social, industrial, artistic questions. This solution was in many respects incomplete, and it was false in others; but the idea of the necessity of a solution of *all* the questions was true; and that truth, in the midst of men and of doctrines which at that time mutilated human nature at their caprice, was a great step towards the future. And indeed those who accepted the solutions of the St. Simonians felt themselves calmer, more contented, more devoted, than in any other school. They felt not that uneasy void which torments men's minds at the present day, and prevents them from devoting themselves to those reforms of detail which their understandings approve.

Moreover, their system comprehends both the democratic principle and the principle of association—the one, it is true, at the base rather than at the summit of the system; the other, violated by the too marked distinction between the hierarchical classes; but still they were there. The moral, intellectual, and material improvement of the most numerous and poorest class, was explicitly assigned as the object of the doctrine; and by this the merely

political programme of the liberal party was transformed into a social programme, in which everything was arranged for the people. The association of forces and capacities was substituted for that impassible theory of *free unlimited competition*, which organizes war, and leads inevitably to the victory of those who *have*, over those who *have not*. From the St. Simonians came the first serious attack against an economic system, which people still persist in regarding as a doctrine; while it is at bottom only a scientific exposition of the existing fact, without value for a better future. And Father Enfantin spoke truly when, proclaiming the dissolution of the society, he said to the innovators, "*Now you will all repeat our idea in fragments.*"

There is much St. Simonianism, avowed or otherwise, in the political economy taught at the present day out of the old official school. The formula—*to each according to his capacity, to each capacity according to its works*—was indisputably superior to every other then known. Employment given to merit, and according to the special nature of the merit; reward according to the importance and difficulty of the work; this is certainly the point towards which we are tending by a slow progressive change. Society, as it exists, is ruled in general by the formula, *to every one according to the class to which he belongs; to each class according*

to the means or capital which it possesses. It provides neither for justice nor for the collective advantage. It substitutes, so to speak, matter for spirit; and must inevitably break down before the growing power of intellect more equally diffused.

To this, I think, is limited the good contained in St. Simonianism, and it is quite enough to demand gratitude from us all. By this it lived—by this it is indissolubly connected with all the progress made since then, and with all that shall be made. Let us now see *why* it died, died for ever as a doctrine and as an attempt at social organization.

St. Simonianism did not perish, as is generally thought, in consequence of the exposition Enfantin made of what he called its morality. That morality was radically vicious in its principle; and hideous in its details. But the decline had begun before that exposition. Many desertions had already taken place; and, moreover, if the germ of death had not already existed in the heart of the doctrine, the St. Simonians would have repudiated the strange revelation of Enfantin as an individual aberration, and saved the society by a change in the hierarchy. The true cause of the death of St. Simonianism was its social organization. Born of the democratic outburst of 1830—for before 1830 the St. Simonians were a mere nucleus of philosophic writers—it was false to its own origin. It

sinned against Liberty, whose breath had given it life. Issued from a principle, *the good of all*, it by degrees substituted itself for the principle. Instead of saying *all through the people*, it contented itself with saying *all for the people*. Having imagined a certain form for the realization of the principle, it ended by confounding that form with the principle itself, and pretended to force humanity into that form as into a frame. It took society in its arms, if the expression may be allowed, and endeavoured to transform it by transporting it into another *medium*, elaborated, not by society itself, but by the system. It is the error of all socialists. They forget that we are here below to continue humanity and not to create it; and humanity, which desires to walk on its own legs and with full knowledge of all it does, avenges itself by passing on and withdrawing its life-breath from the makers of Utopias. They all die, or will die, of spiritual inanition; shut up in their model convents. And thus died St. Simonianism; very fortunately for us; I say fortunately, for its death furnishes a new proof that the future belongs to us alone; to those whose sole desire is to place the people in a condition to open for themselves the path of progress, beneath the eye of God.

How did St. Simonianism come to this? I will answer this briefly, guiding myself in all that follows by the opinion, somewhere expressed, of a

friend whom I honour and love, of M. Pierre Leroux. I entirely share his views on that point; and his opinion is doubly precious to me, because it is the opinion of a man who was an ardent St. Simonian before the schism provoked by the morality of Enfantin; and because it is my object to give my readers not only *my* ideas, but, as often as the occasion offers itself, those of the principal democrats of the Continent.

Bentham was, in a great measure, the chief inspirer of St. Simon: *utility*, the greatest happiness principle, was his starting-point; the conciliation of individual with general interests,—his goal. The name of Bentham was cherished by the first who grouped themselves around the chief: some of them endeavoured to make his ideas known in contemporary publications. They did not much repeat that somewhat vague name *utility:* like men who would not be mere copyists, but who aimed at being improvers, they substituted for it the more definite one of *production:* and they christened by the name of the *Producteur* their own first periodical, anterior to 1830. But the fundamental idea, the soul of the system, was the same. Utility was their *aim*, production the *means*. Like Bentham, the writers of the Simonian *Producteur* concentrated their labours chiefly on material interests; like Bentham also the bearing and tendencies of their first writings were rather

irreligious and devoid of ideality. When at a later period these changed, utility or production did not the less remain the dominant idea. Their religion was the religion of enjoyment; they desired less to raise earth towards heaven, than to bring heaven down to earth; and there, in fact, their dogma ended. Everywhere, in what they somewhat coarsely called the *rehabilitation of the flesh*, in their appreciation of art and artists, in their theories of woman and love, in their valuation of accomplished works not by the purity of the motives or the labour or suffering of the agent, but only by the degree of utility produced by them, Bentham's idea, more or less disguised, is always visible. I am convinced that those who seriously study St. Simonianism, will not contradict me.

So long as the St. Simonians remained in the sphere of theoretical writers, their task was simple; no great practical difficulties gave the lie to their assertions and philanthropic hopes. It was different when, carried away by the impulse of 1830, they attempted to become the conquerors and reorganizers of society: then all those difficulties rose before them, threatening and imperious. To such as proceeded from all the moral wants, from all those vague aspirations, indistinct but inseparable from man, which economical theories can never satisfy,—they replied by endeavouring to raise

themselves to the height of a religion. But the impossibility of reconciling general and particular interests from the point of view of *utility*, drew them into a path diametrically opposed to that which they had at first adopted, and at length out of the stream of humanity.

After all sorts of attempts, these men, indisputably powerful by their intelligence, perceived that if they gave as a motive principle to men such as they were, such as they are, their *individual* interest, they would create egotism; and by it, sooner or later, usurpation, war, inequality; resulting in crises, insurrections, anarchy. They felt that, by making *collective* utility the base of their edifice, they should be very often forced to sacrifice the rights of the individual; to call upon him, so to speak, to commit suicide for the benefit of society; and consequently to establish a despotism, whether in the name of intelligence, or any other name. They boldly made their choice, and entered unreservedly on the second path.

In their manner of regarding history,—which I think very defective,—that of dividing it into periods of unity, called by them *organic* periods; and *critical* periods, or periods of liberty; they had already learnt to mistrust the eternal element of progress, and to concede none but a dissolving activity to liberty; they sacrificed it. They had found in Plato (*Republic*) the division of men

into men of appetites, men of heart, and men of intelligence; they adopted this division, and made of it their *learned* or *priests*, their *artists*, and their *industrials;* and forgetting that above this trinity there is the unity, *Man*, a compound of intelligence, of heart, and of appetites, they made of them the three classes, I had almost said the three castes, of their society. *They* had conceived the idea; they then were naturally the *learned*, the *priests*, the only persons capable of realizing it; they assigned therefore to themselves and their successors the first rank, the direction of society. They forgot that if the initiative of great things often comes from above, the impulse is always given from below; they forgot that if there really exist, by divine right, superior capacities, and if it is good that they should govern, it is on condition that they shall represent, sum up, and elaborate the thought which lives obscurely, confusedly in the masses; for without that they may be Utopists, they will never be able to realize. They forgot that the visible sign of that communion of thought can be found only in the suffrage, in the elective right given to the masses; and they broke the bond of union by organizing their hierarchy from above downwards. They said to themselves—we are the ministers of God; the highest capacities will still be such after us; they shall fill up their numbers by electing one another; they shall govern—and

this was all their democracy—for the benefit of the greatest number; the inferior capacities, artistic and industrial, shall apply *their* thought in the ranks assigned by them.* From thence to an infallible Papacy, there was but one step to take; they were too logical not to take it; for among all the superior capacities there must necessarily be one superior to all; and they took the step. They elected a high priest, a *Père* Enfantin, and a sacred college around him. It was the Pope and Cardinals of Catholicism over again. Humanity, which has ceased to believe in a Pope and Cardinals, felt no desire to begin again; it went otherwhere; and the St. Simonians, after having shut themselves up in a convent at Menilmontant, disappeared from the arena for ever. A short time afterwards, the last of the faithful, the forty who accompanied Enfantin in his retirement, retained of St. Simonianism only the primitive motto, Utility, applied only to material interests. At the present time they are almost all zealous servants of the government of Louis Philippe. Michel Chevalier writes in the *Debats:*—Enfantin directs I know not what railway works.

Man does not wish anyone to think for him; he wishes to be enabled to think himself. He demands instructors; but rejects, and will always reject, guardians; from whencesoever they come to him.

* Rodriguez, *Letters on the St. Simonian Religion.*

The St. Simonians perished, because they forgot this simple truth. We have seen by what difficulty they were hurried into that forgetfulness. We shall see how the same difficulty hurried the Socialist schools which succeeded them into far other errors.

V.

I HAVE shown how the St. Simonians, having hoisted the standard of Utility—of the greatest-possible-happiness principle—as the end of our earthly life, found themselves, when once placed face to face with the two interests, the *individual* and the *collective*, obliged to give a preponderance to one or the other; how it was the collective interest which they chose; and how, from one conclusion to another, being led to the despotism of authority and the negation of human liberty, they finally disappeared; disowned by Humanity, which lives by progress, and consequently by liberty. Almost at the same time (one might say almost in order that the demonstration of the impotency of the principle might be complete) Charles Fourier was carrying the same standard on a diametrically opposite route. With him, also, *happiness* was the end of human life—*pain*, a sign of error; *pleasure*, satisfaction, a sign of truth;—*interest*, the great lever of re-organization. But, more capable of probing an idea to its last consequences, than of

elevating it, by purifying it, to its highest expression, to its original source;—strong in detail, but weak in all that regards the conception of the unity of humanity;—destitute of science; disinherited of all poetry of heart; incapable of feeling the sacredness of the collective progress of the human race—he finished by seeing only the *individual* in this world; by adoring liberty alone; by laying down to himself, as the only problem of life, the means of giving to the individual full and entire satisfaction. It matters little that he has continually spoken of unity, and that he has inscribed as a motto at the head of all his works that law of *attraction* which was reduced to a formula by Newton, and the possibility of the application of which to the phenomena of the social world had been revealed to him by St Simon.* His unity will be found, by every one who examines his doctrine to its foundation, to be nothing but the application of his theory of the *individual* to *all* men. His *attraction* is not, as it is for us, a sign that God has placed in our hearts to teach us that it is *only* through the harmonized labour of the whole great human family towards an end superior to its actual life, that we can comprehend and apply our law: it is for him but a

* *Lettres de Geneve*, 1802. *La Theorie des quatre mouvements* did not appear till 1808. The numerous plagiarisms of Fourier have been at last placed beyond all doubt by the beautiful work of Pierre Leroux.

means and a necessity of present *pleasure*. The idea of a social mission, of the *duty* of moral progression, and consequently of an authority; is entirely foreign to Fourier. He has nothing which represents it in the edifice constructed by him with such minute and laborious care. He has no reality of government: his omniarchs, his kings, his emperors, his goddesses,* are mere phantoms — a simple satisfaction given to the passion of ambition. He knows no religion. "Philosophers have always sought social good in administrative and religious innovations:" he applies himself, on the contrary, to seek it only "in operations having no connection whatever with these matters, by industrial modes." He has no ideal of virtue to pursue: he tells you that "for politicians and moralists" (disciples of the *uncertain sciences*, as he calls them, the *nonsense-talkers* of Bentham) "the last hour has sounded."

What remains, then, for the basis of his society? What is left to this man, who, in the intoxication of what he calls his discovery, deprives himself so lightly of all that has been hitherto the subject of the labours of humanity? There remains for him *happiness*, the happiness of the individual; and know you what he understands by happiness?

* Let those who would verify our statement, read his *Theorie des quatre mouvements:* all that we insert between inverted commas is drawn from that.

"Happiness consists in having many desires, and many means of gratifying them." Later on he will tell you that "it consists above all in the possession of riches." "After all, are not riches the means which guarantee to the individual the liberty of satisfying his desires?". And from step to step, from consequence to consequence, Fourier, fascinated, blinded, by his thirst for happiness, the only end which he recognises in our earthly career—and by the worship of his idol liberty, the only instrument that he knows by which man may attain it—arrives at *discoveries*, at rules of social management, which his disciples, less bold, endeavour to make us forget; which I have not read without a blush upon my brow, and which I could not transcribe here without pollution.

There is in the first part of Goethe's *Faust* a scene which almost all critics have declared unintelligible; it is that which represents the witches' kitchen. There you see male and female apes, and impure and nameless creatures, rolling a ball, warming themselves by the fire on the hearth, breaking a crown, and singing the burden of a revel-chorus. The pivot on which the scene turns is a cauldron. They watch it, and they skim it; they say that they are making *beggars' broth*. And in the centre of all this, Mephistopheles, the genius of evil, (portrayed to perfection by Retzch's design) is seated at his ease, throned like a king in the midst

of his court. Here is the *happiness* of Fourier. It is the triumph of matter; the earth a prey to the selfish appetites; life reduced to the mean proportions of animal instincts and propensities. I never re-peruse this scene without recalling to mind the moral theory of Helvetius, and the chapters (*premières periodes, ou les sectes confuses, desorganisation des sectes, tribu à neuf groupes, etc.*) of Fourier, which are its practical development. He also, he might tell us, is preparing *beggars' broth.* Every man eats in his system, nine times a day, I think; *every man is to consume a mass of eatables equal to the twelfth of his weight;* he is to work a few hours at some short, varied, and agreeable employment, his own choice: the remainder of his time he will float from pleasure to pleasure. He may, if such be his taste, pass from one woman to another in the *papillonne;* if he is born a conspirator, he will intrigue in the *composite;* his *only* law will be that Otaheitan fancy, as he calls it, which will, uncontrolled, possess and traverse his brain, overwrought by sensualism. "Does he wish for luxury? The phalansterian world, with a population of three thousand millions, will furnish him with as much as the rich possess to-day. Does he desire a yet greater degree of luxury? The three thousand millions have only to be reduced or two. This is what Fourier terms *le petit complet* (the reduced totality) of the world; and—let but

the majority sanction it—he will furnish them with the means. He will reduce by artificial means two-thirds of women to sterility. This is Malthus crowned with roses, and pressing the juice of the grape!

You say, all that is horrible:—true; but it is at the same time perfectly logical.

See here then, Fourier, who takes upon himself—urged, I will nevertheless say, by the love he bears to his fellow-men—to resolve the problem of life. He feels truly that man cannot be born to suffer eternally, and that, his law once accomplished, happiness must be his destiny; but, destitute of the religious sentiment, and not believing in the progress of the human being, except here below, Fourier has only this earth wherein to accomplish human destiny, and attain to happiness. Placed between the *collective* and the *individual* interests, shall he choose the first for the basis of his labours? Others have already done so. From their experience and by his own genius, he comprehends at once that he must, by taking their basis, arrive, sooner or later, at the absolute triumph of authority; at the violation of human liberty. This liberty is sacred to him; he will preserve it at any price; he adopts, then, for his starting-point the interest of the *individual*. Nevertheless, he needs for his guidance a link which shall attach him at some point to man's nature, a philosophical principle,

a positive test, or criterion of truth. Where shall he find it?

'There are three things, three lives, if I may so express myself, in man. There is that by which he is united to humanity, and holds communion with it—his participation in *collective* life, his place, his value, in the history of our race; there is that by which he holds communion with himself, sometimes, may I say, with God—his Ego, his individuality, his conscience; there is lastly that by which he holds communion with the physical world—his body, his instincts, his wants, his appetites and desires. It is evident that in adopting for his criterion the first of these three manifestations of human life, he must at once find himself driven to that universal will, that authority which he repudiates. Shall he then take conscience as his criterion? But what is the conscience of the men who surround him, and whom he wishes to render happy, if it is not the production of that education which they have derived from the previous labours of humanity, of the *medium* in which they have been living? What is their Ego (individuality), if it is not the result of the influences belonging to the corrupt epoch which Fourier condemns to death? In order to discover the inspirations of individual conscience pure from every influence, he must go back beyond the period of history, to the commencement of our species, to that time when the individual, hardly

developed at all in his moral nature, only reveals his Ego (individuality), by his sensations. And what will this process leave him but the third human manifestation—the body; sensation, the capacity of pain and pleasure? There he stops. He is obliged to do so. He mutilates man by taking from him head and heart, and then sets himself to study and anatomize what remains. He finds under his scalpel, wants, instincts, appetites: are they not, then, the key to the intention of the creating power? He throws a disdainful glance over the world's history; everywhere, in all times, he finds the animal propensities at work; and everywhere, in all times, legislators, moralists, and religions, assuming to enchain, repress, and mortify them. "Behold," says he to himself, "the capital error. They annihilate a work of God, and they deny an eternal element of humanity!" His own indignation is a ray of light for him; his world is discovered! "*I have destroyed*," cries he, "*twenty ages of political imbecility;*" and he thenceforth takes the appetites of man for a guiding principle in his researches. He does not ask himself if these *propensities* are anything but instruments, which do not act by themselves, but which depend upon a superior power, and which produce good when directed by self-devotion, and evil when directed by selfishness. He does not see the mind above, *Man*, claiming his exclusive attention. He takes

the means for the end and the starting-point at the same time, and he says to himself: "*Man is an animal* with certain *propensities*, or rather *those propensities constitute the man: they are sacred; our mission consists in giving them full and entire satisfaction.*" There you have, in effect, the whole theory of Fourier. "It confines itself," he says, "to utilising the desires, *such as Nature gives them*, and without seeking to change them in any respect." That said—all is said. The Otaheitanism of Fourier is but an affair of detail easily to be foreseen. Everything is allowed, everything is legitimate, in this world abounding in impurity, without education, without morality, without a common faith, without martyrs, without an altar, and without a God.

Yes, I repeat, Fourier is a powerful logician. I have very often, shuddering the while, been grateful to his unpitying logic; never drawing back, clearing all, accepting all, diving into the most impure hiding-places to possess himself of a consequence from the original principle. It has taught me whither this theory of *happiness*, which re-appears in history every time that strong faiths disappear —every time that the link between heaven and earth is broken—must lead its disciples. And if, to repulse this doctrine, I could not summon to my aid the whole history of the human race, the theoretical and practical teaching of all its saints,

and the immense aspirations of the soul—far far superior to all power of realization on earth,—the world which Fourier's logic has drawn from the principle would suffice for its refutation.

Ah, well! the world also is led by logic. And if you—pure and devoted souls—are tempted, by the fervour of an inconsiderate love, to cast before the generations of to-day—weak, enervated, and hesitating, like all those which arise between the tomb of one social system and the cradle of another—this theory of earthly *happiness* as the end of existence—they will go, I warn you, sooner or later, where Fourier has gone; they will commit suicide upon all the noblest elements of their nature, and degrade themselves at their ease in the worship of material interests, for which alone the theory can furnish any view of organization; they will go, like Faust, to search for the elixir of life in the witches' kitchen.

We also would make *beggars' broth;* we desire that man may be enabled to develop himself in the plenitude of all his faculties, moral, intellectual, and *physical;* but we know that it can only be by placing before him, for his object, as Carlyle says, not the *highest happiness*, but the *highest nobleness possible;* by elevating in him the idea of the dignity and of the mission of humanity; by rekindling in him, through faith and the example of devotion, the expiring flame of self-sacrifice—by teaching

him to appreciate and love more and more the joint life of all his brothers in God—that we can approach more nearly to that condition. Separate this, or but make it subordinate in your plan, and you will do nothing. You may preach the well-being of *all*, but you will succeed only in creating egotists; who, as soon as they shall by chance, or by a greater aptitude in the chase, have snatched their quantum of happiness, will encage themselves as in a fortress; ready to fire upon all those who would traverse the same path by which they arrived. You may achieve commercial liberty—the liberty of competition; but you will not prevent the crushing of the weak by the strong; of the labourer by the capitalist. You may found *phalansteries;* they may endure, while they exist merely as model systems, and amongst you, whose inspirations unceasingly protest without your knowledge against the theory: but they will fall the moment you seek to multiply them. You may glut your man with the good things of the earth—you may open to him every possible way of finding a recompense for his labour in the love of women; he will desire the good things due to his neighbour's share, and the woman who has vowed her love to another. You have spoken to him of the legitimacy of his instincts; and thither his instincts, excited by some inappreciable influence which your organization has been unable to fore-

see and prevent, compel him. You have told him to *enjoy;* you cannot now say to him, Thou shalt enjoy in such and such a manner; he chooses to enjoy after *his own* fashion—to satisfy his appetite, which is, in fact, his whole being. This for the many: the few chosen souls baptized into an exceptional power of love and of sorrow, will curse your *happiness;* which here below is but a bitter irony to every nature that aspires; they will go far from you into the solitude of concealment, to utter the long cry of suffering which burst from Byron at the beginning of our calculating and sceptical century, and which so few men have as yet understood.

There are two things in Fourierism, and I hasten to admit it before I conclude, that I may not deserve to be taxed with injustice. There is a theory of life and a practice which results from it; it is of this which I had here to speak; for I wished to show how the doctrine of *interest*, when starting from the *collective* point of view, results in the despotism of authority; and ends, when it adopts the *individual* point of view, in the anarchy of animal propensities. There is also an organization of agricultural, industrial, and household labour, founded upon association, which deserves to be profoundly studied, and which, there is no doubt, will furnish to futurity many important views, and many more practical details than any other school

now known. Its examination does not belong to this series of reflections. And moreover, the time in which it will be needful to appreciate the numerous contingent material ameliorations which the disciples of Fourier promise to a future society, does not appear to me to have arrived. I repeat, the *moral* man must first be re-made. And if I have a complaint to address now to those good and devoted men who are labouring to extend the thoughts of their master, it is only on the sad illusion which induces them to believe that when they have succeeded—if they ever should succeed*—in organizing a phalanstery, they will have organized humanity entire. "No, brothers," I feel tempted to say to them, "do not exaggerate; it is not humanity—it is only the kitchen of humanity, which, perhaps, you will succeed in organizing. But I know of no great architect who commences a *chef d'œuvre* by the kitchen."

If I had here to discuss the phalansterian scheme upon its practical ground, I should not, I believe, find any difficulty in proving that, unless the whole earth could be, at any given time, at once completely organized in a series of phalansteries, it could never be so permanently in any part of it. I fear, rather, that with actual organizations and tendencies, the first country that should peacefully

* Two attempts, the one at Condre-upon-the-Vosges, and the other at Citeaux, have already failed.

constitute itself into phalansteries, would meet with foul play on the part of the usurpers of Cracow, or other hands. But, as I have said, that is not my ground. Man stands higher than the earth which bears him. He lives on its surface, and not at its centre. His feet are upon it, but his brow is raised to heaven, as if he would elevate himself thither. There, on high, brightly shining in the serene Heaven, or hidden by the dark clouds of misfortune, is his polar star. He aspires from the depths of his soul towards a future which he can never reach in his present form; but which is the object of his life-activity; the secret of his being; the guarantee of his progression;—and each great epoch of humanity renders this aspiration more intense, and adds a new light to the conception which he forms of this future. From every new light springs a new social renovation,—a new earth in the likeness of that new heaven. I do not know, historically speaking, a single great conquest of the human spirit; or a single important step towards the perfectioning of human society, which has not had its root in a strong religious belief: and I say that every doctrine which regards not this aspiration, which does not contain within itself a solution, such as the time may afford, of this supreme necessity of a faith; of this eternal problem of the origin and destiny of humanity—is and ever must be powerless to realize the conception of a new world. It may succeed in

organizing magnificent forms; but the spark of life, which Prometheus snatched from heaven for his statue, will ever be wanting in them.

VI.

AFTER Saint Simonianism—which, in aiming at social happiness, destroyed individuality;—after Fourierism—which, in aiming at the happiness of the individual, suppressed the parent-idea of society, of the mission of power;—there remained but one other step which could be taken on the path of materialism—to deny both the one and the other;—to organize society, after the manner of bees and beavers, upon a fixed, immutable model, and upon the foundation of absolute equality; so that nothing should remain for power to do, save to repeat continually a series of identical acts;—nothing for the individual, except to maintain the productive activity of the soil.

This step was taken, and communism is its result.

Communism, the last fraction of European democracy, has acquired, by its numbers, a certain importance in the camp. In France, in a part of Switzerland, and in Germany, it has won over to its teaching considerable numbers, belonging particularly to the working class; whose intelligence, but little developed, has naturally, in the isolation in which they have been left by the thinkers of the

party, welcomed this system as the least complex; the most simple and the most efficacious method of relieving the immediate evils of which they have to complain. It has penetrated quite recently into Poland.* Its strength has doubtless been purposely exaggerated by the European police, and by all the interested opponents of the democratic principle. Whether powerful in numbers or not, communism will never be able to aspire to the honours of a revolution; it cannot aim higher than an *émeute.* Intelligence only causes revolutions, and communism cannot reckon a single vigorous thinker in its ranks. Its existence, I repeat, is owing only to the fatal line of demarcation marked out by facts in our camp, between the men of thought and the men of action—to the isolation in which democratic intelligence has too generally left the working class. The day when the chiefs shall mix themselves with the soldiers—the day when the democratic writer, instead of concentrating his thought in a book which the millions do not read, shall diffuse it in friendly conversations in the workshops where his brother men labour and suffer—communism will disappear.

* I by no means intend here any allusion to the Manifesto of Cracow, which owes its reputation of communism simply to the inaccurate translations of the German papers, and to the calumnies of M. de Metternich. It is absurd to believe that a National insurrection can ever raise the standard of communism.

To-day, however, it exists: it disunites us; it draws unmerited accusations upon all democratic opinion; it enlists in its ranks men of good faith; loving men, whose hearts, ever ready for self-devotion, are worth more, not only than *their* heads, but than the heads and the hearts of many of those who affect to despise them. The slight sketch that I have attempted of the ideas which furrow here and there the field of democracy, would not therefore be complete, if I were to pass over Communism in silence. There is, besides, always something of value to be detected, by observing these ebullitions of the party; were it only a great protest against a vicious social state; were it only a homage implicitly rendered to the great principle, so long misunderstood, of human brotherhood and association. It must not be forgotten that at another great epoch of renovation; between the last convulsions of Paganism and the first Christian hymn, communist tendencies directed the young social ideas of the new believers.

I have said that Communism denied both the individual and society. It does deny both the one and the other in their constituent vital elements—liberty, progress, and the moral development of the creature. Wavering between St. Simonianism and Fourierism, it borrows from the first its tyrannical tendencies, its inevitable violation of individual liberty; from the other its law of satisfaction of

the *inclinations*, which it would reduce to *wants*;—in vain, since every strongly felt inclination constitutes a real want to him who feels it: it exceeds them both in its absolute contempt for the past, for all historical tradition, for all manifestation of the previous life of humanity.

St. Simonianism, recognising the importance at least of the religious problem, offers its doctrine as a continuation of that of Jesus. Fourierism, in its exaggerated and exclusive worship of human liberty, recognises at least the sacredness of one of the essential elements of the creature. Communism abolishes at once religion by indifference, and liberty by the immovable absolutism of its formula of organization. On such a day and year, one or other of its chiefs found beneath his pillow the world's secret; the only plan of practical organization which is fitted for it. Humanity may date its commencement from that day; not before. That day also its destiny was accomplished; for there is not in reality any more collective progress possible for it. These chiefs have constructed its dwellings; they have traced its functions; they have prepared the cells in which each of its members must fix and incrust himself for ever. All that has hitherto constituted life, and caused the development of the human race, is gone by. All the grand problems which human intelligence has agitated through perhaps myriads of ages, are become

perfectly useless. Communism repeats the phrase of Omar—"Either all that you say is in the Koran, and it is useless; or it is not there, and it is dangerous;" and it annihilates with the stroke of a pen all the elements of humanity hitherto recognized; all the manifestations of human life from the beginning of the world.

You study in history the successive transformations of the institution of property; you are upon the point of arriving, through the experience of past ages, at the grand principle that property ought to be the sign of human *labour*. You are pursuing a useless study. Property must soon cease to exist.

You speak of country: you endeavour to prove how, the nation not being henceforth the property of kings, the dynastic possession of some princely families; but the closest association of a fraction of humanity, to attain by *special* means the *common* end—all hostility, all jealousy, between nations ought to cease: you maintain that this common end being the progressive development of *all* the powers, moral, intellectual, and physical, of the human being, *all* ought to assist therein, and that a great alliance should embrace all countries, and organize them according to their peculiar tendencies; precisely as we endeavour to arrange individual aptitudes in a workshop. Lost labour! the

abolition of country, of nationality, is a fact, if not accomplished, yet decreed.

From the right of life and death, given to the father in the *family* of past ages, down to the legislation springing in great measure from the French Revolution, you follow the development of the principle of equality in the family; and you console yourself in anticipating the moment in which, woman's equality being also recognized, the mother and the father will rule without distinction amongst the children, the family—to form of it a nursery of citizens for the state, which in its turn will transform them into active labourers for humanity. What is the use? Under the communist *régime* there will be no *family;* there will only be *females* bringing forth children; the community will take charge of the rest. We have changed all that.

I know that many Communists do not go as far as this; and that, after having demolished country and property, they pause, seized with a sort of modesty, on the threshold of the sanctuary of the family. They want courage or logic. They suppress the nation and property, because the selfish principle is enthroned on their present organization; but does that principle crouch less close to the hearth-stone than to the fence which marks out individual property; or to the foot of the fortress which defends the frontier of the nation? Is it not all the more dangerous there, inasmuch as it

covers itself with a more sacred veil, and makes its appeal to the instincts of kindred? But since you recognise in the war that you would wage with the selfish principle; no issue but death; no remedy but extermination; why be pitiless in one case, merciful or weak in the other? And is there not between these three terms—family, fatherland, humanity—a close and indissoluble relationship? The family, is it not the germ of the state—the nation; as the state, the nation, is the germ of humanity? Are they not the three steps of the ladder which reaches up from man to God; three successive and progressive manifestations of human nature; three stages of the same idea; a realization more and more complete of the providential plan which governs us? Either these things are all sacred, or not one of them is so. The one being organized with a view to the other, you cannot suppress any one of them without by so doing suppressing what constitutes the essence and the life of that one which in the order of nature precedes it; the end for which that one exists.

And now, upon this desolate waste—whence, together with all that has caused the sorrows of humanity, all that has proved the source of its glory and of its progress, has also disappeared—what does communism propose to organize? with what will it give *happiness* to men?

There are several varieties in communism; but

it may be said broadly to have only two systems. A government at once proprietor, possessor, and distributor of all that exists—funds, capital, instruments of labour, produce; every man working, in some way or other, a certain number of hours, and receiving either all that his *wants*, whatever they may be, may claim; or, according to another system, a share of the produce *equal* to that which each of his companions receives. Here is the essence of the communist theory. The remainder is only detail.

It is clear that the system of *absolute* equality in the distribution of the produce of labour is unjust, unrealizable, and inevitably leading to that which it pretends to suppress. It destroys all appreciation of talent, of virtue, of activity, of devotion in the agent; all appreciation of the quality of the labour. It supposes an equality, which does not exist, in all the fruits of the earth; in all the productions of industry. It is, besides, inefficacious for the end which it proposes to itself; for he who economises in his consumption to-day, will be rich to-morrow, and inequality will reappear through him.

But the thesis of distribution according to wants is not less unrealizable. Can we, by any effort of imagination, suppose a government capable of estimating exactly the wants of all the individuals composing society; capable of determining correctly the vocation, the capability of each; and of

assigning to each his labour, his function; capable of directing, of overlooking the labourers; of collecting and of administering the productions of their labour; unless by a number of officers equal to that of the labourers themselves? To each according to his wants, say you; but what constitutes a *want?* Is it that which the individual himself shall declare to be so? It is evident that the obligation to labour will be avoided by a crowd of factitious wants—such as travelling, for example. Or will authorized power charge itself with the definition? Can you imagine a more frightful tyranny?

Tyranny! It is at the root and at the end of communism, and pervades it throughout. It makes of man, as does the cold, dry, imperfect theory of the economists, nothing more than a producing machine. His free will, his individual merit, his never-ceasing aspiration towards new modes of life and progress, entirely disappear. In this society, petrified in form, regulated in each detail, individuality has no longer a place. As upon the plan of Spielberg, which Francis the First had made for his royal occupation, man gives place to a cypher: he becomes number one, two, three, etc. It is the life of the convent, without the religious faith. It is the serfdom of the middle ages, without the hope of redeeming—emancipating—one's-self by economy.

The best among the communists reply, You must

devote yourself. Devote yourself to whom? Do you not impose the sacrifice of their liberty upon *all?* And if not upon all, have you then a caste of masters—of directors, and a caste of labourers? This word devotedness is a sort of fatality for all the schools which pretend that the object of our earthly life is *happiness.* They have endeavoured in vain since the beginning to discard it as hostile to the tendencies of human nature; it has re-appeared, indispensable, inevitable, at the end of all their Utopias of happiness; as the sentiment of the infinite rises upon the horizon of all our joys and sorrows. The conviction of their own powerlessness leads them, one after the other, so to speak, to our feet; to the deeply religious idea that we preach, and which they have so much at heart to avoid. Nor can it be otherwise; either they organize their communes with men corrupt, selfish, covetous, as they at present find them under their hands, offering them only the attraction of happiness, the promise of satisfying all their wants, all their appetites;—and in this case, the first drought, the first scarcity, the first blight, such as that which has struck the potatoes, will destroy the Utopia, the community will become for such men a community of suffering; each will isolate himself—if he is strong, he will make open war upon a society which does not hold to its own engagements—if he is weak, he will steal;—or else they presuppose that

it is of the essence of the community that each man should bring there an idea of devotedness; a belief that he must be ready to sacrifice himself for his brothers; that he is not here for his pleasures, but in order to accomplish a work, to execute a law; and are they not then obliged to come to us, to commence by regenerating man, by appealing to an education, and consequently to a principle superior to each of the individuals composing their society? And what is a principle superior to all the individuals, if it is not a religious principle? How can we call upon men to recognise their fraternity, without going back to a common father? How make an appeal to a superior law, without referring to the lawgiver?

Yes; it is an educational problem with which we have to do; it is to regenerate man in his ideas and in his sentiments; it is to elevate and enlarge the sphere of his life. And it is in the forgetfulness of this idea that the vital error of the communist lies; as well as of all the sects wrongfully called—as if the principle of association did not belong to all Democracy—Socialists. They take for the subject of their studies and their efforts, the *world* and not the *man:* the house and not the living being who must inhabit it. They patch, plaster, or rebuild. Our habitation, the universe, they say, is badly furnished; badly arranged: too much air enters on one side, too little on the other; there is

too much embellishment above; too much nakedness below; we will do better. And they set to work, each with his design—his programme. They raise, with the stroke of a wand, sumptuous palaces, magnificent parks; galleries which enchant the eyes. Alas, alas! for whom do you build all that? It may be that I admire your galleries; but where is the artist soul who will derive his advantage from them? Your parks are perhaps in the newest taste; but the savage whom you are going to place there will destroy their beauty in the twinkling of an eye.

There is not the meanest poet whose imagination cannot, in certain moments, build ten Utopias similar to yours; but they will always remain impracticable, unless man is first of all raised to their level. I remember how our own Campanella painted for us, in the seventeenth century, in his *City of the Sun*, a magnificent Utopia; in which are to be found the germs of St. Simonianism, of Fourierism, and of Communism. I do not see that his brother Italians, corrupted by servitude and by Machiavelism, have profited by it. I still read with admiration and respect that magnificent Republic of which Plato dreamed at the moment when the Greeks were giving the hemlock to Socrates; but what traces has it left in the Greece of the Roman conquerors, in that of the Lower Empire, or of the Crescent?

It is man, it is humanity, which builds its own dwelling—transforms its own medium; which the Utopist may foresee, but cannot create. The social arrangement of the external world is only the manifestation of the interior man; of the moral and intellectual condition of humanity at a given time; of its faith above all. Society, such as we have it at the present day, is the result of the want of an active common faith; of the anarchy which reigns amongst intelligences and interests; and of the selfishness inevitably resulting from this anarchy. Until all this is changed by the promulgation of principles, and by the association of intelligences, you will accomplish nothing durable or efficacious. Change that: all will then change in the twinkling of an eye; and man, believe me, will find no difficulty in providing himself with a fitting dwelling-place.

And in order to perfect this habitation for himself, man will not have occasion to destroy either fatherland, family, or property—like the savage of Montesquieu, cutting down the tree to gather the fruit—like the child who breaks in his rage the toy against which he has hurt himself. He will content himself by transforming them; by developing them in the right direction; by enlarging the circle in which they move; by stifling the selfishness which corrupts them at their source. It is this that the world has at all times done; and we

are placed here below, I repeat, to continue the world; to transform it by improving it, not to commence or reconstruct it. That belongs to One who is stronger than we are, and who takes not counsel from the Utopists.

Here is the second great error of the Communists. How is it that they do not see that the things which they affect to abolish are nothing more than instruments? that they do not necessarily contain *evil*, any more than they produce *good;* but that they are capable of bringing forth good or evil, according to the manner in which they are organized, according to the end towards which they are directed? I love not the selfish family which establishes the well-being of its own members upon an antagonism to the well-being, or even upon an indifference to the well-being, of others; the mystery of love seems to me degraded there to the level of the brute: but who will not love the family which, taking its part in the education of the world, regarding itself as the germ, as the first nucleus of the nation, whispers, between the mother's kiss and the father's caress, the child's first lesson of citizenship? I abhor the usurping and monopolizing nation, conceiving its own grandeur and force only in the inferiority and in the poverty of others; but who would not welcome with enthusiasm and love that people which, understanding its mission in the world,

should found its security upon the progress of all surrounding it, and should be ready to sustain against the oppressor the cause of right and of eternal justice, violated in the oppressed? Assuredly I do not see with favour the property of the idle man, whether capital or any other, increased by the fruit of others' labour, whilst the true producer dies; nor political privileges almost everywhere attached exclusively to landed property or to capital, as if money were synonymous with virtue or intelligence; but I believe property, as the sign and fruit of labour, to be good and useful; I see in it the representation of human individuality in the material world; I see in it not only a stimulant to labour, but a guarantee of the amelioration of labour itself; and I see something of high moral influence, not in the clod of earth, or in the tree itself; but in the sentiments which naturally grow with its cultivation or its growth in the heart of man; in the numerous associations of ideas which are attached to it; in that value which affection places on its objects; so that I may boast a little flower which, careless as I am of material good, I would not give up to anyone. Why not, then, endeavour to modify the organization of all these things; to make it harmonize with the great ideas of devotion, of equality, of human and social progress; instead of brutally wishing to abolish them? And do you not see

that in suppressing them—if you could ever succeed in so doing—you would suppress all the modes by which human activity manifests itself—all emulation, all desire, all impulse towards progress; all that by which we have advanced; all thought of the future—in a word, *man* himself? Do you not see that in your conventional, stereotyped society—devoid of sentiment, of imagination, of aspiration—there is only room for the animal; for the satisfaction of the wants of his lower nature; for his monotonous and stationary activity, and that still you have not brought him nearer to happiness, for you have left him sorrow and death; the knowledge of which will suffice to poison his petty enjoyments when he can no longer drown it in an increasing activity, nor overcome it by the sentiment of his responsible part in the collective *progress?*

[MR. MAZZINI'S articles on Fourierism and Communism in the *People's Journal* gave rise to two attacks upon him, which were published in the same magazine, written by two gentlemen named Doherty and Goodwyn Barmby, attacks which derive their sole importance from the fact that they induced him to write the following reply.]

MY two articles upon Fourierism and Communism have excited attacks against me; somewhat sharp; thereby affording, however, may it not be said, some testimony of the weakness of the two cases themselves. Satisfied with seeing that not one of the arguments contained in my two articles is refuted, but that in both cases my opponents content themselves with opposing me by taking exception to my title or capacity to write on the matter, I should willingly have left to my readers the care of verifying whether the Fourierist doctrine and Communism are or are not such as I have sketched them, had not the insinuation contained in these words of Mr. Doherty—"Mr. Mazzini's error . . . is not less really sophistic, though *perhaps* without

intention"—obliged me to say a few words in answer. I cannot accept in silence the insinuation even of a reproach to which the theories of the master* indeed give but very little importance, but which still retains some for us poor *civilized ones.*

I beg those of my readers upon whom Mr. Doherty's defence of Fourier may have made any impression, and who are not altogether of such easy dispositions as to found a judgment upon mere affirmations, to read attentively Fourier's work, published in 1808, entitled *Théorie des quatre mouvements;* more particularly, for I would not submit any one to too hard a trial, from page 78 to page 250. There, in the pages devoted to *Les sectes confuses, La désorganisation des sectes, La tribu à neuf groupes, La méthode d'union des sexes en septième periode, La vestalité, L'harmonie,* etc., they will find all that I have affirmed concerning the doctrine of Fourier, and much more. The more patient can add thereto the second volume of the *Traite de l'association,* and his *Théorie des accords* in the first. For all that concerns the subject of sterility in women procured by four artificial means, and above all by the *mœurs phanérogames,* the 399th page of the *Nouveau Monde Industriel,* added to the *Théorie des accords,* will be

* See Fourier's "legitimation" of untruthfulness, in his posthumous fragment published by the *Démocratie Pacifique,* a Fourierist journal, the 26th of April 1846.

sufficient. For the way in which Fourier understood the religious question, enough may be seen in the chapter upon Freemasonry in the first work above mentioned.

I am perfectly aware of the 1620 existences, divided into *intra-mundane* and *ultra-mundane*—the first *very happy*, the others gifted with *demi-happiness*—to which Fourier treats us. I fully appreciate the *aromal* garb in which we shall reclothe ourselves after death. I have well considered with an extreme delight the pleasures of the defunct; which, to sum them up, "consist in a much more extended scope being given to the twelve *radical passions* (answering to taste, smell, light, hearing, etc.) than they have in this life." I even remember that that does not prevent the extra-mundanes from being in a state of *relative unhappiness* by the loss of an infinity of pleasures which they would enjoy if the *Harmonie Sociétaire* were established. But in all this confusion of goings and comings, confined all the while to our own planet, and constituting a life varied in its action, but always *terrestrial*, I see nothing which suggests the idea—I will not say of Christian, Pagan, or any other immortality, but of immortality as a simple idea, consisting in the notion of a *progress of the soul towards God*, of which this earthly existence is a preparation.

I know too well that Fourier declared himself

ready to accept *every* authority existing *de facto,* provided that it would lend itself to the foundation of his phalansteries. And it is precisely this that *we*—more bold, by the by, and much less pliant and indifferent, than Mr. Doherty would appear to believe—will not do. But it would have been clear to Mr. Doherty, if he had but thought fit to have considered the general tone of my article, that I used the word authority in the acceptation which has been given to it by all the writers of political philosophy—belief in a moral law the *source of human duties,* superior to the inclinations of each individual, and finding itself visibly represented in society. Now Fourier did not believe in duty. "All the philosophical caprices," said he in the work above cited, "called duties, have no connection with human nature. Duty comes from men; *attraction* from God."

Having thus pointed out to my readers the sources of my justification against the insinuation of Mr. Doherty, I should wish to be able to follow the same course towards Mr. Goodwyn Barmby. But the anarchy of the Communist camp, and the singularity of the defence, render the matter in truth very embarrassing. Fourierism is summed up entirely in Fourier; Communism has several heads, several plans, several kinds of language—some even unknown, and which are brought to light for the first time in Mr. Barmby's article.

And after the line of defence that he has chosen, it would be absolutely useless for me to quote authorities. Suppose that I should wish to confirm the assertions contained in my article by extracts from the doctrine of Babeuf, the real head and martyr of modern Communism, and to defend myself by passages such as the following*—"*no more individual proprietorship in lands . . . common enjoyment of the fruits of the earth . . . that the revolting distinction between the governing and the governed may disappear . . . no other differences amongst men than that of age and sex . . . one uniform education, one uniform mode of subsistence' . . . no mercy to any species of theological discussion,*" etc. Mr. Barmby would reply to me that that is *French Communism*—Communism which he defines as having "a political inspiration and a religious end." Suppose that I take the system of Mr. Owen.—Mr. Owen is at any rate an Englishman; but how we have all hitherto been mistaken concerning him! He is no Communist! By such eliminations, one after another, Communism, as we have known it, disappears altogether from the scene, and modestly gives way to a something else, represented by a Communist church, which I have not the honour to be acquainted with —by the Leeds Redemption Society, an experi-

* *Manifeste des Egaux—Système du Comité des Egaux, etc.* See the *Conspiration de Babeuf*, by Buonaroti.

ment very little developed at the present time, and which dates, I believe, no farther back than last year—by, *probably*—the probably belongs to Mr. Barmby—the Co-operative League—and positively by Mr. Barmby himself. It is a gentle, inoffensive, rose-water kind of Communism; the theory of which consists in being eminently and primarily religious, in combating selfishness in the family; in organizing union amongst the *nations:* in feeding and tending the blind and lame, the sick and aged; a Communism which, in effect, puts nothing in common; but seeks only to distribute and associate. Mr. Barmby and myself are, in reality, better friends than the tone of the article would have made me believe. He is evidently, as I am, in the great current of democracy, harmonization of individuality with the social idea. He has the fancy of calling himself a Communist, but that does not matter. Although the word Communism appears, from its derivation, to be precisely the opposite of Association, whilst he believes them to be identical, we will not quarrel for a word. Why, then, is he so seriously annoyed? Why is he at the point each moment of losing his self-composure? It is not *his* Communism that I have ventured to attack—it is the other, that which no longer exists; although, by the by, there is something which looks like a resuscitation of it in that "*belief in a universal family, country, possession, and government,*"

which is placed, somewhat imprudently it strikes me, towards the end of Mr. Barmby's article.

I can, therefore, but congratulate myself on having written these few worthless pages. I have obtained for us all guarantees for the future which are not to be despised. As to the nation—that which is natural in country, Communism can never abolish: if I may believe the intimations contained in the fourth paragraph of Mr. Barmby's article, names and geography only will be abolished. As to property, we shall be proprietors of the apple or of the orange which the *individual wisdom* or the *collective control* will have assigned to us; for *property* is the *use* of the fruits of the earth. And as to *individuality*, we have nothing to fear; *we exist as individuals.* Thanks for this declaration! I feel myself perfectly reassured.

As to the trifles which concern myself personally—confusion, want of vigour in my logic, etc.—I do not consider it at all "due to myself" to enter into any dispute with Mr. Barmby. Besides, I should find myself, I confess, very unequal to it. His logic is sometimes too vigorous for me. Take the following affirmation as an instance:—"Upon the system that wealth is the sign of labour, a distribution of works and goods according to a rigorous equality would be the logical deduction;" which is, in fact, to say that to tell a man—"*Thy gain will be in proportion with thy labour*," leads logically to

telling him, "*Thy labour will be strictly equal to that of each of thy fellow-creatures, and thy part in the goods of the earth the same.*" Such an affirmation, I say, is certainly of a nature to dismount a more hardy combatant than I am. Observe, too, that I am, some lines further on, in virtue of an analogous process of logic, convicted of *nomadism*—that is to say, of absolute anarchy and disorganization. I shall not, therefore, say anything to Mr. Barmby; but I shall say to my readers—Do not misunderstand my words. It will be sufficient for you, I will not say, to have read or listened to "all that I have reiterated in publications and conversations" in Italy, in France, in Switzerland, and in England—for though it may not be so for Mr. Barmby, it would be a rather presumptuous exigence on my part—but, to go through what I have written in my poor articles in the *People's Journal*, in order to learn that I am neither timid and prejudiced, as Mr. Doherty would have it; nor endeavouring to excite nations to war one against the other, as Mr. Barmby apprehends; nor barbarous in respect to the lame and the blind—as it is said Sparta was—that "best governed polity"—which added to the hunting of helots the destruction of deformed children; nor renouncing the social question for "political illusions;" for political and social science are identical terms.

I am a democrat wishing to advance, and to

make others do the same, in the name of these three sacred words—Tradition, Progress, Association. I believe in the great voice of God which ages bring to me through the universal tradition of the human race. It tells me that the Family, the Nation, and Humanity, are the three spheres through which human individuality must labour to the common end, the moral perfecting of itself and of others, or rather of itself by others and for others; that the institution of Property is destined to be the sign of the material activity of the individual; of his share in the improvement of the physical world, as the right of suffrage must indicate his share in the administration of the political world; and that it is precisely from the use, better or worse, made of such rights in these spheres of activity, that the merit or demerit of the individual before God and man depends. It tells me that all these things, elements of human nature, have been transforming themselves, purifying themselves unceasingly, attuning themselves more and more to the Ideal of which God has endowed his creatures with the presentiment; but never perishing: and that these dreams of Communism, of the abolition or the absolute fusion of individuality in the whole, have been through all time only transitory incidents in the onward march of the human race; reproducing themselves at each great intellectual and moral crisis, and signalizing the urgency of a trans-

formation; but by themselves nothing, and very happily incapable of realization; except, like the community of convents in the infancy of Christianity, upon a scale infinitely small and destitute of the power of progress.

I believe in the eternal progression of life, and consequently of intelligence and sentiment, in the creature of God; in the progress not only of man in the past, but also of man in the future; I think that the problem for us to solve is less that of *defining* the forms of future progress, than that of placing mankind in a condition to feel and to accomplish it by means of a religious education, and the moral development consequent upon opening the great paths to human activity under all its forms.

I do not believe that it is given to any man, whoever he may be, to improvise at any given hour a perfect plan for the organization of humanity; and still less that it is possible to render man better, more noble, more loving, more divine—which is our aim upon earth—by encaging him in any given form of material organization; or by saturating him with physical enjoyments, and proposing to him as his *object* upon earth, this irony which is called *happiness*. And when I see in our ranks men of generous spirit exerting themselves for such experiments, I say sorrowfully to myself—I humbly beg pardon of Messrs. Doherty

and Barmby—Here are hearts much deceived; heads very self-satisfied and very narrow.

I believe in Association, as the only means of accomplishing upon earth this progress to which we all aspire; not only because it multiplies the action of the productive forces—this, although important, is only so in the second degree—but because, in bringing nearer all the different manifestations of the human soul, it enlarges and renders more powerful the life of the individual, by causing him to commune with and participate in collective life. And I know that such association can be fertile only so far as it exists among free individuals, among free nations; having both of them the consciousness of a special mission to fulfil in the common work.

I also, as well as every other man, desire the regular satisfaction of all material wants for all those who are now dependent on arbitrary capital, and the victims of a revolting inequality; for it is necessary that man should eat and live; it is necessary that all his hours should not be absorbed by material labour, in order that he may develop the superior faculties implanted in him by God; but I listen with terror to the voices of those who say to men—*The question for you is the providing of plenty to eat and drink; your end upon earth is enjoyment*—for I know that this language can only result in making egotists. I know that it is

through the worship of the material interests that the actual government of France has succeeded in stifling through corruption the noble tendencies of the people; I know that it is by the same means that an effort is at the present time being made to divert my own country from all the noble ideas which have sanctified it through its martyrs, and which will some day yet make of it again a great nation.

Yes, this is all the question between us; but I declare, with deep conviction, that this is immense. Fourierists, St. Simonians, Communists, I know you all. By whatever name you clothe yourselves; whatever may be the formulas of universal brotherhood and love that you may borrow from democracy; and although these formulas may have a real echo in your hearts—for I do not attack your intentions, I attack only your intelligence—you are all worshippers of *utility;* you have no other moral than that of *interests;* your religion is that of matter. You have found the body of man impoverished and deformed by misery; and in your imprudent zeal you have said: "*Let us heal this body; when it is strong, fat, and well fed, the soul will come to it.*" And I say—you can only heal this body through the soul; there is the seat of the evil; the body's ills are only the exterior manifestations of the evil. That which now destroys Humanity is the want of a common Faith;

of a common Thought attaching earth to heaven, the universe to God. In the absence of this religion of the mind, of which nothing has remained but empty forms and corpse-like symbols; in the consequent absence of all sentiment of duty, of all power of self-sacrifice, man, like the savage, has prostrated himself before dead matter; he has raised, upon the vacant altar, the idol INTEREST. The kings, princes, and bad governments of the day have been its high priests; it is from them that this horrible formula of the *morale* of interests has taken its rise: *each for his own—each for himself.* They well knew that through it they would create selfishness, and that from the egotist to the slave there remains but one step, easily managed with a little tact; and you coming after, without a strong religious conviction, from the height of which you would have been enabled legitimately to destroy their hideous edifice—without courage to undertake a hand-to-hand and mortal combat—you have accepted the chosen weapon of the enemy; you have said—"*They preach the interest of the class; we will preach that of the whole.*" Absurd and unrealizable dream! For either you wish to remain faithful to the worship of liberty—that is to say, of human personality—in which case you will never be able to reconcile the general interest with that of the individual; and the last result of your material progress will

be the crushing of the weak by the strong;—or, wishing to avoid this danger, you will be compelled to do away with liberty—that is to say, the only guarantee of progress in this world. You must have an arbitrary hierarchy of chiefs, having the entire disposition of the common property: masters of the mind by an exclusive education; of the body by the power of deciding upon the work, the capacity, the wants of each. And these imposed or elected chiefs—it matters little which—will be, during the exercise of their power, in the position of the masters of slaves in olden times; and, influenced themselves by the theory of interest which they represent—seduced by the immense power concentrated in their hands—they will endeavour to perpetuate it; they will strive by corruption to re-assume the hereditary dictatorship of the ancient castes.

The people feel all this by instinct; and although they are horribly suffering—although you promise to transform their huts into palaces—they shake the head and listen coldly to your string of promises, and to the description of your Morrison's pills for universal happiness. They feel that it is not from you that their salvation will come. They feel that regarding, as you do, only one phase of human nature, you have not the mission of transforming this rotten society, founded precisely upon this very satisfaction of material

interests. Preach as much as you will, you will never succeed in bringing around you more than little groups; which will disband of themselves a few years afterwards. The least of those which you call "political illusions" will be more powerful with the people than your Utopias, and the five points of the Charter, incomplete and powerless as they are, because purely political and deprived of all religious sanction, will rally round them two millions of men, whilst you will not have gained more than a few hundreds. The people feel instinctively every appeal to their mind—the application, well or ill conceived, of a Principle—it is to them a guarantee of their mission upon earth—something which gives them a consciousness of self, and upraises their violated dignity. They feel by the heart, better than all the small falsified intelligences of our day, that, provided they obtain but a corner in the territory of mind, all the rest will be given to them. They will feel this more and more, and will finish by comprehending that great social transformations never have been, and never will be, other than the application of a religious principle; of a moral development; of a strong and active common faith. On the day when democracy shall elevate itself to the position of a religious party, it will carry away the victory: not before. . . . . .

There have been, as I have said, in the early days of Christianity, good, pious, and sincerely enthusiastic men, who believed that they had found the ideal of the new life in Community. These were monks. They, too, abolished the fatherland, the family, and individual property; they founded their communes and set before themselves the duty of conquering the world. Where are the monks now, and where is the world? The monks have remained an imperceptible sect in humanity, ready to be merged in it. The world went onward, without stopping at the door of their convents. The fatherland, the family, property,—all these things were modified, transformed; nothing was abolished. The fatherland was transformed; for those belonging to other countries were no longer *barbarians:* property was transformed, for there were no longer *slaves:* the family was transformed, for children were no longer *chattels:* all who received the sacred symbol of baptism became *persons.* Something analogous is preparing at the present time. But Communism will here play a still more ephemeral and insignificant part; for it springs not even from a religious inspiration: it arises merely from a sensual suggestion.

[The following pages were added by the author when he translated the above for the Italian edition of his works.]

The few thinkers who have quitted the ranks of the great democratic army, in order to raise their *own* poor little banner, do but delay the common progress. They create divisions in the camp; retard the normal development of our faith; generate suspicion in many who would otherwise join us, and give rise to calumnies which although in fact unjust, are not without the outward semblance of truth. Therefore I deem it a duty frankly to declare our belief. We have neither occult doctrines; nor links with any subversive sects; no banner save the one consecrated by the deeds of Rome and Venice, the device inscribed on which declared the union between the religious and the political idea—between the law and its free harmonious interpretation; between the *collective* aim and the mission of the *individual.* We hold this banner boldly and freely aloft; so that none may have any right to attribute to us ideas or desires not ours, and whether the accusation be made in Pontifical encyclicas, or by hired journalists: our party will be able to answer—*You speak falsely; and you do so knowingly.*

VII.

In 1848 the hopes of some of the working classes were excited by the appearance of a modification of Communism; an attempt to reconcile the society conceived by system-makers with the actual order of things. Such was the *Organization of labour*

suggested by Louis Blanc, and the substance of it is the following:—

"The government,—supreme director of the industry of the country, of production;—to aid, by means of loans, in the establishment of several social manufactories or workshops (ateliers) for the most important branches of national industry; to draw up the statutes, and, during the first year, regulate the hierarchy in the various offices thereof:

"Each of the workmen in these workshops to receive an equal sum of *five francs* for eight hours' labour:

"The annual profits to be distributed in the following manner: one part to be reserved to repay the money advanced by the state or individual capitalists, and to increase the inalienable capital; another part to be applied to assisting the sick and aged, and to helping other branches of industry in times of crisis; and the third part to be equally distributed among the members of the association:

"The members of each workshop to be free to dispose of their earnings as they chose; but a natural desire to economize, and other evident advantages, would gradually induce them to adopt a system of life in community:

"Such social workshops, aided by the government and stimulated by their own interest to produce more and better than the workshops carried on upon the old system, would infallibly—according

to Louis Blanc—overcome all individual industry, and compel it to adopt the new system:

"The association would gradually extend to all the workshops in the same branch of industry, and a central workshop would assume the direction of all the workmen and all the work belonging to a determinate sphere of activity."

I shall not say, as many superficial accusers of Louis Blanc have said, that the system was put in practice in 1848 and failed: the *ateliers nationaux* imprudently instituted by the government in that year, were founded upon bases entirely different. But the considerations which I have urged against Communism, apply equally to the formula of Louis Blanc. It is a formula incapable of being practically carried out; and even could it be reduced to practice, it would not realize the aim intended.

In order to be efficacious, the *Organization of labour* ought to be adopted, not by a single nation only; but simultaneously by nearly all. An increased payment of labour carries with it—no matter whether the production be in the hands of capitalists or associated workmen—an increase in the price of the goods produced. The goods thus increased in price would have to compete with other goods in foreign markets, offered at a lower price. Hence would follow the necessity of restricting them to home consumption; of resisting all foreign competition, and of imposing heavy prohibitive

duties upon goods introduced from abroad. Instead of extending the market—the primary aim of all economic reform,—the system, if limited to a single nation, would tend to restrict it. A general political organization, a federation of nations constituted upon uniform economic bases, the abolition of all duties and customs between nation and nation, and such a division of European labour that each country should abstain from producing what another could produce cheaper, must therefore precede such organization.

"But even in the sphere of a single country, the formation of each branch of industry into a single association, is impossible. The instinct of liberty, so powerful in all individuals, would alone be sufficient to dissolve it.

"It is possible—it is a French *workman* who speaks*—to found associations *en commandite* of indefinite strength. Individuals are therein only represented by their moneys; these moneys have neither the defects nor the good qualities of men; they never quarrel. But an association of persons is a different thing. There will always be some discontented members among them, who will believe, rightly or wrongly, that their interests are sacrificed; and who will seek to withdraw from the associations, either to form others, or to work separately.

* From the *Atélier*, 1848.

"Let us take the example of the first association; that which—according to the theory—would form the nucleus of the universal association.

"That association will naturally have a government; the directors and administrators are men, and like all men intrusted with government of any kind, liable to delay, to inertia, to a disposition to remain stationary; to all the weaknesses belonging to those who rule any undertaking. On the other side, there will be among the members of the association, active, ardent, and ambitious men, disposed to exaggerate the errors of the directing power, and convinced, rightly or wrongly, that they could manage better; these will constitute themselves leaders of opposition, and produce, sooner or later, but infallibly, discord and separation." . . .

. . . . . .

"The need felt by all men of doing better or differently from others—that is, the need of knowledge—is so powerful, and is such an essential part of liberty, that it will always constitute an invincible obstacle to the indefinite multiplication of the *personel* of the association, and will instead tend to promote its subdivision into fractions."

Let us suppose, however, that the association, overcoming all these tendencies of human nature, should succeed in concentrating within it all the individuals belonging to a city, a country, or an art;—would not the result be a monopoly of Pro-

ducers to the injury of the Consumers? Would not the price of the articles so produced depend upon the arbitrary will of the association, certain as that association would then be of encountering no competition? Would not the price be raised in proportion to the egotism so likely to arise in a corporation the absolute masters of the market?

The government would interpose, you say. Would not the monopoly thus be transferred from the association into the hands of the five or six individuals composing the government? Is the government to determine the price of all produce, from velvet to books and shoes; from corn to candles; from peas to pastry?

The idea of equality of wages was, with good reason, rejected as unjust; as a violation of the sacred principle that the *value* of the labour done ought to be calculated and paid; as a negation of the good-will, intelligence, and honest activity of individuals, and of the sense of justice of the workmen. And Louis Blanc himself shortly afterwards abandoned that immoral theory; but only to substitute for it one equally immoral and impossible of application: *from each according to his capacity; to each according to his wants.*

I say nothing of how this new formula destroys all stimulus to progress, to increased activity, to invention, and to amelioration of methods. But who is to be the judge of the capacity or the wants of

the individual? If the individual himself is to be judge, each will diminish the cypher representing his capacity, and augment the cypher representing his wants; to the evident injury of his fellows. If the government or the association is to be judge; —is it possible to conceive a tyranny equal to this?

Either therefore the association must be voluntary, and it will gradually dissolve; or it must be compulsory, and it will constitute an immense slavery of working men: those disapproving the judgment of the majority will have no resource, nor possibility of labour; every error of the directing government will be fatal; every tyrannical plan of the government will be irresistible. In both cases, the consumers will be either slaves of the egotism of the producers; or all progress founded upon the stimulus of competition will be withdrawn from the field of labour, from the economical world.

VII.

BENTHAM, St. Simonianism, Fourier, Communism, and Louis Blanc, have exhausted every phase of the doctrine having for its basis the theory of *rights;* for its aim the *well-being* of the individual. As if to proclaim the close of the cycle of materialist systems, there arose the potent irony of Proudhon,

logically to sum up the consequences of the substitution of the arbitrary conceptions of individual thought, for the conception of the progressive life of humanity. His system is a negation alike of God, of immortality, of society, of authority, of government, of education, and of a common *aim.* And to fill up the immense void, Proudhon has nothing to offer but a bank of credit. Economical life; the life of the stomach, is our problem, according to him.*

And what was the practical result of all these systems?

* I do not feel bound to examine the system of Proudhon: his ideas—false for the most part, doubtful for the rest, and so completely refuted by himself in his later writings—do not constitute any true system. Proudhon is naught else than the Mephistopheles of Socialism; powerful to dissolve; impotent to found. Gifted with remarkable analytical power, and logical in deducing the consequences from a first proposition; he fascinates superficial readers. But the error, unnoticed, lies always in the first proposition, which he boldly presents under the guise of an axiom. Thus Proudhon places as the fundamental basis of every social function the *contract;* and he who thoughtlessly admits that pretended principle, will soon find himself involved in a whole series of undeniable consequences. But if you deduce—as is the true method—the worth of the function and of him who fulfils it, from the pre-established *aim;* and if you deduce the notion of that aim, not from an arbitrary contract, but from the nature of things, and from the moral law gradually revealed by the life of humanity and the historic tradition which is the record of that life,—the series of logical consequences is totally different. Proudhon is the incarnation of sophism. And posterity, with intellect less perverted than our own, will one day be astonished at the importance attributed by some of our contemporaries to his writings.

The 2d December: Louis Napoleon: the mission of France temporarily lost.

On the one side, the *bourgeoisie* took fright, stupidly and selfishly took fright at the idea of the consequences of those systems; men of intelligence were misled, and either wandered from the true path or retired discouraged from public life, isolating themselves in solitary protest, when it was important to struggle; while the uneducated majority of the nation regarded the Republic with suspicion, wrongly holding the Republican principle responsible for this orgie of materialism. On the other side, the working men of the large cities became accustomed to consider every question as secondary to that of material well-being; they angrily threatened every power not able or willing to carry the *socialist* theories into immediate effect; they separated their own life from the life of the nation, and began to look upon great principles with indifference, as upon empty formulæ, incapable of ameliorating their economical condition. When a man, fortified by a popular name and by every artifice of falsehoods, gold, and bayonets, said to the first: *I will protect you against the dangerous parties;* and to the others: *I will give you material well-being—you shall have in me the Emperor of democracy,*—the first hailed him as a liberator; the second folded their arms and said: *It is one more experiment added to the others.* Had they not already

heard from St. Simon, Fourier, and many of the Communists, that the nature of the ruling power mattered little so long as they obtained an improvement in their condition?

But a people which denies liberty, does not deserve *well-being*, and will not obtain it. A people does not acquire, or cannot long maintain, aught that it has not conquered for itself; aught that is not the result of its own labour, exertion, and sacrifice. First Justice and Duty—the rest will follow after.

Without the religion of Duty any great social transformation is impossible. Every social transformation implies more vast and earnest development of the principle of Association. Now, the notion of individual rights can only spring from individual interest; and individual interest does not create association; it tends to dissolve it. The theory of *well-being*, if made the aim of a social transformation, leaves unchecked those instincts which urge the individual to enjoyment; innoculates the soul with egotism, and sanctifies the appetites. A transformation, founded upon such elements—against which our every effort in aid of progress is directed at the present day—could not endure.

The *Socialism* which the French derive from the principle of Bentham, is the worst form of that social idea, which the best spirits of democracy had

already married to the political idea; and it has delayed the triumph of that idea.

But while avoiding these names and their aberrations, let not the Italians forget that *socialism* was a symptom of the tremendous crisis which hovers over all the nations of Europe more or less; and for which it is necessary to seek a remedy, if we would not see society impelled into anarchy and fratricidal war. Production is inferior to our wants at the present day. Impartially distributed, it would constitute the poverty of all. It is necessary then to increase it; and in order to do this it is necessary to enlarge the circle of consumers. *All* must produce: he who does not work, has no right to live. It is necessary to increase the power of production in every individual; to remember that servile labour is immensely inferior to free labour; to emancipate the individual from all dominion or service which crushes his activity and energy; to understand that in order to *work*, it is necessary to *live*, and therefore to abolish all taxes which limit, not the *superfluities*, but the *necessaries* of life; to encourage the workman in his productive mission, and therefore to take care that the majority of the fruits of labour belong to the producers. It is necessary to diminish or suppress the many intermediate expenses of distribution, and to bring producer and consumer together. It is necessary that working men's associations, free, spontaneous,

and various; founded on sacrifice, virtue, love and economy, shall gradually transform the actual constitution of labour, and substitute for the present system of *wages*, the principle that the wealth of each man should be proportioned to his work; thus cancelling, not the undeniable benefits but the excesses and disadvantages of competition.

Education, moral, uniform, and universally diffused; a complete transformation of the actual system of taxation; state economy; increase of production; progressive abolition of all but the absolutely indispensable intermediates between buyer and seller; union of capital and labour by means of working men's associations — these are the conditions of the economical problem which republican democracy is called upon to solve.

EUROPE: ITS CONDITION AND PROSPECTS.

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THE literature of the Continent during the last few years has been essentially political, revolutionary, and warlike. Out of ten historical works, seven at least speak to us, from a favourable point of view or otherwise, of a revolution now extinct; out of ten polemical, political, economical, or other works, seven at least proclaim or combat a revolution about to take place. The first bear the impress of terror; the last are full of gigantic hopes, though most imperfectly defined. Calm has fled from the minds of continental writers. Poetry is silent, as if frightened by the storm now gathering in the hearts of men. Romance becomes rarer every day; it would find no readers. Pure art is a myth. Style itself is changed; when it is not common-place, when it retains something of that individual originality which every style ought to have, it is sharp, cutting, biting. The pen seems, as it were, sword-shaped; all the world thinks and writes as if it felt itself on the eve of a battle.

From the midst of this tempest, which I point out, because to sleep is to perish amid the storm, voices are heard exclaiming, "Beware! Society is in danger. Anarchy threatens us. The barbarians are at our gates. Revolutions destroy all the guarantees of order; from change to change we are rushing into nothingness. We have conceded too much; we must retrace our steps and strengthen power at all price." Other voices reply to them,—"It is too late, your society is dead, corrupted; hasten to bury it. The salvation of the world is in *us*, in an entirely new order of things, in a society founded upon a basis diametrically opposed to yours." Flags are raised on high in infinite variety: *Liberty, Authority, Nationality,* 1815, *Labour, Property, Rights, Duties, Association, Individualism*—all these devices are displayed aloft. It is the night of the Brocksberg—a sort of intellectual and moral chaos, to which scarcely anything analogous is to be found, unless we go back some eighteen centuries in the history of the world, to the fall of the Roman Empire; when the ancient gods were dying; when the human mind was wavering between the sceptical epicureanism of the masters, and the aspiration of the slaves to the UNKNOWN GOD; when the earth trembled under the steps of unknown races, impelled by a mysterious irresistible power towards the centre of European society.

What is the signification of a crisis thus prolonged, notwithstanding all the efforts which are made to overcome it? Have these *barbarians* of our days a *Rome* in which great destinies are to be accomplished, and towards which, like Attila and his hordes, they are impelled by an invisible hand; or do they march onward to lose themselves in deserts; without a purpose, without a tomb, without leaving any useful memorable trace in history? Are we advancing towards anarchy or towards a new mode of things,—towards dissolution or towards a transformed life? All ask themselves this question; all could resolve it, if the point of view of each man were not narrowed by his position in some one of the adverse camps; by the now prevailing habit of judging of the depth, the intensity, and the direction of the European current by the passing ebullitions of the surface; and by a prejudice, presently to be defined, which for half-a-century has influenced almost all appreciations of the political situation.

And yet this question *must* be solved. It is a vital one. It necessarily contains a rule for our actions. A law of Solon decreed that those who in an insurrection abstained from taking part on one side or the other, should be degraded. It was a just and holy law, founded on the belief,—then instinctive in the heart of Solon, but now comprehended and expressed in a thousand formulæ,—in

the solidarity of humanity. It would be just now more than ever. What! you are in the midst of the uprising, not of a town, but of the whole human race; you see brute force on the one side, and right on the other; you march between proscription and martyrdom; between the scaffold and the altar; whole nations are struggling under oppression; generations are proscribed; men slaughter each other at your very doors; they die by hundreds, by thousands, fighting for or against an idea; this idea is either good or evil; and you, continuing the while to call yourselves men and Christians, would claim the right of remaining neutral? You cannot do so without moral degradation. Neutrality, that is to say, indifference between good and evil, the just and the unjust, liberty and oppression, is simply Atheism.

Let us, then, endeavour to distinguish all that there is of permanent from all that is merely accessory and transitory in the crisis; all that will remain, and which demands satisfaction, from that which is only a momentary ebullition, the dross or scum of metal in fusion. The question now is, how to carry forward the balance of the past half-century to the credit of the half-century to come. I shall endeavour to do this as rapidly as possible; not as summarily, however, as their Excellencies the ambassadors of France, Austria, Russia, and of the thirty-five or thirty-six States of Germany.

Their Excellencies have very recently made a discovery which would remarkably simplify our solution if we could believe them upon their word. According to them, there are in London four or five persons who are the cause of all the disturbances of the Continent. They walk abroad, and all Europe is agitated; they associate themselves for an object, whatever it may be, and the whole of Europe associates itself with them. England has only to abandon her noblest privilege, that of exercising a free hospitality, and to drive these men across the ocean, and Europe would sleep in peace under the bâton of Austria, the knout of Russia, the *cavalletto* of the Pope. Pity that Lord Granville should not have reached to the height of their Excellencies! Pity that for such a peace he should scruple to violate English law and English honour.

No; the agitation in Europe is not the work of a few individuals, of a few refugees, be they who they may; and there is something in this opinion sad and ridiculous at the same time: I say sad, because it evidently shows the inability of the "masters of the world" to comprehend and to abridge the crisis. Individuals are only powerful at the present day, so far as they are the exponents of the condition and collective aspirations of large bodies of men. For sixty years Europe has been convulsed by a series of political struggles which have assumed all aspects by turns; which have

raised every conceivable flag, from that of pure despotism to that of anarchy; from the organization of the *bourgeoisie* in France and elsewhere as the dominant caste, to the *jacqueries* of the peasants of Gallicia. Thirty revolutions have taken place. Two or three royal dynasties have been engulfed in the abyss of popular fury. Nations have risen, like Greece, from the tomb where they had been for ages buried; others, like Poland, have been erased from the map. Forgotten, almost unknown races, the Sclavonian race, the Roumaine race, silent until now, have disinterred their traditionary titles, and demanded to be represented in the Congress of Nations. Kings and Queens have gone to die in exile. The Austrian Empire, the China of Europe, has been on the brink of destruction. A Pope, drawn along by the popular current, has been obliged to bless a national insurrection, and then to fly in disguise from the capital of the Christian world. Vienna has twice been covered with barricades. Rome has seen the republican banner float above the Vatican. Governments, attacked and overthrown, have ten or twenty times recovered strength, drawn closer their alliances, overrun the half of Europe with their armies, annihilated revolutions, effaced entire generations of revolutionary spirits by the sword, the scaffold, exile, or imprisonment, and crushed, as they term it, the hydra of disorder and anarchy. The heads of the hydra

have sprung up again fifty for one; the struggle has recommenced at the foot of the scaffold of those who initiated it; the idea has gained strength beneath the hammer on the anvil; we are now, three years after an European restoration, three months after the *triumph of order* in France, calculating upon and arming for new struggles; and we are told that all this is the work of a few individuals, transmitting from one to another, every ten years, the inheritance of a subversive idea! As well might the conquest of the world by Christianity be attributed to the underground labour of a secret society. Christian truth emerged from the catacombs, *because the whole world was thirsting for it.* The ancient unity was broken; a new one was necessary. Between these two unities chaos reigned, in which humanity cannot live. It reigns now, because amidst the ruins of an unity in which mankind no longer has faith, a new unity is being elaborated. If a few men have power with the multitudes, it is because these men embody this unity in themselves better than others do. And though you may destroy them to-day, others will replace them to-morrow.

Europe no longer possesses unity of faith, of mission, or of aim. Such unity is a necessity in the world. Here, then, is the secret of the crisis. It is the duty of every one to examine and analyze calmly and carefully the probable elements of this

new unity. But those who persist in perpetuating, by violence or by Jesuitical compromise, the external observance of the old unity, only perpetuate the crisis, and render its issue more violent.

Europe—I might say the world, for Europe is the lever of the world—no longer believes in the sanctity of royal races; she may still accept them here and there as a guarantee of stability, as a defence against the encroachments of some other dangerous element; but she no longer believes in the *principle*, in any special virtue residing in them, in a divine right consecrating and protecting them. Wherever they reign despotically, she conspires against them; wherever liberty exists under their sway, in however small a degree, she supports them under a brevet of impotence. She has invented the political axiom, "Kings reign without governing;" wherever they govern, and govern badly, she overthrows them.

Europe no longer believes in aristocracy, the royalty of several; she no longer believes in the inevitable physical transmission, in the perpetual inheritance of virtue, intelligence, and honour: she believes in it no longer, either scientifically or practically. Wherever an aristocracy acts well—if that ever happens to be the case—she follows its lead; not as an aristocracy, but as a doer of good; wherever it drags itself along in the pride of its old traditions—idle, ignorant, and decayed—she

rids herself of it; she destroys it, either by revolutions or by ridicule. The carnival on the Continent looks to the historical order of patricians for its masks.

Europe no longer believes in the Papacy; she no longer believes that it possesses the right, mission, or capacity of spiritual education or guidance; she no longer believes in the immediate revelation, in the direct transmission of the designs and laws of Providence, by virtue of election, to any individual whatsoever; five years ago she was seized with enthusiasm for a Pope who seemed disposed to bless the progress of the human race, and to constitute himself the representative of the most advanced ideas of his age; she despised him as soon as he retraced his steps and recommenced the brutal career of his predecessors.

Europe no longer believes in privilege, be it what it may; except in that which no one can destroy, because it comes from God—the privilege of genius and virtue; she desires wealth, but she despises or hates it in the persons of those who possess it, when it is not the price of labour, or when it arrogates to itself rights of political monopoly.

Now look at the actual organization of Europe—is it not altogether based upon privilege, by whatever name it may be known? How then can

one wonder at the struggle which is engendered within it?

Let it, then, be openly declared by every honest man, that this struggle is sacred; sacred as liberty, sacred as the human soul. It is the struggle which has had for its symbol, since the commencement of the historical world, the grand type of Prometheus; which has had for its altar, during the march of the human race, the cross of Jesus; which has had for its apostles almost all the men of genius, the thousand pillars of humanity. This war-cry which rises from the ranks of the *Prolctaire* is the cry of our fathers, the Hussites: *The cup for all, the cup for all!* It is the logical consequence of the doctrine common to us all, the unity of God, and, therefore, of the human race. It is an effort to realize the prayer of Christ: *Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven!* Yesterday we reverenced the priest, the lord, the soldier, the master; to-day we reverence MAN, his liberty, his dignity, his immortality, his labour, his progressive tendency; all that constitutes him a creature made in the image of God—not his colour, his birth, his fortune—all that is accidental and transitory in him. We believe that every man ought to be a temple of the living God; that the altar upon which he ought to sacrifice to God is the earth, his field of trial and of labour; that the incense of his sacrifice is the task accomplished by him; that

his prayer is love; his power, love realized—Association. We believe no more in that narrow dualism which has established an absurd antagonism between heaven and earth, between God and his creation. We believe that the earth is a stepping-stone towards heaven; that it represents a line in the immense poem of the universe; a note in the everlasting harmony of the Divine idea; and that on the accordance of our works with this harmony must depend the elevation of our actual being and our hope of progress in that transformation of life which we call death. We believe in the sacredness of individual conscience; in the right of every man to the utmost self-development compatible with the equal right of his fellows; and hence we hold that whatever denies or shackles liberty is impious, and ought to be overthrown, and as soon as possible destroyed. This it is which is at the bottom of the ever-recurring struggle in Europe; this it is which prevents either armies, or persecutions, or *coups-d'état* from conquering it; this it is which will insure final triumph.

Now, if fatal errors, vain or absurd desires, false and immoral systems, have gathered around this idea, is it a reason for denying—not the errors, the immoderate desires, the systems—but the idea itself? Is the religious idea an impious thing because heresies have been engrafted upon it?

Shall we deny God because the Father of all has been transformed by the monk of the Inquisition into a universal tyrant? Shall the errors of sceptics make us renounce the inviolable rights, or the power of human reason?

Such reactions take place only in weak and cowardly natures—for I do not address here men who choose their part through interested and selfish motives. I repeat, that it is the duty of every honest and sincere man to study with impartiality the true causes of this prolonged crisis which convulses two-thirds of the populations of Europe; to range himself openly on the side of justice; to combat with the same energy enemies and false friends,—atheists and heretics,—those who deny the right of progress, and those who falsify and exaggerate it. A faction must not be allowed to substitute itself for Humanity; but we must not, on the other hand, allow ourselves, through intolerance or fear, to *treat Humanity as a faction.*

I ask, is there one of my readers who can boldly say, "What you have just declared to be the final object of the European agitation is evil; I recoil from it?" No! Discussion may arise upon the means selected for its realization, upon the time, more or less near, of success; not upon the essence, upon the thing, upon the idea itself.

But around this holy aspiration towards the emancipation of oppressed classes and peoples,

around this great social thought which ferments in all men's minds, there has arisen such an uproar of discordant and irritated voices; such a jumbling together of petty systems, of fragmentary conceptions, representing in reality nothing but individualities excited by vanity and morbid exaltation; that the aspiration itself, the primitive thought, has become obscure to our eyes. We have mistaken the glare of meteors for the true and steadfast light; we have forgotten what is principal in what is accidental and accessory; we have turned from eternal TRUTH for the possible *realities* of a day.

To some the poniarding of Rossi has appeared to be the programme of the Italian revolution; while others believe that the French revolution and the abolition of all individual property are synonymous. These men forget one thing—the revolution itself; that of 1848, which confiscated nothing, which abolished no right; that of Rome in 1849, which slaughtered none but the foreign soldiers upon its walls. In what we have just indicated there is much more than a simple, an accidental contrast—there is the indication of a constant fact, of which those who seek in good faith to appreciate the crisis should never lose sight; the radical and habitual difference between the language of parties and their acts; between the excited exaggerated ebullitions of intelligence

seeking to progress and brutally repulsed by force, —and its practice, its point of view when it descends into the arena of action. Proudhon himself, if in power, would not organize anarchy. There is hardly an intelligent Communist who, on the morrow of a revolution, would take for his programme the ideal which he had preached before; there is not one of the preachers of systematic terrorism, who, invested with power, would not recoil from the application of the rules which he had promulgated in defeat. This is in the nature of things. Besides the change which takes place in the same men in different positions; besides the difference between the unrestrained impulses of the writer or the propagandist orator, and the course, regulated by all external circumstances, of the legislator or the representative,— there is the fact, that the work of *preparation* falls mostly into the hands of factions, whilst the practical solution of the crisis belongs to the mass, to the majority of the country. Now the mass, the majority, never desires the impossible. It instinctively feels that it is called upon to continue, not to create Humanity. It takes tradition as its starting point; it advances, but does not break the chain; it is bound by too many habits and affections to the past. If you had fifty revolutions in Europe, not one would essay to establish Communism or terror as a system. Those whom the

reading of a pamphlet or an article of a paper inspires with alarm for property or for any other historical element of society, are the *enfans niais*, as the writers themselves are the *enfans terribles*, of our times.

This view is confirmed by facts. The republicans, who under the reign of Louis Philippe had organized themselves into *The Society of the Rights of Man*, affectedly designated their different sections by the names of Robespierre and Marat. The victorious republicans in 1848 commenced by abolishing capital punishment for political offences: property was respected, and all the acts of the triumphant party were characterized by moderation. The Italian revolutions followed the same course. The powers which issued from insurrection in Hungary, at Vienna, throughout Europe, may have committed errors; they never sullied their career with spoliation or with blood.

But besides this puerile fear, which shuts its eyes to the approaching dawn, because of the fearful phantoms which the night evokes, there exists a general prejudice, alluded to some pages back, which radically vitiates the judgments brought to bear upon the European crisis. The error consists in this, that in seeking an insight into the issue of the crisis, and the tendencies which will govern its latest stage, attention is directed exclusively to France. Some seventy years ago, we used to judge

all republican ideas by our historical recollections of Sparta and Athens; now we judge all that is called liberty, equality, or association, by the meaning given, or thought to be given, to these words in France. From continually fixing our eyes upon Paris, we are no longer capable of seeing or comprehending the rest of Europe—of Europe gifted with an individual life, with an individual organism, of which Paris is only one amongst many centres of activity.

This arises from an idea which I believe to be false, and which, consciously or unconsciously, prevails everywhere; namely, that the initiative of the continental European movement belongs to France.

In reality this initiative is no longer hers. A powerful influence is naturally and inevitably exercised by a nation of thirty-five millions of men, placed in a central position, endowed with warlike habits; compact, centralized, and the most decidedly One amongst European nations. But the initiative of ideas, the moral and intellectual initiative—that which adds a new element to the powers of civilization, or changes the general point of view of the labours of Humanity—the initiative exercised by the discovery of the New World, by the invention of the Press, by that of gunpowder, or by the application of steam—the political initiative which leads to a social transformation, to the emancipation of

an enslaved class, to the study of a new form of organization—has never been appropriated by any single nation,—by France less than by any other. Like the flaming torches, the *lampada vitæ*, which were passed from hand to hand, in the sacerdotal ceremonies of ancient Rome, this initiative has passed from one nation to another, consecrating each and all missionaries and prophets of Humanity. Were they not all destined hereafter to become brothers, fellow-labourers, equals, each according to his especial capabilities, in the great common workshop of Humanity, towards a common end,—collective perfectionment, the discovery and progressive application of the law of life? Thus the idea of the divine Omnipotence sprang from the old eastern world; human individuality from the pagan Greco-Roman world, and more lately from the forests of old Germany; the idea of the equality of souls from the doctrine preached at Jerusalem; the idea of the democratic constitution of the City from the Tuscan and Lombard republics; of commercial association from Bremen and the Hanseatic Towns; the colonizing idea from England; the sacredness of human conscience from Germany; the preconsciousness of the unity of Europe, and of the world, twice from Rome; Art from Greece and Italy; Philosophy from all. If there is anything in this sunlike movement of the human mind which especially characterises France, it is not the *initia-*

tive, it is rather the *popularization* of ideas. French intelligence creates little; it assimilates much. It is essentially constructive; the raw material comes to it from elsewhere. Supple, pliant, active, full of self-confidence, instinctively monopolizing, and aided by a language clear, facile, and fitted for all conversational requisites,—the French mind seizes upon ideas already put forth, but too often neglected elsewhere; it fashions, ornaments, appropriates them, and throws them into circulation; often facilitating that circulation by parcelling out the idea, by dividing it into fragments, as we multiply our small coinage for the benefit of the greater number. Its life, its utility, is there; and it fulfils this special function which would seem to have been assigned to it, with an *aplomb de maître* and a confidence which insure success.

Il prend son bien où il le trouve; refashions and deals with it as it only knows how, and so well that other nations often unconsciously receive from it in exchange that which they themselves had originated. It is not the less true, however, that the power of initiation, of spontaneous creation, which gives a new impulse to the human mind when it seems exhausted, is not (exceptions apart) the innate faculty of the French nation. She called herself, in the first period of her history, *the arm of the Church;* she has often been since the *tongue* of the Thought of others. Without her, perhaps, this

thought would have long remained silent and sterile.

It is from the great Revolution of 1789 that we may date this prejudice in favour of France, whom the Peace of Utrecht had robbed of all preponderance. The bold defiance which, in the name of a great human truth, she then flung to the powers that were; the gigantic efforts by which she maintained it against the coalesced governments of old Europe, followed by the military glories of the Empire, are still working on the imagination of Europe. We all worship the echo, as well as the fact, of power; and the remembrance of the great battles which led the French eagle from Paris to Rome, from the Escurial to the Kremlin, fascinates us as the image of a power which cannot die. The French Revolution has been regarded by all, historians and readers, as an European *programme;* as the commencement of an era; and as a consequence of this conception we assign a series of succeeding initiatives to the people who gave the first. Every idea originating in France appears to us fatally destined to make the tour of Europe.

This conception is, in my opinion, erroneous. What I say is grave indeed; for, if correct, it must change entirely the point of view from which to appreciate the events of this century. Differing in this respect from all writers on the Revolution, it would be necessary for me to develop my ideas at

greater length than my present space permits. I could not, however, in writing upon present European tendencies, avoid expressing a conviction which would completely modify, supposing it to be sound, the judgment passed upon these tendencies and their future. I must ask my readers to supply this deficiency by a fresh study of that revolutionary period, in the hope that I may find an opportunity, perhaps in examining the recent histories of the French Revolution, to bring forward my proofs.

The great French Revolution was not, philosophically speaking, a *programme;* it was a *résumé.* It did not initiate, it closed an epoch. It did not come to bestow a new idea upon the world; to discover the *unknown quantity* of the problem of a new era; it came to place upon a practical ground, in the sphere of the political organization of society, a formula comprehending all the conquests of twenty-four centuries, all the great ideas morally elaborated by two historical worlds—the Pagan and the Christian—of which, if I may allow myself the expression, it has summed up the balance. It took from the Pagan world its declaration of liberty, of the sovereign *Ego;* from the Christian world its declaration of equality; that is to say, of liberty for all as the logical consequence of the unity of nature in the human race; hence also it derived its motto of fraternity, the consequence of the Chris-

tian formula, *all men are the sons of God;* and it proclaimed—and herein consists its merit towards Europe—that all this ought to be realized here below. Further than this it did not go. As in every great summing up of the progress of the past, we can detect the germ of that of the future, the Revolution was marked by many aspirations towards the idea of association, of a common aim, of a collective solidarity, of a religious transformation,—the dominating idea of the present time,—but in its official acts, in the *ensemble* of its march; in its most characteristic manifestations, it has never gone beyond the point of progress already (intellectually) reached, the emancipation of *individuality.* This is why, after having embodied its idea in a *Declaration of the Rights* of man, of the individual, it was only capable of ending in a *man*—in Napoleon. *Right*, that is to say, the individual asserting himself, was its life, its soul, its strength. *Duty*, that is to say, the individual submitting himself to the idea of a collective aim to be attained, never was its directing thought. That thought was the obligation, the necessity of fighting for the conquest of the rights of each; it made, so to speak, duty subservient to rights. It never rose in action to the height of putting forward a *Declaration of Principles.* Its definition of Life has always been—whatever efforts have been made to prove that it went beyond it—the materialist definition—*the right*

to physical well-being. It is so even now. And Europe is now agitated and unconsciously led by the other eminently religious definition of life as a mission; a series of duties, of sacrifices to be accomplished for others, in view of an ulterior moral progress.

France has, by her Revolution, borne witness in the civil world to the truths taught in the moral world by Christianity. She has also said: Behold the man: *Ecce homo.* She has laid down the principle of human individuality in the plenitude of its liberty in face of her enemies; and she has overthrown them all. She has done, politically, the work of Luther; herein is her glory and her strength. But she has not given to mankind the Word of the future, the aim of the individual upon earth; she has not indicated the work to be accomplished, of which liberty is only a necessary premiss—the new definition of Life which is to be the starting-point of an epoch. Her great formula, which the imitative mind of democracy has rendered European—*liberty, equality, fraternity*—is only an historical formula, indicating the stages of progress already attained by the human mind. Now, every philosophical and social formula ought—if it pretend to give a new initiative to the nations—to contain an indication of the Law to be followed and of its *necessary* interpreter. The formula which the Italian Revolution inscribed upon the republican banner at

Rome and Venice, GOD AND THE PEOPLE, is more advanced and more complete than that of the French republicans.

Since 1815, there has been a great want in Europe—the *initiative* has disappeared; it belongs to no country at the present time, to France less than to any other. Europe is in search of it; no one knows yet by which people it will be seized.

We must not then—and this is the practical result which I am desirous of reaching—judge of the agitation, the aspirations, the tendencies of Europe, by France. France does not lead; she is only a member of the European commonwealth; simply one link in the chain.

There are in Europe two great questions; or, rather, the question of the transformation of authority, that is to say, of the Revolution, has assumed two forms; the question which all have agreed to call social, and the question of nationalities. The first is more exclusively agitated in France, the second in the heart of the other peoples of Europe. I say, *which all have agreed to call social*, because, generally speaking, every great revolution is so far social, that it cannot be accomplished either in the religious, political, or any other sphere, without affecting social relations, the sources and the distribution of wealth; but that which is only a secondary consequence in political revolutions, is now the cause and the banner of the movement in France.

The question there is now, above all, to establish better relations between labour and capital, between production and consumption, between the workman and the employer.

It is probable that the European initiative, that which will give a new impulse to intelligence and to events, will spring from the question of nationalities. The social question may, in effect, although with difficulty, be partly resolved by a single people; it is an internal question for each, and the French Republicans of 1848 so understood it, when, determinately abandoning the European initiative, they placed Lamartine's manifesto by the side of their aspirations towards the organization of labour. The question of nationality can only be resolved by destroying the treaties of 1815, and changing the map of Europe and its public Law. .The question of *Nationalities*, rightly understood, is the Alliance of the Peoples; the balance of powers based upon new foundations; the organization of the work that Europe has to accomplish.

We should be wrong, however, to separate the two questions; they are indissolubly connected. The men who plead the cause of the Nationalities well know that revolutions, necessarily supporting themselves on the masses, ought to satisfy their legitimate wants; they know that a revolution is sacred whenever it has for its object the progress of the millions; but that it is an unpardonable

crime when it has only for its object the interest of a minority, of a caste, or of a monopoly; they know that the problem now to be resolved is, the association of all the faculties and all the forces of humanity towards a common end, and that no movement can at the present time be simply political.

By dividing into fractions that which is in reality but one thing; by separating the social from the political question, a numerous section of French socialists has powerfully contributed to bring about the present shameful position of affairs in France. The great social idea now prevailing in Europe may be thus defined: the abolition of the proletariat; the emancipation of producers from the tyranny of capital concentrated in a small number of hands; re-division of productions, or of the value arising from productions, in proportion to the work performed; the moral and intellectual education of the operative; voluntary association between workmen substituted, gradually and peacefully, for individual labour paid at the will of the capitalist. This sums up all the reasonable aspirations of the present time. It is not a question of destroying, abolishing, or violently transferring wealth from one class to another: it is a question of extending the circle of consumers; of consequently augmenting production; of giving a larger share to producers; of opening a wide road to the

operative for the acquisition of wealth and property; in short, of putting capital and the instruments of labour within reach of every man offering a guarantee of good will, capacity, and morality. These ideas are just; and they are destined eventually to triumph; historically, the time is ripe for their realization. To the emancipation of the *slave* has succeeded that of the *serf;* that of the serf must be followed by that of the *workman.* In the course of human progress the patriciate has undermined the despotic privilege of royalty; the bourgeoisie, the financial aristocracy, has undermined the privilege of birth; and now the people, the workers, will undermine the privilege of the proprietary and moneyed bourgeoisie; until society, founded upon labour, shall recognise no other privilege than that of virtuous intelligence, presiding, through the choice of the people enlightened by education, over the full development of its faculties and its social capabilities.

These ideas, we repeat, are not exclusively French; they are European. They are the result of the philosophy of history, of which the seeds sown by the Italian Vico have been cultivated more particularly by the German philosophers. From the moment that the human race was regarded not only as an assemblage of individuals placed in juxtaposition, but as a collective Whole, living a providentially progressive life, and realizing an

educational plan which constitutes its law ;—the series of terms composing the civilizing progression of which we spoke a little while ago, was sufficient, by showing the conquests of the past, to point out the necessary progress of the future. The belief in the unity of the human race, and in progress, considered not as an accidental fact, but as a *law*, would naturally beget modern democracy ; belief in the collective life of society would lead to the idea of association, which colours all the efforts of modern reformers. The failure of ten revolutions lost by the bourgeoisie did the rest. It was evident that nothing now succeeds if not supported by the masses ; and this support is only to be obtained by working openly for them ; by giving them an interest in the triumph of the revolutionary idea. Upon the practical ground, the existence of standing armies, sold body and soul to absolutism, has materially assisted in enlarging political programmes, and in impressing them with a popular and social tendency. It was necessary to find a power to oppose to this mute and blind force, which crushed ideas under the heavy tread of battalions in rank and file : where could it be found if not in the people ? The men of the party of progress addressed themselves to them ; some through faith, others through policy, through necessity ; all learned to know them, to feel for what they were ripe, by seeing them in action. Action is the thought of

the people, as thought is the action of the individual. It was a sudden revelation, confirming all the presentiments of science, all the aspirations of faith. Justice and duty call upon us to proclaim aloud that upon the barricades as in their passive resistance, after the victory as during the struggle, wherever they were not momentarily led astray by ambitious or mistaken men, the people acted bravely and nobly. The blouse of the workman covered treasures of devotion, of generosity, of patience, suspected by none. At Paris, at Milan, at Rome, at Venice, in Sicily, in Hungary, at Vienna, in Poland, everywhere, the populations gave the lie, by their conduct, to the terrors excited by what was called the unchained lion. There was neither massacre, pillage, nor anarchy. Before the signs of a great idea, at the sound of the words *Fatherland, Liberty, Independence,* the cry of misery itself was silent. Sublime words were spoken, as by the Paris workmen, when they said, "We can endure four months of hunger for the republic." There were sublime acts, as the pardon granted by the people of Milan to Bolza, the man who had been their persecutor for twenty-five years, "because to pardon was a sacred thing." The women of the Transtevere at Rome, lodged by the Government, during the bombardment, in the palaces of the exiled nobles, upon their simple promise, in the name of "God and the people," that they would commit

neither theft nor injury, religiously kept their word. The people of Berlin took no other revenge for the four hundred and twenty-one victims who had fallen under the troops, on the 18th of March 1848, than that of burning, without taking a single article, the furniture of two traitors, Preuss and Wernicke. Men like Victor Hugo and Lamartine, who had never been included in the ranks of democracy, were converted by the combatants of Paris. Even Pope Pius IX. himself was for a moment fascinated.

Principles and facts, theory and practice, thus united to prove to the men who believe in progress and are willing to act for it, that the object of their efforts ought to be, and can be without difficulty at the present time, the People in its totality, irrespective of propertied or privileged classes. And as it is impossible to dream of the moral and intellectual progress of the people, without providing for its physical amelioration—as it is absurd to say, "*Instruct yourself*," to a man who is working for his daily bread from fourteen to sixteen hours a day, or to tell him to *love* who sees nothing around him but the cold calculations of the speculator and the tyranny of the capitalist legislator — the social question was found inevitably grafted upon the question of political progress. Henceforward they could be only separated by destroying both.

In Italy, in Hungary, in the states composing

the empire of Austria, in Poland, in Germany, the social question presents nothing of a threatening, subversive, or anarchical nature. There is no hostile, profoundly reactionary sentiment between class and class; no exaggerated abnormal development of concentrated industry; no agglomerated misery rendering urgent the instant application of the remedy; no reckless putting forth of systems and solutions. Communism has made proselytes amongst the workmen of Germany; but this ebullition, produced by a thoughtless reaction against the weakness of the revolutionary direction in 1848, is not of serious moment; with the exception of Marx, who was desirous of being the chief of a school at any price, there is not a single man of any intelligence who has given in to the notion that Communism can be established by enactment. Generally, the men who are destined to have an influence upon events, believe that association must be voluntary; that it is the duty of Government to encourage, but not to impose it. The chief exceptions are found in France. There, the question which with the other peoples is secondary, and rather the *means* than the *end*, has acquired a preponderating importance and peculiar characteristics. The special condition of existing interests; the existence of large manufacturing centres; the shamelessness with which the bourgeoisie has confiscated to its own advantage two revolutions made

by the people; the absence of the question of national unity,—so absorbing for the other nations, and already irrevocably conquered in France,—the enthusiasm, to a certain extent factitious and transient, with which the French mind seizes upon every novelty, have all contributed in that country to give to the social idea a character of exclusiveness and exaggeration which it is unlikely to assume elsewhere.

French *Socialism* has forcibly stirred men's minds; it has raised up a number of problems of detail of which there was no suspicion before, and of which the solution will have a certain importance in the future; it has—and this is a positive benefit—excited a searching European inquiry into the condition of the working classes; it has uncovered the hidden sores of the system founded upon the spirit of caste and monopoly; it has incited the bourgeoisie to a reaction so ferocious and absurd, that its condemnation, as a governing caste, is consequently assured at no distant period. But it has falsified and endangered the great social European idea, raised up innumerable obstacles to its progress, and aroused against it furious enemies, where it ought naturally to have found friends—in the small bourgeoisie; it has kept numbers of intelligent men from entertaining the urgent question of liberty; it has divided, broken up into fractions, the camp of democracy, for which, if united, an ample field of

conquests, already morally won, was assured. The French socialists deny this; but for every impartial mind the state into which France has fallen must be an argument which admits of no reply.

France is still profoundly materialist; not in the aspirations of her people whenever they are collectively manifested, but in the majority of her intellectual men, her writers, her statesmen, her political agitators. She is so almost in spite of herself, often even without knowing it, and believing herself to be the contrary. She talks of God without feeling Him; of Jesus while dressing Him up in the garb of Bentham; of immortality while confining it to the earth; of European solidarity while making Paris the brain of the world. The philosophy of the eighteenth century still possesses her. She has changed her phraseology, but the thing, the parent idea, remains. She is still commenting, under one disguise or another, on the dogma of *physical well-being*, the law of *happiness*, which the catechism of Volney drew from Bentham.

Analysis has almost destroyed in France the conception of life. The faculty of synthetical intuition, which alone gives us the power of embracing the idea of Life in its unity and comprehending its law, has disappeared with the religious sentiment; giving place to a habit of dividing an intellectual question into fractions, and of fastening by turns

upon one of its manifestations only; thus taking a part for the whole. Mind has become again, in some sort, polytheistical. Every man is a formula, every formula a mere fragment of the civilizing synthesis. You have mystics, materialists, eclectics; not a single philosopher. You meet with Fourierists, Communists, Proudhonians; very few French Republicans, making the Republic a symbol of all progressive development. French intelligence attaches itself exclusively to one face of the moral polyhedron. Each secondary end becomes for it the great end to be attained; each remedy for a single malady, an universal panacea. The school of St. Simon recognized in history only *critical* and *organic* epochs; it defamed the one and lauded the other; forgetting that every epoch is *critical* in relation to the preceding one, *organic* in relation to itself or to the future. Other schools establish a perpetual antagonism between religion and philosophy; without ever suspecting that philosophy accepts the fall of one belief only on condition of preparing the way to a new one; and that, generally, the substantial difference between religion and philosophy is this, that the latter is—when scepticism is not mistaken for it—the religion of the individual; whilst the former is the philosophy of the many, of collective humanity. This tendency to cut up into fragments that which ought to harmonize as a whole, is the radical vice of French *Socialism.* It

has torn up the banner of the future, and each school, seizing upon one of the fragments, declares it to be the whole. Each word of the device, *liberty, equality, fraternity*, serves, separated from the other two, as the programme for a school. Each of the two great unalterable facts, the individual and society, is the soul of a sect, to the exclusion of the other. The individual, that is to say, liberty, is destroyed in the Utopia of St. Simon, in the Communism of Babeuf, and in that of his successors, by whatever name they call themselves. The social aim disappeared in Fourierism; it is openly denied by Proudhon. It would seem that it is not given to the French to understand that the *individual* and *society* are equally sacred and indestructible, and that it is the discovery of a method of reuniting and harmonizing these two things which is the aim of every effort of the present time.

Life is one: the individual and society are its two necessary manifestations; life considered singly, and life in relation to others. Flames kindled upon a common altar, they approach each other in rising, until they mingle together in God. The individual and society are sacred; not only because they are two great *facts*, which cannot be abolished, and which, consequently, we must endeavour to conciliate —but because they represent the only two *criteria* which we possess for realizing our object, the truth; namely, *conscience* and *tradition*. The manifestation

of truth being progressive, these two instruments for its discovery ought to be continually transformed and perfected; but we cannot suppress them without condemning ourselves to eternal darkness; we cannot suppress or subalternize one, without irreparably mutilating our power. Individuality, that is to say, conscience, applied alone, leads to anarchy; society, that is to say, tradition, if it be not constantly interpreted and impelled upon the route of the future by the intuition of conscience, begets despotism and immobility. Truth is found at their point of intersection. It is forbidden, then, to the individual to emancipate himself from the social object which constitutes his task here below; and forbidden to society to crush or tyrannize over the individual; but nevertheless, if we examine the basis of the French *socialist* systems, we shall find nearly all of them defective in one or other of these respects.

This system of dismembering that which is essentially one has produced its effect in the actual state of things. French democracy has separated itself into two camps—that of politics and that of socialism. The occupants of the first call themselves men of revolutionary tradition; the others, prophets, or apostles of social reform. This has produced an absurd antagonism between the men who say, *Let the nation be free, she shall then judge between us all;* and the men who, shutting themselves

up in a vicious circle, say, *The nation cannot be free unless she adopt our system*—the vanity of the Utopist substituting itself for the collective mind. Some sects have advocated indifference to the questions of organization of power; pretending that the social transformation could take place under any form of government. Other fractions of the party have replied by reacting violently against every *socialist* idea; by refusing the co-operation of all those who declared themselves believers in any given system; and by exaggerating to themselves the danger of some exclusive views, destined to disappear submerged in the first storm of the popular ocean. Others, again, fearing the exactions of the working classes, led astray by the doctrines of the Utopists, have desired to avoid the danger at any price, and have preached to the people during three years, that their best policy is peace; abstention from every manifestation, that of the electoral urn excepted. The bourgeoisie, systematically threatened and pointed out to the indignation of the working classes as a hostile power, fell back upon the *status quo*, fortifying itself by leaning on the government: the people reacted against it by organizing itself for insurrection. Anarchy entered the ranks. A man, gifted with a power of logic, disastrous because applied to the service of a false principle, and able to dominate weak minds by his incredible audacity and his clear and cutting rhetoric, came to

throw the light of his torch upon this anarchy, and took it for his motto, with a laugh. Proudhon, an anti-socialist, summed up in himself all the phases of socialism. He refuted one system by another; he killed off the chief of one sect by another; he contradicted himself ten times over. He enthroned Irony as queen of the world, and proclaimed the Void. It is through this void that Louis Napoleon has entered.

I have said that the first cause of this anarchical disorder of French socialism is the *materialism* which still governs the mind of the country. This is so true, that the worship of material interests has become its watchword. I know the exceptions, and I honour them, but they do not destroy the general fact. The great and noble question of the perfectibility of collective humanity, and the emancipation of the classes who are excluded from educational progress by the desperate struggle which they are obliged to maintain for the means of material existence, has been narrowed by the majority of French socialists to the proportions of a mere problem of industrial organization. That which ought only to be the indispensable *means* has become in their hands the final aim. They found man mistrustful, hostile, egotistical; and they thought to soften and improve him by an increase of wealth. Doubtless they have not denied the religion of the soul, but they have neglected it;

and by fixing, almost exclusively, the attention of the masses upon their material interests, they have assisted in corrupting them; they have, instead of destroying its source, enlarged the foundation of egotism, extending it from the bourgeoisie to the people. St. Simonianism, that is to say, the school which felt so strongly from the first the unity of humanity, that it had made its programme a religious one, finished by the worship of *happiness;* by what it termed the *rehabilitation of the flesh;* by the identification of the *peaceful* epoch of the future with the *industrial* one. Its disciples are, nearly all of them, to be found at the present time in the ranks of the existing power, whatsoever it may be. Fourier, still bolder, denied morality, and gave *pleasure* as the watchword of progress; legitimized all human passions, and materialized the soul by a degrading theory of enjoyment. Communism made of men's wants the foundation of society; it was ever speaking of the right to happiness; it made the abolition of individual property the secret of the regeneration of the world. Proudhon, endeavouring to avoid the destructive character and to produce something organic, placed at the summit of the social pyramid, in the place of God, a bank of gratuitous credit. The worship of material interests spread from the chiefs to their subalterns, to the commonalty of the party; exaggerated, intolerant, vindictive, and exclusive. They continued,

in the name of the red republic, the dissolving, corrupting task of Louis Philippe. They spoke of money, when they ought to have stirred up souls in the name of the honour of France; of property to be acquired, when they ought to have spoken of duty; of hatred to the bourgeoisie, whilst military dictatorship was at their doors. They now gather the bitter fruits of their error; some of them even avow it; others are only prevented from so doing by an inexcusable vanity.

Man is not changed by whitewashing or gilding his habitation; a people cannot be regenerated by teaching them the worship of enjoyment; they cannot be taught a spirit of sacrifice by speaking to them of material rewards. It is the soul which creates to itself a body; the idea which makes for itself a habitation. The Utopist may see afar from the lofty hill the distant land which will give to society a virgin soil, a purer air; his duty is to point it out with a gesture and a word to his brothers; but he cannot take humanity in his arms, and carry it there with a single bound; even if this were in his power, humanity would not therefore have progressed.

Progress is the consciousness of progress. Man must attain it step by step, by the sweat of his brow. The transformation of the *medium* in which he lives only takes place in proportion as he merits it; and he can only merit it by struggle; by de-

voting himself and purifying himself, by good works and holy sorrow. He must not be taught to enjoy, but rather to suffer for others; to combat for the salvation of the world. It must not be said to him, *Enjoy; life is the right to happiness;* but, rather, *Work; life is a duty, do good without thinking of the consequences to yourself.* He must not be taught, *To each according to his wants,* or *To each according to his passions,* but rather, *To each according to his love.* To invent formulæ and organizations, and neglect the internal man, is to desire to substitute the frame for the picture. Say to men, *Come, suffer; you will hunger and thirst; you will, perhaps, be deceived, be betrayed, cursed; but you have a great duty to accomplish:* they will be deaf, perhaps, for a long time, to the severe voice of virtue; but on the day that they do come to you, they will come as heroes, and will be invincible. Say to them, *Arise, come and enjoy; the banquet of life awaits you; overthrow those who would prevent you from entering:* you will make egotists who would desert you at the first musket-shot, such as those who, the day after having cried *Vive la République,* vote for Louis Napoleon, if he but makes them tremble, or if he promises them to mingle a few grains of socialism with his despotism.

It is the instinctive belief in these things which renders the cause of the Nationalities powerful and sacred. It is by this worship of the idea, of the

true, of the morally just, that the initiative of European progress belongs to them.

It was not for a material interest that the people of Vienna fought in 1848; in weakening the empire they could only lose power. It was not for an increase of wealth that the people of Lombardy fought in the same year; the Austrian Government had endeavoured in the year preceding to excite the peasants against the landed proprietors, as they had done in Gallicia; but everywhere they had failed. They struggled, they still struggle, as do Poland, Germany, and Hungary, for country and liberty; for a word inscribed upon a banner, proclaiming to the world that they also live, think, love, and labour for the benefit of all. They speak the same language, they bear about them the impress of consanguinity, they kneel beside the same tombs, they glory in the same tradition; and they demand to associate freely, without obstacles, without foreign domination, in order to elaborate and express their idea; to contribute their stone also to the great pyramid of history. It is something moral which they are seeking; and this moral something is in fact, even politically speaking, the most important question in the present state of things. It is the organization of the European task. It is no longer the savage, hostile, quarrelsome nationality of two hundred years ago which is invoked by these

peoples. The nationality which Ancillon founded upon the following principle—*Whichever people, by its superiority of strength, and by its geographical position, can do us an injury, is our natural-enemy; whichever cannot do us an injury, but can by the amount of its force and by its position injure our enemy, is our natural ally,*—is the princely nationality of aristocracies or royal races. The nationality of the peoples has not these dangers; it can only be founded by a common effort and a common movement; sympathy and alliance will be its result. In principle, as in the ideas formally laid down by the men influencing every national party, nationality ought only to be to humanity that which the division of labour is in a workshop; the recognised symbol of association; the assertion of the individuality of a human group called by its geographical position, its traditions, and its language, to fulfil a special function in the European work of civilization.

The map of Europe has to be re-made. This is the key to the present movement; herein lies the initiative. Before acting, the instrument for action must be organized; before building, the ground must be one's own. The social idea cannot be realized under any form whatsoever before this reorganization of Europe is effected; before the peoples are free to interrogate themselves; to express their vocation, and to assure its accomplish-

ment by an alliance capable of substituting itself for the absolutist league which now reigns supreme.

Take the map of Europe. Study it synthetically in its geographical structure, in the great indications furnished by the lines of mountains and rivers, in the symmetrical arrangement of its parts. Compare the previsions of the future which this examination suggests, with the existing collocation of the principal races and idioms. Open the page of history, and seek for the signs of vitality in the different populations, resulting from the *ensemble* of their traditions; listen, in short, to the cry which rises from the conscience of these populations through their struggles and their martyrs. Then observe the official governmental map, such as has been sanctioned by the treaties of 1815. In the contrast between the two, you will find the definitive answer to the terrors and complaints of diplomatists. Here is the secret of the *conspiracy* which they are endeavouring to destroy, and which will destroy them. Here also is the secret of the future world.

It is in these thirteen or fourteen groups, now dismembered into fifty divisions, almost all weak and powerless in comparison with five of them possessing an irresistibly preponderating force. It is in this Germany, now divided into thirty-five or thirty-six States; a prey alternately to the ambi-

tion of Prussia and Austria, and which acknowledges no other divisions than those of pure Teutonic nationality in the south and of Saxony in the north, united on the line of the Maine. It is ir this immense race, whose outposts extend as far as Central Germany in Moravia, which has not yet uttered its national cry to Europe, and which aspires to utter it —in heroic Poland, whom we have so much admired only to forget her at the moment of her downfall—in the Sclavonia of the south, extending its branches along the Danube, and destined to rally itself in a vast confederation, probably under the initiative of Hungary—in the Roumaine race, an Italian colony planted by Trajan in the lower basin of the Danube, which would appear to be called upon to serve as a bridge of communication between the Sclavonian and the Greco-Latin races. It is in Greece, which has not risen from the tomb where it lay buried for ages to become a petty German viceroyalty, but to become, by extending itself to Constantinople, a powerful barrier against the European encroachments of Russia. It is in Spain and Portugal, destined sooner or later to be united as an Iberian peninsula. It is in the ancient land of Odin, Scandinavia, of which Sweden must some day complete the unity. It is, above all, in Italy, a predestined nation, which cannot resolve the question of its independence without overthrowing the empire and

the papacy at the same time, and planting upon the Capitol and the Vatican the banner of the inviolability of the human soul for the whole world.

I have not space for all that I would fain say upon this subject of the nationalities, of which the importance is as yet unrecognised in England. I would willingly trace the first lines of the study which I have suggested; I would willingly apply the deductions arising from it to each of the countries which I have just named, and enter into the details of the movement which has, since a certain number of years, acquired a practical value. This I cannot now do. But I affirm with profound conviction, that this movement, only just commenced in some of the groups, already far advanced for the others, has attained in Italy, in Hungary, in Vienna, in a great part of Germany, and in some of the Sclavonian populations, a degree of importance, which must, at no distant period, produce decisive results. It is probable that the initiative of these events will spring from Italy; it is already ripe: but let it come from where it may, it will be followed. An isolated national revolution is no longer possible. The first war-cry which arises will carry with it a whole zone of Europe, and through it Europe herself. It will be the epopee of which 1848 has been the prologue.

In the face of this crisis, which every day brings nearer to us, what is England doing, and what ought she to do?

What she is doing is this.—She goes on from day to day wavering between a policy pretending to renew the alliance of the smaller against the menaces of the larger States, supporting itself upon a *moderate* party destitute of intelligence, energy, or strength—a policy which has no meaning when the question is between to be and not to be; and another policy which shamelessly says to the country, *We will play the spy for the sake of the established Governments.* The first policy timidly hesitates between that which is and that which will be; it caresses Prussia, condemned to impotence between terror of Austria and of German democracy; it seeks an ally against Austria in the Piedmontese monarchy, twice crushed at Milan and at Novarra, and which would inevitably be so a third time if it ever dared to defy again its enemy; it urges the established Governments to concessions, it recoils from their logical consequences; it irritates despotism without weakening it; it raises the hopes of the populations without realizing them; it must meet hatred from some, incredulity from others. The second policy openly retraces its steps towards absolutism. Both have brought England to the abdication of herself in the affairs of Europe; they

are bringing her sooner or later to absolute isolation. Self-abdication and isolation: is that a life worthy of England? Are nations no longer allied, as individuals are, by duty? Ought they not to do good and to combat evil? Are they not members of the great human family? Do they not share the life of all? Ought they not to communicate something of their life to all? Can they remain strangers to the common task of leading mankind towards perfection, the realization of the educational plan assigned to humanity? And have we the right of uttering the name of religion, when crime is committed at our very doors which we could prevent, and when we cross our arms in indifference? In 1831, England proclaimed the duty of non-intervention as the basis of European international relations. It was an irreligious and negative principle: we are all bound to intervene for good; we ought not to be able to intervene for evil. And yet this principle, coming between the two opposing elements, might be intelligible as a means of arriving at the true condition of the peoples and their capacity of realizing the progress which they invoke. How has it been maintained? Wherever nations have arisen to organize themselves in a manner more suitable to their present belief and interest, Prussian, Austrian, or French despotism has employed its brute force upon each isolated people; England has not even

protested upon the tombs of Rome and Hungary. The menace of the foreigner weighs upon the smaller States; the last sparks of European liberty are extinguished under the dictatorial vetc of the retrograde powers. England—the country of Elizabeth and Cromwell—has not a word to say in favour of the principle to which she owes her existence.

If England persist in maintaining this neutral, passive, selfish part, she will have to expiate it. A European transformation is inevitable. When it shall take place, when the struggle shall burst forth at twenty places at once, when the old combat between fact and right is decided, the peoples will remember that England has stood by, an inert, immovable, sceptical witness of their sufferings and efforts. Ancient alliances being broken, the old States having disappeared, where will be the new ones for England? New Europe will say to her, *Live thy own life.* This life will be more and more restricted by the gradual inevitable emancipation of her colonies. England will find herself some day a third-rate power, and to this she is being brought by a want of foresight in her statesmen.

The nation must rouse herself, and shake off the torpor of her Government. She must learn that we have arrived at one of those supreme moments, in which one world is destroyed and another is to

be created; in which, for the sake of others and for her own, it is necessary to adopt a new policy.

This policy is that of the Nationalities, that which will protect openly and boldly their free development; it is a great and a useful policy.

There is evidently an attempt at universal restoration in Europe. From Vienna it has passed to Rome; from Rome to Paris. Where will it stop? It is now hanging over Switzerland, Piedmont, and Belgium; it tends to suppress liberty, the press, the right of asylum. When that shall be accomplished, when England shall be the only European land upon which liberty, the press, the right of asylum, still exist, do you think that an effort will not be made to destroy them there? No army, perhaps, will succeed in landing upon her soil; but is it by invasion only that a country is destroyed? The Holy Alliance renewed, has it not ports to close, obstructions to oppose to travellers? Can it not forbid the introduction of the English press, spread papal corruption, sow divisions between class and class, excite revolts in the colonies. England arms: she authorizes rifle-clubs; she speaks of militia; she is then in fear; and yet she repulses the most efficient means of safety that Europe offers her; she leaves the peoples who would be her nearest allies to fall one by one under the attacks of *la terreur blanche;* she renounces with a

fatal obstinacy the glorious rôle which the loss of the French initiative yields to the first nation willing to seize upon it; a rôle which would assure to her the first influence in the Europe of the future, safety from all attempts against liberty, and the consciousness of the accomplishment of a duty towards the world. National defences! Her national defences against the Court of Rome are in Rome herself delivered from French occupation, that living insult to civilized Europe, which has no other object now than that of holding, in contempt of every right, a strategic position in Italy; her best defence against Austria is in Milan, at Venice, in Switzerland, in Hungary; against Russia, in Sweden, in Poland, in the Danubian Principalities; against France, in the alliance of the young nationalities which will shortly furnish her with the opportunity of overthrowing that imperialism which now threatens freedom everywhere, because an army is its slave, with the most dangerous enterprises.

Within the last two or three months a voice has reached us from across the Atlantic, saying, *Evil is being done daily in Europe; we will not tolerate its triumph, we will no longer give Cain's answer to God, who has made us free; we will not allow foreign armies to suppress the aspirations which we hold sacred, the ideas which may enlighten us. Let every people be free to live its own life. To main-*

tain this liberty, we are ready to intervene by word of mouth—if need be, by the sword. This cry, rising from the majority of the population, and from a part of the official world in the United States, is directed to England. It comes from a branch of her own race. Let her accept it, and rebaptize her alliance with America by a policy worthy of both. There is something great in this idea of an Anglo-American alliance coming from the lips of an exile. The laying of the first stone of that religious temple of humanity which we all foresee, is a labour well worthy the co-operation of the two worlds.

ON THE "THEORY OF THE DAGGER."

TO DANIEL MANIN. 1856.

WHEN you, who in 1848 were at the head of a Republic, and who are dear to all of us from the memory of that great defence, and from the dignity of your conduct in exile—suddenly broke silence and cast the flag—I will not say of the Republic, but of the nation—at the feet of a king, I grieved for you and for Italy in silence.

. . . . .

Nevertheless, so unwilling am I to encourage by example a habit of polemics, that I should have continued silent; but one of your last writings, under the cover of a moral lesson, casts such an accusation upon our party, that not to repudiate it would look like approval or indifference. In that letter you say *that the party will never succeed if it do not solemnly renounce the "theory of the dagger."*

That letter was printed in a foreign land. It was printed in the *Times*, a paper which, initiated in the tactics of diplomacy, is now pointing out the necessity of some local reforms in the centre and south of Italy; but always was and is adverse to

our national cause—a paper which always preached alliance with Austria—which has always raged systematically against every Italian insurrection, and spread the most barefaced calumnies against the leaders—a paper which has furiously inveighed against every noble effort of the people of Lombardy, and repeatedly declared us corrupted, unfit for and incapable of liberty—a paper which lately, at the suggestion of its masters, pointed out some undeniable symptoms of improvement in Piedmont, as if, in 1848 and 1849, Rome, Milan, your own Venice, and a dozen other points of Italy, had not proclaimed us, in the face of all Europe, a race untainted by license or anarchy, and inferior to none in fitness for free government.

In such a paper a sense of personal dignity and respect for your nation should forbid you to write. But how could you fail to perceive that by the insertion of that letter—while assuming for yourself alone a patent of morality—you were offering to our enemies a powerful weapon against the whole national party, and against your country?

When the present artful tactics of the government, to which you are now unconsciously adding the authority of your name, shall have accomplished their aim, or despaired of effecting it—when the masters of the *Times*, who are now endeavouring to decoy us with illusions of local reforms, from our sole true aim, free national unity

—shall believe the moment arrived for a change of language, they will comment upon your letter, and appeal to it to prove the assertion that we set up the theory of the dagger as the means of our emancipation: they will say that the national party, or an important fraction of the party, had accepted it; and that you, once the head of a Republic and bearing an honoured name, had felt yourself obliged to protest against that theory. They will assert that the party did not listen to your counsels, and, bringing in evidence thereof the first isolated act of individual anger or revenge committed in any corner of the Peninsula, they will assert that we are a people utterly ferocious, degraded, and unworthy of the sympathies of Europe.

And as if to substantiate beforehand such an accusation, and allow others to suppose a powerful secret organization for murder to exist—you speak repeatedly of the courage needed to write your letter. Courage! You well know that by declaiming against the dagger you will obtain—without the smallest shadow of risk—the name of the most moral among all the leaders of Italy, from all those who, secure beneath the shelter of their national flag, secure in the exercise of their rights, secure in a well-organized national justice—coldly judge the irregular and convulsive efforts of uneducated and oppressed men, who have no hope

left save in a bloody struggle, and no tribunal to establish the balance of justice between them and those who tyrannize over them.

I have been told by some, that in denouncing the theory of the dagger, you intend indirectly to attack me, and the men united with me in an idea of action. I do not believe your soul so unworthy, and I repudiate the suspicion. Yet how was it that the mere affection due to one who for more than five-and-twenty years has struggled for the Italian cause, did not suggest to you that others might so interpret your words? How could you forget that the governments and the moderate papers of Piedmont and Lombardy, and the *Times*, the depository of your opinions, have emulated each other in casting upon me this cowardly accusation ever since the 6th February 1853? How could you fail to remember that by thus protesting against the "*theory of the dagger*," you were abetting, in discourteous forgetfulness, the calumnies disseminated by the spies, credulous men, and unconscientious enemies, who have accused me of sentences of death, secret tribunals, and illegal revenge?

However, it is not in my own name—to me, now, praise or blame are alike indifferent, unless springing from those I love and who love me—but in the name of a whole party, that I solemnly ask you, "Since when was the *theory of the dagger*

sanctioned in Italy? By whom promulgated? By whom supported in either word or deed?

If by the theory of the dagger you mean the language of one who says to an enslaved people, without a country or a national flag, "Arise! slay or be slain. You are not men, but machines, to be used at the good pleasure of your foreign rulers. You are not a people, but a race of despised and disinherited serfs. You are not Italians; but the Israelites, Pariahs, Helots of Europe. You have not the name nor the baptism of nationality; but are a population of men represented by a mere cypher; as were the best of your sons by Francis I. of Austria, when they lay groaning, tormented, and buried in his dungeons of Spielberg. Your first, your sole duty is to be men, citizens. Every education must begin with this. No progress can be initiated save by those who exist. Arise, then, and exist. Arise, tremendous to all who oppose you in the name of brute force, in the way pointed out to you by God. Arise, in holy anger. If your oppressors have disarmed you, create arms to combat them; make weapons of the irons of your crosses, the nails of your workshops, the stones of your streets, the daggers you can shape from your workmen's files. Snatch by artifice and by surprise those arms by which the foreigner takes from you your honour, your property, your rights, and your life. From the dagger of the Vespers, to the stone of

Balilla and the knife of Palafox, blessed be in your hands every weapon that can destroy the enemy and set you free;"—this language is mine, and it should be yours. The weapon that slew Mincovich in your arsenal, initiated that insurrection of which you accepted the direction in Venice. It was a weapon of irregular warfare, like that which, three months before the Republic, destroyed the Minister Rossi in Rome.

But if by the theory of the dagger you mean the language of any who would say to our fellow-citizens, "Strike—not to initiate the insurrection, but merely to wound, and because you cannot or will not arise in war; strike in the dark, isolated individuals whose life or death forms no obstacle to the salvation of their country: substitute the revenge which degrades, to the conspiracy which emancipates; make of yourselves a tribunal before you are even citizens, and without giving your victims time for repentance or exculpation;"—who utters such language?—who has disseminated in Italy this atrocious theory? It is your duty to declare this, or retract the accusation.

Once only, in 1849, were such words whispered by a few wicked or misled men in Ancona. We, the Republicans, answered it, by placing Ancona in a state of siege, and although surrounded by factions more than ever excited by the French invasion, we suppressed at once, with the utmost vigour,

those acts of insane ferocity. The Republic left Rome pure and free from terror or vengeance, and without having signed one sentence of death even amid the dangers of the siege.

Since that time, Italy being again overclouded by the darkness of slavery, some few isolated facts of violence have arisen—the answer of desperate men to long and unheard-of persecutions. They have sprung from individuals, from the rage of men whose fathers and brothers have been shot or tortured by military commissions. And you have a right to blame or deplore them as useless, dangerous, and unworthy of members of a party that seeks to create a people; but not to fix them upon the whole party, and point them out to Europe as the practical application of a theory which does not exist.

At this present time there are men wandering about Modena who have come out of the prisons, rendered imbecile by the administration of belladonna to weaken their minds and force them to betray their friends. A Lombard man of the people, named Cervieri—to cite only one name and one instance among many—received twenty lashes every day for a week, in Mantua, for having contrived to give money to Calvi, that he might pay a debt he owed a fellow-prisoner, before he was strangled by the Austrians. The Austrians after refused to pay the debt, keeping the money *for the*

expense of the cord and the executioner. If a son or a brother of Cervieri or of Calvi had seized a weapon and stabbed in the market-place the first he met of their oppressors, would you call that the result of the *theory of the dagger?*

In the insane, incessant, inhuman persecution carried on against thought, or the smallest suspicious act—against the property and lives of all those guilty or believed to be guilty of love of country—in the rod made law over the half of Italy—in the constant insolence of her foreign masters—in the feverish irritation kept up by their vexatious police regulations and their shameless espionage—in the hatreds excited by the payment of denunciations—conspiracy is the only protection. In all the oppression consummated under the protection of a government abhorred as the Papal government is—in all the paltry subaltern tyrants, personally known to every individual in our not extensive cities—in the absence of all popular education—in the forced contempt for every existing institution—in the impossibility of obtaining justice against the subterfuges of their oppressors—in that contempt for life, which is a necessary consequence of the uncertainty of the morrow under a condition of things based solely on the arbitrary will of those in power—in the culpable indifference of governmental Europe to an idea of nationality, and an immense

aspiration nourished by a people, though forcibly restrained for more than half a century—in this state of things is the true source of the *fact* of the dagger.

The party, collectively speaking, has repudiated and repudiates the fearful temptation offered to them by their masters.

If a few individuals, acting only from their own inspiration, succumb, it is a fact a consequent upon the causes we have indicated above, and such facts will not cease until the causes are destroyed. It was necessary to state this. It was necessary to remind Europe how sublime our people showed itself on every point of Italy (whenever it had a ray of free life) in its pardon and forgetfulness. It was necessary to remember that which was stated but the other day in self-contradiction by an English minister* in the House of Commons, speaking of Rome; *that our cities were never so well governed, and so free from crime and violence, as when the Republican banner floated above their walls.* It was necessary to paint again the picture of our terrible condition, and to cry aloud that the Austrian government, by persisting, against the unanimous desire of the nation, in retaining that which is not its own;—that the government of France, by shutting up the path of progress in Rome;—that the Protestant English

* Lord Palmerston.

government, by declaring in its despatches its desire for the return of the Pope;—that all the European governments, by forbidding Italy to become a nation, are responsible before God and man for the daggers that glitter amid the darkness in our land. They all conspire to prevent our free development, and maintain a great injustice upon our soil. Let them blame themselves when, from time to time, there bursts forth an irregular and violent protest from a people uneducated, enslaved, and left alone.

This was, I think, your duty. To say to the men who are suffering under the knife of the executioner, "Use not the knife in your turn," is the same thing as to say to a man dying in an atmosphere of pestilence, "Let your blood flow calmly through your veins—cure yourself." It is a similar error to that of the worthy men who would refrain from initiating Republican institutions, until those born and educated under a monarchical despotism have acquired the virtues of Republicans.

The theory of the dagger has never existed in Italy; the *fact* of the dagger will disappear whenever Italy shall have a life of her own, her rights recognised, and justice done to her.

At present, I do not approve; I deplore; but I have not the heart to curse. When a man (Vandoni, in Milan) seeks by every possible artifice to induce an old friend to take from him a note of the Italian National Loan, and then goes to the police

of the Foreign Ruler to denounce him, and a working-man arises and slays the Judas in the broad daylight in the public streets,—I have not the courage to cast the first stone at the man who thus takes upon himself to represent social justice and abhorrence of tyranny.

I abhor the shedding of a single drop of blood when not absolutely necessary to the triumph or consecration of a holy principle. I believe that Society, which is able to defend itself, is wrong to admit the punishment of death, and I look forward to the first decree of the triumphant Republic being the abolition of the scaffold. I mourn over every individual vengeance, even when against the wicked, and when it occurs where legal justice is unrepresented. Careless of being accused of weakness, I refused to put my signature to a condemnation to death which had been pronounced by a council of war upon a guilty soldier. I do not, therefore, fear that any honest man will misinterpret my words when I say, that there are exceptional moments in the life and history of nations, not to be judged by the normal rules of human justice, and in which the actors can only receive inspiration from their conscience and from God.

Sacred in the hand of Judith was the sword that took the life of Holofernes; sacred was the dagger which Harmodious encircled with roses; sacred the dagger of Brutus; sacred the stiletto of

the Sicilian who began the Vespers; sacred the arrow of Tell. Whenever justice is extinct, and the terror of a single tyrant cancels and denies the conscience of a people, and the God who willed them free—if a man, pure from hatred and every baser passion—arises, in the religion of country, and in the name of the eternal right incarnate within him, and says to him, "You torture millions of my brothers; you withhold from them that which God has decreed theirs; you destroy their bodies, and corrupt their souls; through you my country dies a lingering death; you are the keystone of an entire edifice of slavery, dishonour, and wrong; I overthrow that edifice by destroying you,"—I recognise in that manifestation of tremendous equality between the tyrant of millions and a single individual, the finger of God. Most men feel in their hearts as I do. I express it.

I would not, then, cast the anathema as you do, Manin, upon these acts, nor say with flagrant injustice to these men, "You are cowards." I would not say to the party which does not encourage such acts, "You will fail in your aim, if you do not cause such things to cease;" the party cannot cause them to cease—I would say to them, "Why do you strike, unhappy men? What do you seek? If ever man has a right over the life of a fellow-man, I know that the spy, the traitor, the men who accept money from the foreign oppressor with the infam-

ous mission of torturing and leading to the scaffold their brethren who cannot endure patiently the slavery of their country, are indeed vile and deserving of death—but what avails it to kill them? or would you kill them all? And shall you alone be judge of what passes in the conscience of your victims? Can you tell that to-morrow they may not repent, and become better men? Will you become wicked, even as they? To conquer them, we must be superior to them; to deserve victory, we must purify our hearts from anger, ferocity, and vengeance. We are the apostles of the future country. We seek to found the nation. In that holy idea, and in our duty to secure its triumph, lie the source of our right. Now can you found a nation, or conquer for yourselves a country, by such means? The essential thing for you is, not to rid yourselves of the few satellites surrounding your tyrants, but of tyranny. As long as that endures—as long as you have corruption on the judgment seat, foreign bayonets, and scaffolds—so long you will have corrupt citizens, traitors through cowardice, prosecutors, and executions. There will always be swarms of such, because the gleam of your dagger is rare and uncertain; whilst the bayonet of the oppressor glitters continually before their eyes, inexorable and all-powerful. Concentrate then, all your energies in a collective thought of insurrection, which will free at once your native soil from the

causes creating vice and depravity. Turn against the foreign invaders the steel you now grasp, instead of taking upon yourselves the solemn responsibility of judges, without reflection, against men who are merely the instruments of the tyranny which crushes you. Once free, you will neither have to fear nor punish either traitors or iniquitous judges. The right of conquering for yourselves your own country, is a right given to you by God; that which you assume to yourselves against the blind individual agents of despotism, holds the balance suspended between justice and crime."

These men would concede to me the right of holding this language, because I also say to them, "Arise," and point out the sole, straightforward, national path; and endeavour by every means in my power to enable them to follow it. I accept and invoke the fraternal co-operation of all, and call upon the Italians to unite in active and harmonious exertion, and accept a programme which no one, without intolerance or treason to our common country, can reject. "Let the nation save the nation; let the nation, once free and united, decide upon its own destiny." But you! place your hand upon your heart and answer me; if one of these men whom you anathematize were to arise and say to you: "You, Daniel Manin, like others, have preached to us hatred to foreign domination; the national idea; abhorrence of the Italians who

deny our faith in it—you, like others, have awakened in our hearts the thirst of country; why do you not lead us, with the others, to the conquest of this ideal? Why do you forsake us? Why, instead of turning to us, your brothers, do you turn to diplomacy, to foreign courts, to a Monarchy which neither has the will nor the power to save us? We are many millions. In 1848 and 1849, we proved ourselves capable of emancipating our soil. We are stronger now than we were then; the very facts you disapprove show it. Why do you not aid us in the work of our redemption, as we wish you to do? Why do you and others, whom we once hailed and are ready again to hail as leaders, not unite with us, and struggle with us? You do not like our daggers, why not give us guns? You could do this. If you, and with you ten other names, dear to us all, would unitedly, openly, and boldly declare the hour has come, and ask from the rich to help with a portion of their gold, us who throw our heart's blood into the balance; you would succeed, convince, and excite a spirit of sacrifice in those who now, amid the anarchy of the party, hesitate irresolute. Why do you not do this? Why do you lead us from illusion to illusion, until despair settles upon our souls? Do you hope that the tyrants of Europe will destroy each other for us? Do you hope that the emancipation of Italy will be accomplished by

foreign powers? No. Come openly and frankly with us. Aid our hands with your head. Then, and then only, will you have a right to offer us counsel."

What answer could you make to such language?

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

ADDRESS OF THE COUNCIL OF THE PEOPLE'S INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE.

(First Published in 1847.)

THE insularity of England among the family of European nations is more than that of mere geographical position. Self-contained and self-contented, her people, as a people, seldom extend an enlightened regard or a warm sympathy beyond the narrow sphere of cares and interests involved in the progressive development of the internal powers and resources of their own country. That high, earnest, and ever-watchful Public Opinion, which is the Palladium of the rights and immunities of Englishmen, is concentrated on the affairs of their own island home; *foreign* relations — as the mutual affinities and inter-dependencies of communities are styled—being regarded as the exclusive and peculiar province of statesmen and diplomatists.

In this field the wholesome jealousy of power, characteristic of the English mind, either works not at all, or works in ignorance of the true bearings and tendencies of the transactions which it seeks to control. That "proud indolence," in regard to "foreign affairs," with which the statesmen of a neighbouring country charge us, or the "apathy" of which many of our own

political writers have loudly complained, is at once selfish, impolitic, and unjust. The Unity of Humanity, which expresses the law of individual intercourse, also includes the law of the intercommunication of nations. The sentiment, enthusiastically responded to by the human instincts of a Roman audience, even in Rome's most corrupt days, has yet to be extended and applied by Christian England to international interests. 'WE ARE A NATION, AND NOTHING THAT CONCERNS OTHER NATIONS DO WE DEEM FOREIGN TO US. Through good and evil report, to this principle we must firmly adhere, if we would have our claim of "teaching the nations how to live" held for more than an idle boast. It is not enough that we have established, and are resolute to further and maintain, our own freedom and nationality. Our wishes and endeavours must tend to secure the same blessings for other countries. As no man will reach heaven who seeks to reach it alone, so no nation will ever develop the highest and most enduring forms of national life, while it is contented to remain the passive and uninterested spectator of the onward and upward struggles of kindred peoples. A recluse tribe is as anomalous as a single anchorite. Seclusion is an indulgence that can, in neither case, be gratified except at the sacrifice of duty, and duty is never sacrificed except at the cost of our true interest. For self alone, no man, no people lives. Multiplicity in Unity is the law and type of National progress. The varied forms of opinion, character, and institution, by which the nations of Europe are respectively distinguished, are all aggregate elements in the great unit of European civilisation; and the nation which in solitary selfishness resists the interchange of these God-ordained influences, sins against that law of moral gravitation which knits communities in the same bonds of relationship by which classes and

individuals are held together. Though many, the nations of Europe are *One, and all members one of another.* In the well-being of each all are interested; for all share, consciously or unconsciously, in the mixed good and evil which affects each.

An isolative national policy, which we have seen to be morally wrong, we might naturally, nay, must necessarily, presume to be politically imprudent. It encourages Absolutism to interfere with national rights in a way that Absolutism would not dare to attempt, if nations were fully alive to the importance of the common interest which unites them. The popular indifference in England to the course of continental policy invites despotic aggression abroad. It does more. It paralyses the power of any honest Government at home, to adopt the measures of beneficent intervention necessary to repress meditated outrage, or to redress committed wrong; while it offers impunity to a false and fatal compliance with the views of despots, on the part of rulers who may be adverse to the principles of pacific social progress.

How small the amount of enlightened public opinion that can, in the present eventful crisis of our country's external relations, be brought to bear upon British Statesmanship! How few the Englishmen who are not either uninformed or misinformed in regard to the character, connection, and consequences of the recent circumstances under which the policy of the Peace of 1815, from time to time undermined, has finally been demolished by the hands which reared it. In the ranks of the great industrial classes of this country,—the substantial depositary of political power,—beyond the ill-considered cry of "Peace, peace," when there is no peace, absolutely *no symptom of public opinion* exists on the subject; and the settlement of a grave question, involving

interests of primary importance to England and to Europe, is left to the discretion or caprice of a Government; under conditions that curb and cripple a good Minister, and leave a bad Minister free to run his unchecked course.

These things ought not to be. Englishmen should be cognisant of the processes through which the progressive destinies of Europe are being worked out; so that whenever European affairs may call for interference, they may be in no doubt as to the course to be pursued. Our people must learn to bring to the consideration of foreign questions, the same vigilance, prudence, and sagacity, which they bestow on home questions. They must not indolently abdicate their right to adjudicate on such matters, in favour of uncontrolled and irresponsible diplomacy; but be themselves able and ready to pronounce judgment in a tone and spirit worthy of freemen, conscious of their position and duty; with the calmness of collected thought, and the firmness and power which only knowledge can impart. For the progress we have already made in our internal policy; for the removal of restrictions,—religious, political, social and economic;—for the views and hopes of a higher liberty, which still open to us in distinct though distant vista, we are indebted wholly and solely to the influence of enlightened public opinion upon the action of Government and legislation. Should not this consideration inspire the endeavour, in regard also to our foreign policy and relations, to create a public opinion; which, trusting to our past history and our national character, may ultimately do that for the cause of European progress, which a like agency has done for the liberties of our own country?

To place England in this position of knowledge and matured opinion is the aim of the proposed People's International League. It will avail itself of all practic-

able means within the compass of English laws and English sympathies; for the purpose of working out its ends. The result, with the help of God and of all earnest men, will be to infuse new strength, morality and prosperity into England's social life; by harmonising under one high principle of Justice, Truth and Duty, her political and economic energy, and her national and international influence and agency.

The present position of general European politics, independently of the considerations above submitted, justifies—were justification needed—the formation of our League. The virtual abrogation of the Treaty of Vienna, by the recent suppression of Cracow, seems to open a new era to Europe. The political system established and guaranteed by that treaty, had already undergone repeated change and modifications. It needed only this public disclaimer of its obligations, to destroy any opinion that might remain as to the influence it yet exercised upon the destinies of Europe. France had long since thrown out the elder branch of the Bourbons, for whom especially the Congress of 1815 seemed to have provided. Portugal had changed her dynasty. Belgium had severed herself from Holland. The new kingdom of Greece had sprung up. And now the three great powers of Eastern Europe have proclaimed their absolute independence of its provisions. To what further aggressions this may be the prelude, it is impossible to foretell: enough that these Powers have shown that their usurpations are not restrained by treaties, however solemnly contracted. And while the absolute Powers are thus intent upon their own aggrandizement, the oppressed peoples of Europe are equally determined to assert, and sooner or later will achieve, their rights of Nationality and Self-government.

In the division of Europe among the several Powers, at the Congress of Vienna, an immense error, not to say

a great iniquity, was committed. The natural peculiarities of Character—the indications of different destinies in the diverse natural tendencies of various peoples—deducible from their languages, creeds, habits, historical traditions, and geographical position,—were altogether overlooked or disregarded. Questions of the balance of power; of imaginary equalities;—calculated by ciphers, representing square miles or millions of men,—not human ideas, human wants, and human tendencies,—were the considerations that decided the partition of Europe. It was a hurried, an ill-advised and improvident work; concocted, on the one hand, by Powers that had nothing in view but their own despotic interests and aggrandizement; on the other, by politicians looking no further than their own day; seeking only for present peace; frightened at, and weary of the convulsions through which Europe had just passed, and without faith in the future: men anxious merely to reconstitute the old system which Napoleon had broken down, and who had given neither time nor sympathy to the study of those vital elements out of which a new system might be constructed, and upon which alone permanent peace and progress can be established.

And what has been the result? First a hidden, then an open struggle against the established order of things. The spirit which God has breathed into the Peoples, in furtherance of his providential plan—the Spirit of Progress—is more powerful than any diplomatic arrangements; and it will not be long dammed up, nor diverted from its natural courses. Since 1815, at sundry times and in diverse manners, that spirit, which speaks in deeds, has uttered its protest: successfully in Greece, in France, and in Belgium; unsuccessfully, hitherto, in other places; but unceasingly, with ever-growing power, and with sure promise of ultimate success.

The question now at issue throughout Europe, at the bottom of all European movements, is the question of Nationality—of national rights and duties.

We have but to cast our eyes over the map of Europe, to see that it is so. We have but to watch, during the short space of a month, the symptoms now manifesting themselves in almost every part of Europe: signs of old things verging to decay, of new ones rising in their stead, prophetic sounds of no uncertain meaning; voices from the deep, telling us with unmistakable plainness of the spirit working underneath.

Poland.—See how her often-baffled but never-conquered determination to recover her right of Nationality, of distinctive life, has continually disturbed the peace of Europe since the first days of her spoliation; how impossible it is to tread out that determination; to eradicate the hate with which she regards her oppressors; to destroy the will which eventually must conquer.

Italy.—Mark how clearly the character of the agitation there is manifested; how visibly it has descended from the few to the masses; how, while it has compelled concessions, reforms, and promises from the Italian Governments, neither local remedies nor partial improvements stay its progress. It is no question of material interest, that may be appeased by fiscal arrangements. There is an Idea here at work,—the idea of Unity—of Nationality. The land of Dante, Petrarch, and Macchiavelli, yearns to fulfil their prophecy. It wants to be One. It is not an internal question about forms of government: it is a national question. Twenty-six millions of men, tried and disciplined by three hundred years of common bondage and martyrdom, want to unite in one compact body; to have some weight in the scale of nations; some recognition of their part and mission in the life and destinies of Europe.

Greece.—Called to a second life after a death of ages, can we think that the arbitrary barriers of diplomacy will be strong enough to repress her growing aspiration to re-unite in one common nationality all the Greek populations now in the hands of Turkey; to rally round her her children of Thessaly, of Macedonia, of Candia; and to build up a living Greece which ancestral memories may visit without breathing a reproach?

Switzerland.—Discontented with the constitution imposed upon her by the Allied Powers, in 1815, which has been a source of perpetual strife and weakness; she, too, desires change—to make herself a Nation, united in one Federal Bond; under which, while the local Cantonal Sovereignties will still continue to exist for Cantonal government, the general Swiss interests shall be represented by some central power not at present existing: the Diet being now composed of representatives of the Cantons, not of the Nation; representatives of local and partial interests, intrusted with imperative mandates from each Canton; not with the mission of representing all that constitutes Swiss life, Swiss independence, Swiss progress.

Slavonians.—A race of eighty millions (including the Poles and Russians), spreading from the Elbe to Kamshatka, from the Frozen Sea to Ragusi on the shores of the Adriatic: five millions of Tcheks, in Bohemia; two millions of Moravians, scattered through Silesia, Hungary, etc.; two millions of Slovaks, in Hungary; two millions of Croatians and Slovents, in Styria and Carinthia; the Serbes, Bulgars, and Bosniaks, in Turkey; the Dalmatians, Illirians, and Slavons, in Austria; they, too, are looking to a new era in Europe; they, too, having risen from a literary movement entirely unknown in England, to a political one equally unknown, are demanding the common life and unity of Nationality;

they, too, are prepared to start into being, at the first energetic and prolonged appeal of Poland, to form four nations (if we reckon Poles and Russians) bound in one great Federal Bond.

And, behind them, perhaps, as regards ripeness, yet still firmly bent toward the same point—National Unity, —comes Germany. Her tendencies were clear enough in 1813 and 1815, when the popular spirit was aroused against Napoleon; and, though betrayed by her Governments, the same spirit lives and works toward the one end.

From all this, the position of Europe, the volcano on which it sleeps, may be learned.

But must the explosion come? Is it not possible, by a wise foresight, to avoid the danger? May not a calm and peaceful evolution avert the threatened strife? Why cannot these Nationalities be recognised—as each proves the justice of its claim,—be set free to develop each its own peculiar growth; to fulfil each its own special mission, so to work out God's providential plan? for, if this is not God's plan, languages, tendencies, traditions, geographical characteristics, have no meaning. When a People is struggling to embody its inner life in new forms of outward institution, why not hail the event, and assist, instead of hindering, its ascent to the dignity and capacity of a Nation? Is not the will of the People the will of God? Is not England, for one, ready to welcome any new power, any new element of activity and civilisation?

There are, in Europe, three Powers representing Absolutism: the principle that denies man's right to self-government, self-development, and, consequently, progress towards the Right and Good,—that denies the right of national and individual freedom,—that virtually denies even the providence of God, by asserting that his

gift of national character, of peculiar genius, is so aimless and accidental that it may be thwarted or controlled by any arbitrary convention of despots. These three Powers are leagued together for any foul deed that may subserve their designs; and none are leagued against them.

There is in Europe, at the present time, no representative of the Good Principle: there are three of the Evil One.

And thus the question is left to force,—force between the oppressors and the oppressed; and by the assumption, "for peace' sake," of an utter indifference, by refusing to throw into the balance of European destinies the weight of a peaceful, but firm and generous assertion of the principles of Eternal Truth and Justice, by the denial of even passive sympathies with the oppressed and their aspirations, the nations of Western Europe compel those who are struggling for freedom to look to insurrection as their only hope. The consequences of this ignoble and fatal indifference are manifest enough. Cracow is swallowed up when Russia chooses; Poland is not even a name; Switzerland and Italy are threatened with intervention; treaties are set at naught, and protests mocked at. In the same speech in which the King of the French congratulates his subjects on the completion of a commercial treaty with Russia, he is forced to contradict that gratulation by the acknowledgment that Russia is no respecter of treaties. International faith is gone. There is security neither against political aggression nor for commercial enterprise. Having on our side abdicated that course of public duty which faith in God and Humanity points out, and which would have insured us the respect of Europe, we have now no hold upon these Powers, except through their interests, which may or may not be the same as ours. They have neither respect nor fear for us. They do not hesitate to hurl their

defiance at us :—"We shall rule, for we have the daring of Evil; we act: you have not the courage to stand up for Good."

Such a state of things cannot last: it is atheistic.

Are we not all of us, by God's will, one single family, endowed with the same rights, bound by the same duties, invested with the same mission of development and progress? Is it enough that we egotistically vindicate our own rights, if Eternal Right is every hour violated at our doors? Is it enough that we proclaim in ourselves the law of God (a law of duty and responsibility—and, therefore, necessarily of liberty), if we neglect to recognise this law for others? Is it enough that we call ourselves Christians, if we desert our brothers at their utmost need, struggling in a holy cause at fearful odds? Is it enough to care for national honour when some fancied slight affects the private interests of diplomacy, and to refuse all interference when the most solemn treaties are violated in our despite, when the honour of humanity is concerned? Is it enough to proclaim philanthropy and liberate the Blacks, when our fellow Whites are groaning around us? Is it enough to preach peace and non-intervention, and leave Force unchallenged ruler over three-fourths of Europe, to intervene, for its own unhallowed ends, when, where, and how, it thinks fit? Is it enough, in short, to call ourselves God's servants, while we leave Evil uninterfered with, and refuse to intervene between Right and Wrong?

Let all Englishmen who believe in one God, in one Duty, in one common brotherhood of mankind, think of this earnestly and deeply! Let them examine what, in this matter, is right and what wrong, and then decide. But, having once decided—whether with us or against us—let them speak and act in accordance with their decision. If nations are indeed to choose their own

Governments—if, in international questions, non-intervention is to be the rule of their conduct, let it at least be fairly and logically carried out. Let it be indeed non-intervention to which they pledge themselves—a consistent policy, which, though it will leave the destinies of a God-ordained nation to struggle upward alone and unaided against the tyranny of Force, will at least require from others an observance of the rule to which it binds itself; not the policy which has hitherto obtained—non-intervention, on our own part, in the struggle with which we cannot but sympathize, and, at the same time, permission of any intervention on the part of those who are openly leagued together to act against the cause of Truth, Right, and Justice. This is not so much non-intervention as indifference. Through our indifference we abdicate our claims to Christianity—to Humanity. Can it be that, after eighteen centuries of Christianity, we reach no higher faith than the ignoble "Every one for himself?" Can it be that, regardless of that Divine law which, requiring the best devotion of each for the best development of all, binds together all members of the human family, England—the England of the Reformation, the England of Elizabeth, and of Cromwell, self-centred in immoral indifference, gives up Europe to the dictatorship of Force; to the blind rule of the Powers representing that principle which, by her institutions, by her belief, she declares to be the Evil One? And was it but to yield submissively to *such* a dictatorship, that England for so many years poured out her treasures, and the best blood of her sons, in the contest against Napoleon?

And let Englishmen seriously meditate on the consequences which such an indifference must produce on even the future influence and the material prosperity of England! Suppose England persists in her carelessness and apathy, suppose she quietly looks on, without uttering a

single word of sympathy for the struggling Peoples of Europe. The explosion comes. The Austrian empire vanishes from the map, under the combined influence of its Slavonian and Italian subjects. Two Slavonian nations, and one Italian, arise out of its ruins. The Mediterranean and the Danube are in the hands of new powers. Greece lifts up her voice on eastern questions. Europe is altogether remodelled. What will England do? Will not her old alliances be shaken? Will the new nations readily take for their ally, for their partner in commercial activity, for their fellow-worker in the new channels opened to industrial energy, the Power which, while they were suffering and struggling, turned contemptuously away, and said, "I know you not?" Has English statesmanship no concern for the future?

There is no thought in this of any armed intervention in the affairs of Europe, no thought of England embroiling herself. Let her only speak out firmly and decidedly; her voice will be listened to, if it is felt that she is in earnest,—that the voice of her statesmen expresses the feeling of her people,—that her aspirations, as a nation, are ever for the Right. Her present apathy encourages aggression, and so does more than aught else to make the sword the sole arbiter of right. It is emphatically for Peace that the League is founded. Not the pretence of peace now existing, not the peace of Galicia; but peace founded upon right, and insured by justice. Peace for the Progress of Humanity, for true civilization;—for the free growth of national peculiarities of character; for the unlimited development of the boundless resources of varied clime and country;—for facilities of transit from place to place, from country to country, that the world's goods may readily be exchanged, that every man may have the opportunity of placing himself in that sphere in which his energies

may be turned to the best account for the public service; and, that each country may thus be the gainer, not only by the immigration of useful members from other countries, but, also, by the emigration of such of her own members as cannot find at home a profitable investment of their faculties;—for a constant intercommunication of ideas and information, for the benefit of all countries;—and for that free trade, that unrestrained interchange of natural products and manufactures, by which alone the material wants of nations can be supplied, and States become not only prosperous but guarantees of each other's prosperity, and a sufficient scope be given to that boundless activity of man, which, if not allowed to fructify for the general good, continually expends and wastes itself in worthless schemes, in narrow, unassisted, and abortive efforts, in costly and disastrous wars, or in barren measures of precaution, protection, and prohibition, only necessary while nations are not in co-operation for the common weal.

We have now, as far as could be done in a first address, indicated the motives of our course, the object we have in view; and, by that excluded from our sphere of action, all we did not include. With political questions, except this question of Nationality, we, as a League, have nothing to do. With forms of Government, with contests between Democracy and Privilege, we, as a League, cannot interfere. Ours (we repeat it) is an International League,—a League proposing to aid the People of this country in forming a correct judgment of the national questions now agitating Europe; proposing to preach the Right of Nationality, and to promote a cordial understanding between the Peoples of all countries. The business of the League is solely with international questions. Our League seeks liberty for God's life to manifest itself everywhere; and that the form under which it

manifests itself may be decided altogether by the natural tendencies, the state of education and enlightenment of each and every People. To interfere, to control that life, or to dictate its method, would be, in fact, a contradiction of our own principles. We claim for every People the right to choose their own institutions, to determine their own way of life. What we now ask, through this our League, is free room for growth. Let the growth be as God wills!

Our means, as already indicated, will be such as, within the bounds of English law and sympathy, time and circumstance may suggest. Through the medium of the Press, the Platform, and the Lecture-room, our endeavour will be to enlighten the public, to give information on all that can help Englishmen to form a sound opinion upon European questions. We shall supply the elements of judgment, and trust the consequences to English sense. By the diffusion of information obtained from unimpeachable sources in every foreign country, we hope to be able to correct errors, to destroy prejudices, to give a true version of all that passes in Europe, of all important events that would interest Englishmen, careful either for the honour or for the prosperity of their country.

And thus we shall lay a sure foundation for that really Holy Alliance of Peoples which God has ordained, and for which, through all struggles and strivings, his Spirit has been unceasingly preparing mankind.

NON-INTERVENTION.

(First Published in 1851.)

THE principle of Non-intervention in the affairs of other nations is a product of the negative and purely critical spirit of the last century. It was originally a useful and righteous protest against the lust of conquest and the appetite for war, which had till then characterized the activity of Europe. As such, it was a step in advance; a real step in the intellectual progress of the human race. Started as it was by the thinkers of the liberal European movement, it was capable, had it been attended to, of serving that movement in a most effective manner. Had it been observed in the case of the French Revolution, France would have been left to her own free and spontaneous development. But the instinct of the Absolutist party rejected a principle so fraught with destruction to the prevailing system, and gave rise to the war of the Royal Allies; and France had to evoke a Napoleon to repel intervention by intervention on a grander scale.

Since that time the fate of the principle has been peculiar. Seized by the very men against whom it had been intended to act, and who had positively no belief in it whatever, it was erected as a protective canopy over that diplomatic parcelling out of the continent of Europe which was iniquitously concocted at Vienna on the fall of Napoleon; and thus it was turned against the cause in whose service it had been at first promulgated. The plan succeeded. In the minds of some there remained a right sense of the original and true meaning of the principle; as, indeed, we still see many in whose minds the principle has worked itself out to just and liberal conclusions; but,

upon the whole, a huge confusion fell upon the intelligence of the nations, and it came to be understood that the principle of Non-intervention meant, that the arrangement of 1815 should not be altered except by the diplomatists who had made it; that every government recognized by that arrangement, should be allowed to do as it liked with the populations included within its bounds; and that, in case of any movement of those populations, having a tendency to disturb the *status quo*, the various governments might combine to put that movement down.

So atrocious a perversion was this of the original meaning of the principle, and to such flagrant enormities has it led on the Continent, that thinking men there have begun to hate the very phrase Non-intervention, and to wish that it were, for a time at least, dismissed from the language of mankind. Only in England is the phrase still repeated with any degree of respect. Here, indeed, the principle of Non-interference, according as it does so peculiarly with the habits of thought engendered by our insular position and our peculiar national occupations, has degenerated into a kind of selfish indifferentism. "Let every nation attend to its own affairs; let other nations work out their freedom as we have worked out ours; whether they succeed or not is not our concern;" —such is the sole theory of foreign politics propounded or acted on by many of the public men of England.

Now, in the first place, it has to be observed of this principle of Non-interference, that the very terms in which it is put forth, necessarily presuppose something, take something for granted. When it is said that the true principle of the mutual relations of nations is the principle of Non-intervention, a state of things is presupposed in which all the due conditions of Nationality have been attended to. It is between certain things called *Nations* that the principle of Non-intervention is to hold;

the principle of Non-intervention is not to take effect except on the supposition that the parties concerned are distinct Nations.

But what is a Nation? According to any possible definition of this word, a nation is a larger or smaller aggregate of human beings bound together into an organic whole by agreement in a certain number of real particulars, such as race, language, physiognomy, historic tradition, intellectual peculiarities, or active tendencies. Thus *the Russians* are a nation—they are a specified mass of human beings agreeing in a certain number of real particulars, the aggregate of which is expressed by the name *Russians.* So also *the French* are a nation; *the English* are a nation; *the Spaniards* are a nation—these names implying in each case a certain number of real characteristic differences impressed by nature herself on the fragments of the human race to which the names refer. It seems to be the design of Providence that the general purposes of the world shall be carried on through the medium of these distinct national organisms, each acting the part for which its peculiarities adapt it. Hence the profound sacredness attaching to the idea of nationality; faithfulness to which is the highest kind of heroism, and treachery to which is the deepest kind of infamy, yet recognized in history. Hence also those conquests which have produced, or been supposed to produce, beneficial results, have always ended in the incorporation of the conquerors with the conquered, so as not to destroy the feeling of national independence and unity, but only reinvigorate somewhat changing the organism.

is between nations in this sense, surely, that the e of Non-interference is alleged to hold good. aning surely is that, seeing God has divided the ce into masses so evidently distinct; each with

a separate tone of thought, and a separate part to fulfil, this arrangement should not be needlessly tampered with by attempts of one nation to dictate to another its line of policy, or arrest its course of internal development. It was not surely meant that, if this natural arrangement were traversed, if the inhabitants of Europe were flung together anyhow, half a nation under one government and half under another, and some governments including five or six fragments of five or six peoples,—still the principle of Non-intervention was as reasonable as before. If half of England were attached to France and the other half to Denmark, would not the governments of France and Denmark find themselves entangled together by the strong tendency of the severed halves of England to reunite themselves; and would it be fair to set up any abstract doctrine of Non-intervention as a reason why the two masses of Englishmen whom Nature had destined to form one, should turn their backs to each other, take no concern in each other's affairs, and prove false to their dearest instincts? And is not this a fair description of certain parts of that diplomatic dismemberment of Europe, falsely called a Political System, in perpetuation of which the doctrine of Non-intervention is jesuitically invoked? Not to mention other instances in which, especially in Eastern Europe, those enduring realities of race, language, and cherished tradition, on which alone a national system can be reared, were ruthlessly traversed by the arrangements of 1815, let us but think of what was done with Italy. Here, of a country naturally one —one in all that constitutes a nation—a fraction, amounting to one-fourth part of the whole, was handed over to be governed by a foreign state according to the most absolute principles of despotism; while the remainder was left cut up into states between which all national relationship was debarred, and which were all at

the virtual mercy of the first foreign power. Is the doctrine of Non-intervention to be set up as a reason why this unnatural arrangement should be considered inviolable, or why it should be counted a crime in Lombards, Romans, Tuscans, and Neapolitans still to feel as parts of an indestructible Italian people? A nation is a more permanent thing than a system of rule, and ought to be guaranteed by higher maxims of inviolability. Destroy the system of rule in Russia, Spain, or England, and Russia, Spain, and England will still remain as much realities as before—facts engraven, so to speak, on the solid substance of the globe; destroy the system of rule centralized at Vienna, and there remains nothing at all in nature answering to the name of Austria. The charters by which Italy and Hungary exist separately are more ancient and more sacred than that which has handed them over to one and the same master.

But should all this be unchanged—should this notion of Nationality be treated as an unsubstantial crotchet—should it be argued, that the notion of a really national system is a mere pedantry, that there never was a time when the division of Europe into states could have been made coincident with its division into nations, and that consequently it was necessary to assume some actual arrangement of states, as convenient as possible, and protect *that* by a decree of permanent inviolability—in short, should the principle of Non-intervention between governments or states *de facto*, be substituted for that of Non-intervention between nations or states *de jure*,—still this would not affect the necessity that lies upon us to make some vigorous demonstration in such cases as that of Italy. For, surely, when the rule of Non-interference is set up as the sole rule of political relationship between states, it is implied that this rule shall be absolute. If the rule means anything on the lips of those who urge it

as a ground for doing nothing in behalf of Italy, it must mean that in every state the government must deal directly and alone with its own people, and that if any dispute arise between the government and the people, they must settle it entirely between themselves. If the government of a state is despotic, and if the people, roused by unjust treatment or seized with the passion for freedom and progress, resists that government, carries on a war of the press against it, and at last, in spite of police and military force, defeats it; then, according to this rule, the decision is final, the revolution is legitimate, and it must be accepted as an indisputable fact that Providence means that state to order its internal relations in a new manner. But should the government of a neighbouring despotic state, either invited by the vanquished party or fearing the contagion of liberal ideas in its own territory, invade the convulsed state with armies, and so interrupt or repeal the revolution, then the principle of Non-intervention is at an end, and all moral obligation on other states to observe it is from that moment annulled. As much revered as the principle of Non-interference was before, to the same degree is interference lawful now. In other words, the same theory which proclaims Non-interference as the first law of international politics, must include, as a secondary law, the right of interference to make good all prior infractions of the law of Non-interference.

There is no escaping this conclusion. Nor is its application to the present aspect of European affairs difficult to be seen. What does this Non-intervention principle in real fact now mean? It means precisely this—Intervention on the wrong side; Intervention by all who choose, and are strong enough, to put down free movements of peoples against corrupt governments. It means co-operation of despots against peoples, but no co-opera-

tion of peoples against despots. It means that if a brave Hungarian nation, provoked, after years of injury and protest, to a universal revolt against a perjured government, shall dare to draw the sword in self-defence, shall beat the armies of its perjured government, and shall be on the point of a well-earned renovation of its ancient liberties, then it shall be lawful for a Russian Czar to step in, but not at all lawful for the free English people to drag that interfering Czar back. It means that if, in an Italian state such as Piedmont, or Tuscany, or Naples, there should arise a symptom of free life, then, even in defiance of the government of that state, Austria shall have a right to send barbarian troops to extinguish it, while no other nation of the world shall have a right to say *Nay* to Austria. It means that if, on the flight of a Pope from Rome, on his persevering refusal to return or to exercise his functions through regular deputies, the Roman people shall calmly, unanimously, and wisely proceed to govern themselves, and to show that they can do without Popes for their secular sovereigns,—then it shall be lawful for a sister republic like France to send an army, with a lie on its banners, to compel the Romans to take back their Pope on his own terms, and unlawful for Protestant Britain to do aught else than look on and smile. It means that, over the face of Europe, a few hundreds of thousands of soldiers, paid and drilled by despotism, shall march from spot to spot—across rivers, across frontiers, according to orders sent from a few great capitals—doing foul work wherever they go, and trampling out all germs of high and promising vitality. It means—God alone knows if ever the occasion will come that these hirelings of despotism are prepared to march and countermarch even on our own soil of England. That, and much more, is what Non-intervention at present practically means.

After all, it begins to be felt that, even understood in its fairest sense, the doctrine of Non-intervention between states and nations is poor and incomplete. It begins to be felt that not only is every nation entitled to a free and independent life, but also that there are bonds of international duty, binding all the nations of the earth together. It begins to be felt that if on any spot of the world, even within the limits of an independent nation, some glaring wrong should be done, casting a blight it may be over a populous area of many square miles, and sending up a cause of offence towards heaven—if, for example, there should be, as there has been in our time, a massacre of Christians within the dominions of the Turks—then other nations are not absolved from all concern in the matter simply because there may interpose between them and the scene of the wrong, seas, tracts of continent, and traditional diplomatic courtesies. It begins to be felt that, in some way or other, nations should exert an influence on the general affairs of the world, proportionate, nay ostensibly proportionate, not merely to their numbers, but also to their intrinsic merits and their capacity for acting nobly; and farther, that this necessity becomes greater and the likelihood of meeting it more determined, as the increase of our means for locomotion and for intercommunication between one land and another is reducing our earth to a more manageable compass, and making its inhabitants more conscious of being but one family.

It is acknowledged, indeed, that the whole problem is very difficult. It is acknowledged that governments are the natural organs and representatives of states in their dealings with other states, and that war is in itself a deplorable contrivance for settling international differences. It is hoped, however, that even yet the world has something to discover in this respect; and that out

of all those plans and proposals to which the growing international sense is giving birth, and which to many seem premature and utopian—Peace Congresses, Occidental Committees of Progress, European Courts of Arbitration, and Universal Exhibitions of Industry—a new method of international procedure will at length be evolved, the exact character of which we cannot foresee, but which will be equally distinct, it is believed, from a wretched neutrality on the one hand, and from a boisterous military activity on the other.

Meanwhile this result is not to be arrived at by shutting our eyes or our hearts to what is actually going on, but by allowing each case of contemporary international wrong to produce its full impression upon us, and to stimulate us to some course of action immediately and specially appropriate. The theory of international polity can be perfected in no other way than by dealing sincerely and thoroughly with individual cases as they successively arise.

TWO LETTERS ON THE CRIMEAN WAR.

(Printed for the Working Men of England.)

MY FRIENDS — By these two letters, which are now recommended to you, on a question involving the honour and the futurity of your country, I meant to partially repay the debt of hospitality which I owe to her.

They are nothing if viewed from a literary point of view; but every line contained in them is the expression of a pure unsophisticated conscience, the offspring of a deep grief felt in seeing the blood of the brave and the money of the English workers lavished in an enterprise doomed to prove a failure by an immoral presiding policy; and the prophecy of a truth which time *may*, if you do not provide, embody into practical fatal results.

If my views do agree with yours, why should you not act accordingly? Are not the means within reach? Cannot the people who did, by two meetings in Hyde Park, cancel at once an unjust, intolerant bill,* meet under God's sky and inspiration for a far more important concern, and thunder forth in unmistakeable tones, "England's duty! England's will?" Or is Europe to believe that the English people can only be aroused by a threatened curtailment of physical personal comforts, and that the honour of the country, the morality of her policy, the belief in sacred principles, and the liberty of the world, are matters of indifference to them?

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

August 1855.

* The Alien Bill.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY OF THE FRIENDS OF ITALY.

LETTER I.*

March 2d, 1855.

MY DEAR FRIEND—The activity of the "Friends of Italy" is going to be for a time suspended. I do not feel astonished, nor grieving much at the announcement. The home-battle which you have to fight requires that all English means, energies, and exertions, should now, instead of remaining scattered in various directions, be *concentrated on the given point.* If such is your purpose, such your motive for the decision to which you have come, well and good. When *proximus ardet Ucalegon*, we must all run to the engines, and bring to the spot all water-pumps, safety-ladders, and fire-annihilators that we can muster. We can no longer devise about the best means for quenching fires which may possibly burst out at a great distance. You are in a truly supreme moment. The sphynx is before you. You must solve her riddle or be devoured. Apply then, all your powers to get rid of the monster; gird your loins for England's honour and safety: they *are* at stake. If you succeed here, you will have done more for Italy than you can by spreading tracts, or eliciting sympathies in her favour, for ten years. If you do not—England, sunk to the rank of a second or third rate power, deprived of the prestige which once surrounded each of her deeds or words, powerless and

* These letters are not *translated.* They were written in English by Mr. Mazzini; and with the exception of the slight modification of certain phrases where the meaning was obscured by foreign style or idiom, have been printed as they stood in the original MS.

friendless, will stand in need of help, rather than be able to afford it to others. The only good that will arise from her thus vanishing into her grave of insignificance, will be the *moral* lesson taught by it: the ever-true, ever-forgotten line which will be her epitaph, *Discite justitiam moniti, et non contemnere divos.* You trampled on justice, and despised the gods, Truth and Morality; therefore you lie buried, until "God and the People"—the Cromwellian source of inspiration—breathe a new life in you.

Tracts and sympathies are all that is wanted for a good cause, wherever the *government* and the *country* are one; wherever the first is the *mind*, the nation *thinking;* the second the *arm*, the nation *acting.* Such ought to be the case in all well-constituted commonalties; but such is not the case with you.

The dualism, the antagonism I ought to say, existing in England, between the government and the country, has never been so flagrantly evident as in these later times. Could I go from one end to the other of your land, and ask every father who has had or has a son in the East, every man who has paid and pays for the forty or fifty millions which you must already have spent through the war, *for what* England is now giving blood and money,—I feel sure that the answer would be, for civilisation, for liberty, against the spirit of absolutism; for the independence of nationalities against the encroachments of despotism. The members of your Government would, if frank, answer, We fight for the *status quo*, to maintain what is extant of the Europe of 1815, to prevent nationalities from rising.

Could I go through the country and ask: Do you believe that morality, justice, and liberty, or immorality and foul tyranny, rule over the councils of Austria? do you think that the land of Milton and Cromwell, the land of religious, civil, and commercial liberty, ought to

entwine her banner with that of a power ruling through hangmen and Speilbergs? the unanimous answer would be: Austria is China in Europe, despotism, immobility, and cruelty: we have nothing in common with her. Your Government, meanwhile, from Lord Aberdeen to Lord Palmerston, is Austrian at heart: it throws 40,000 British lives at the feet of the Juggernaut-phantom of an Austrian alliance: it dooms England to an unsuccessful war, or to a dishonourable truce, for the sake of Austria.

Could I go and ask: Do you think the Italians ought to be masters at home? do you think that the emancipation of Italy from the foreign and from the papal yoke would be a glorious thing, an immense victory achieved over shams, lies, and idolatries? every voice would say, Long live free and united Italy! we pray for it; we long for it. Your Government, meanwhile, after having betrayed Italy into the hands of her oppressors in 1814, after having coldly approved the murder of Rome in 1849, has now aimed—I trust ineffectually—the deadliest blow at the national Italian party, by allying Piedmont with Austria.

The people of England aspire towards the future; the Government is the representative of the past.

And between the two there is no link; no regular permanent channel, through which the former can act in *due time* on the latter. Your rulers are not chosen *by* you, nor *amongst* you; appointed from above, they are in all branches chosen from a certain number of families whom tradition,—the past,—points out to royalty. Secrecy shields them in all international transactions. Before you can *speak*, they *have* acted. You may blame; you might punish; you cannot prevent. The *consummatum est* makes all agitation useless.

Whilst such a state of things endures, there is no hope from England for the oppressed nations.

First gain a victory at home; then revive your noble agitations for Italy, and, through Italy, for the world.

Shall you gain this victory? I know not. This I know, that you must try, or sink; and that the thousands of British brave men fallen in a few months appeal to you from their graves for a resolute, manly struggle.

It will be a hard one: not on account of the *direct* obstacles; in England they are few; you have not, as we have in Italy, foreign enemies to contend with; you *can* rule your own destinies if you *choose* to do so;—not on account of *widely* pervading ignorance;—from education, or from instinct,—the genius of the people,—there is a vast majority in England fully knowing what is wrong, what is right;—but on account of a certain half-despairing, half-selfish, moral inertness, which has grown parasitically on your souls, and cramped your old Saxon vigour; a cowardice of the intellect, which *sees* the aim, in a merely contemplative way; but does not *feel* the necessity of studying the means through which it can be grasped at and realized; a sort of morally sleepy, lazy, self-benumbing disposition, the incipient lethargy of dying collective bodies, and the unavoidable characteristic of all irreligious epochs; when the *belief* in a common godlike origin, destiny and power having disappeared,—each man is left to wander about, cloaked and muffled in his own individuality; conscious, however he may parade, of his own weakness.

Irreligious I said, and I maintain the word. I know the protest which, should what I write be deemed in any way important, would rise from your thousand sects now swarming on the corpse of Faith. It does not move me. Your Biblical or Evangelical Societies, palavering about freedom of conscience, and leaving us, the men who had overthrown papal authority, and written those sacred words on the Capitol,* to fall under combined brute

* God and the People.

force, without a single protest from them—your peace societies, allowing God's law and Godlike human life to be systematically crushed on the two-thirds of Europe—your *believers* in liberty as the only pledge for man's responsibility, allying themselves with despots—your Christians, fighting for the maintenance of Mahommedan law on European populations—seem to me to be the reverse of religious. The soul of religion is the link between thought and action; it is an incessant, everlasting battle fought for truth, justice, God's universal law; against lies, iniquities, and devil's privileged rule; it is a felt necessity of attuning external deeds to your heart's belief. Whenever the two point in their development to two different directions, there is no religion—there is disguised *Atheism.*

Against this practical Atheism you have now to fight. You must make England, and all the sons of England, ONE. You must cancel the divorce now existing between what one *thinks* and what one *does*. And you must bid every man to *do*, to act according to his soul's creed; to make himself a living gospel; to stand up, and say, "This is my faith; I will live in it, and, if wanted, I will die for it." England is now proclaiming liberty at home, and upholding tyranny abroad;—blessing with one hand our Italian martyrs of liberty, and grasping with the other the hand of their hangman, Austria;—muttering the watchword of progressive civilization, and trying to prop the rotten edifice of 1815; applauding Kossuth, and discountenancing Hungary;—sympathizing with Poland, and sacrificing her to Austria. This must cease, or you will never conquer; you have no *right* to conquer.

This question of *right* seems never to arise before the mind of your countrymen. It is the *true* question. I hear daily, chaotic, endless discussions about Lord Raglan's inefficiency;—about absurd, unjust methods of pro-

motions in the army; ignorance or culpable neglect of your commissariat; want of energy in the rulers; military blunders, etc.; all real but secondary causes of your failure. Not a single known English voice has said hitherto to his countrymen: *Friends, the course you pursue is utterly wrong; the policy of your war is absolutely immoral; how can you hope for victory?*

Right is the offspring of duty—duty fulfilled. What high duty are you now trying to fulfil towards Europe?

Depend upon it, higher than all war councils and cabinet councils, there stands a Power, who has decreed that no *permanent* victory will be achieved by him who does not fight for truth and principles; that deceptions, failure, and shame will attend the flag of any people which does not feel the sacredness of war, but makes of it a mere selfish, physical, butchering contest.

War, like death, *is* sacred; but only when, like death, it opens the gates to a holier life, to a higher ideal. I hail the glorious emancipating battles of humanity, from Marathon down to our own Legnano, without which our municipal liberties would have been crushed in their bud; from those which won religious liberty for the half of Europe, down to those which, in our time, summoned Greece from her grave of two thousand years to a second life; the blood-baptisms of mankind to a great mission, to be fulfilled only through martyrdom. But war, whenever not sanctified by a *principle* inscribed on its flag, is a crime; the foulest of crimes: soldiers, whenever they are not the armed apostles of progressive life and liberty, are nothing but wretched, irrational, hired cut-throats. And for *such* a war there may be momentary triumphs; never the beautiful rainbow of lasting heroic victory.

Your actual war, not as you, the *ruled*, understood it at its beginning, but as perverted by your ruling men, is

not a sacred one. It is aimless and immoral; therefore you cannot, you will not, conquer.

It is *aimless*, because it does not tend to conquer a permanent material guarantee against the periodical renewal of the causes of the war. *This could only be achieved by a new barrier established between Russia and the objects of her ambition;* by some third new element called into play, and vouchsafing for the maintenance of such terms as you soon or late will have agreed upon.

Without that, you may conquer a *truce*, not a *peace;* a sort of bilateral convention, to be made null by the secession of one of the agreeing parties. And this will unavoidably take place as soon as time will have restored the forces of the yielding combatant. The four points—miserable enough in themselves—are still more so, inasmuch as they have in your actual system no possible pledge.

It is *immoral*, because its policy has been exclusively framed for immoral purposes, through immoral means; upholding the iniquitous arrangements of 1815; stifling nationalities; and that through alliance with Austria.

There were, when once war was decided upon, two systems before you:—

The first was *virtuous;* and victory would have made it sublime: to feel that war against Russia was to be the war of European liberty against European despotism; that the ever-recurring causes of war, ten times evaded, made at last imperative, have always sprung from the treaties of 1815; that the equipoise leading to peace, the so-called balance of powers, can only be an equipoise and a balance of justice; that no such thing could ever be attained without a revisal of those unjust, unequal, tyrannical agreements which have never been sanctioned by the peoples; that the map of Europe ought to be redrawn according to natural tendencies, traditions, and

legitimate aspirations, freely expressed by the different nations; to state boldly those views; to apply to politics the great principle of your Bacon: *frustra magnum expectatur augmentum . . . ex superinductione et insitione novorum super vetera, sed instauratio facienda est ab imis fundamentis;* to understand at once that neither Austria with her threatening nationalities, with her Sclavonic millions, with a principle identical to Tzarism, with the curse of Europe upon her,—nor the doomed Turkish empire,—an outpost of Asia superposed upon a whole European world, with its Christian millions subjected to a dwindling minority of Mahometan rulers, with its visible incapacity of progression,—can ever prove a barrier to the young, increasing, compact Russian power; and that new powers alone would be able to fulfil the task: to appeal to Poland, to the German nations, to Hungary, to Italy; to appeal to all those elements, Wallachian, Moldavian, Serbian, Bulgarian, Albanian, which must soon or late—perhaps under the guiding spirit of the now despised and trampled-upon Hellenic element — form themselves into a great confederation: to snatch them all from Russian influence by helping them to what Russia can never give; to construct around the Muscovite empire a living wall, as it were, of young associated nationalities; this would have been truly great and beautiful; would have endowed England with a glorious European initiative, made her the focus of civilizing power for many centuries to come, woven a wreath of new alliances round her, and conferred undying honour, shining upon her noble, welcome, bright waving flag.

I did not hope for that. It requires some twenty-five years more, or the unforeseen rising of a single man, blending within himself the energy of Cromwell, the heart of Washington, and a spark of Napoleonic genius, to bring England up to such an ideal.

But there was a *second* system, an honest, temperate one, not subjecting you to the responsibility of such an initiative as I have just now described, still leading from afar to grand results, and securing for you influence, honour, and victory, which you might have chosen without any danger. To state that, accepting the sad necessity of a war, you did so for the sake of a general principle —that the principle was the *non-interference principle*, which, after having, through love of peace, allowed to be so shamefully and continuously violated during the last thirty years by the despotic powers, you now wanted to enforce for *all* governments; so that every people might henceforward be master of its own destinies at home, and God's life be secured from any external, physical, crushing influence: that, accordingly, you did not undertake war for the purpose of upholding the Turkish empire—if summoned by the law of time to transform itself—against the action of its own internal elements; but to prevent Russia, or any other power, from hastening, misdirecting, or monopolising for its own interest the appointed transformation; not to bid the "sick man" to live if death's hour was near, but to prevent the Tzar from giving the death-blow, and usurping his inheritance;—and that the solemn accepting of such views would be the test for your alliances. This would have been mere justice, undeniable even by your enemies, and nothing more, in fact, than what England and France combined, once proclaimed as the binding law of nations, in 1831.

This timid and incomplete—for I believe in the sacredness of interference for good—but at all events not irrational and immoral system, would have furnished you with a safe guidance in all successive transactions; kept up the now vanished enthusiasm which hailed throughout all the oppressed nations your declaration of war; left the future open to the aspiring races constituting the Turkish Euro-

pean empire; pointed to you the true and only efficient plan of warfare, from which you have departed; created plenty of devoted alliances to your flag; and, above all, saved you from the necessity of accepting dangerous, wicked, and false friends.

Poland would have risen: can you doubt the efficiency of ten millions of Polish allies partly hanging on the flank of your enemy, partly scattered through its own army?

Italy would have risen: can you think that Austria, attacked in her most vital part by a second 1848, could ever have proved a dangerous enemy to you in your contest with Russia?

Hungary would have risen: can you suspect, since 1849, that between you and Russia she could ever have chosen Russia as a friend and ally?

From Wallachia and Moldavia, then hopeful of their own independence, you would have gathered some 60,000 soldiers for a campaign on the Pruth. From the Polish Emigration you would have drawn brave and devoted legions ready to land from your Baltic fleet somewhere about Riga. From amongst the Hungarian, Italian, and German exiles, you would have chosen at will learned and experienced officers whom you want, and who cannot be formed except with more time than you can afford.

The system adopted by your statesmen has been a different one. It has a double characteristic: horror of any thing like a principle, and terror of free nationalities.

Political Atheists and adepts born of that lifeless, hopeless, motionless, materialist school, which, bowing to phantom realities of an hour, betrays universal, everlasting truth, and has dissolved all the great monarchies of the past; disinherited of genius, and without that fervent, deep, devoted love for their country, which is the genius of the heart, they went to war, as they now try to come back to peace, lightly, inconsiderately; with no decisive

aim in view, no settled long-meditated scheme, no earnest preparations, no thought of the future; trusting circumstances, events, chance, and the valour of soldiers, with whose lives they trifled; their *primary* object being, not to conquer for the good of all, not to secure a lasting, just, and honourable peace, but to *maintain everywhere the present state of things, and to prevent the possible rising of the oppressed nations.* Dragging you blindly after the inspirations of the man of the 2d December, whom a short time before they professed to execrate or despise, they accepted his hatred of democracy, his distrust of popular aid, his terror of rising nationalities, his leaning towards Austria,—fatal to his uncle, and which will prove fatal to him. Austrian alliance was for them not a real increase of power for active war—they well knew that Austria's first battle would be the signal for our rising, and absorbing her forces in a home contest—but a pledge for our inertness: they wanted Austria, not in spite of her being, but *because* she is the embodiment of European *status quo*, the key-stone of European despotism. They needed to throw discouragement in our ranks; they felt alarmed at our popular revolutionary sympathies; they wanted to disclaim solemnly any communing, any connection, with the wronged nations; they felt called upon to damp the rising dangerous ardour of Poland, Italy, and Hungary. Hence the degrading, slavish persistence, with which they courted, during more than one year, the friendship of the master of Windischgrätz and Haynau; the more degrading self-abdication by which your diplomacy has accepted Vienna, not Constantinople, as the place for the peace-conferences; the renouncing all the sympathies of the continental patriots; the abandonment of Poland; the adoption of the most irrational plans of warfare; the sacrifice of your army; the failure.

Do not mistake me. I do not speak as an Italian; I

aim at nothing, I hope nothing for Italy except from Italy herself: If my country proves unable to conquer unity and liberty through her own efforts, she is not ripe for them. I speak from an English point of view, and through a sincere love for England, my calm, earnest, deep, deliberate conviction, that your alliance with despotic Austria has been, is, and will be, the primary cause of all errors, inefficiencies, contradictions, and failures, which have marked, and will unavoidably mark, the progress of the war.'

It is owing to Austrian dictation that you have neglected the only seriously vulnerable point of Russia, Poland: a Polish insurrection would have snatched Galicia from Austria.

It is owing to Austrian dictation that you have refused the valuable help of the Hungarian, Italian, and German officers, who offered their services at the beginning of the war; that such men as Klapka have been compelled to come back sickened and discouraged from Constantinople

It is owing to Austrian dictation that, with some 10,000 Polish exiles ready to form your vanguard, provided you would offer to them a flag and a hope, you have been urged to powerless Foreign Enlistment bills, and to appeal to mercenaries from all countries for the battles of England.

It is owing to Austrian dictation that, instead of following up the natural plan of a campaign on and beyond the Pruth, and developing the gallant initiative taken by Omar Pasha's army, you first allowed pestilence and demoralization to thin and weaken your ranks at Varna; secondly, gave up to foreign troops the Principalities; then accepted the fatal Bonapartist scheme of the Crimean expedition. Austria did not want to have French and English bayonets glittering near the frontier of her disaffected Hungary.

It is owing to Austrian influence that known agents of Russia, like the son of Hospodar Stirbey, are to be met with in your very councils of war.

There is not a single important disastrous incident of the war which could not be traced up to the curse of Austrian influence hanging over your steps.

And for all that owing to Austrian will or suggestion, you have or have not done; for this secret supreme direction conceded to her in your camp and in your councils; what have you obtained? *Has Austria fired a single musket for you?* How many men from the 600,000 whom you so complacently parade in your speeches, has Austria sent to help your army in the Crimea? Strange that not a single man in parliament has raised his voice to bid your Cabinet, in the name of the country, ask Austria to *act* within the space of one week, or renounce her deceitful alliance for ever! Strange that two months have elapsed since that first of January, after which the alliance was to be changed into an offensive one, and that this fact, this last crowning fact, is not even mentioned in the speeches or articles of your most fervent agitators. I hear of intended national associations; I hear of numberless remedies proposed, from universal suffrage down to the appointment of a few officers from the Indian army; and I wonder at the Anglo-Saxon good sense and instinct of justice not bursting out in a collective storm-like voice: "Enough of degradation: enough of tampering with the evil principle; let our flag keep pure of every sullying contact; let our men die on the field with the consciousness that they die for a good cause; throw Austria overboard; appeal to Poland; appeal to the long oppressed nationalities; be free amongst the free; leave the Crimea; let the Baltic and the Pruth be your starting-points; and trust God, the people, liberty, and our fates!"

This, and *the immediate publicity of all diplomatic international transactions*, ought to be the first lines of your agitation-programme. Without, I fear that all your efforts will prove inefficient.

May God avert the omen! My words may sound bitter, perhaps unwise; the bitterness is that of deluded love: England has been long to me my *second country;* the spot out of Italy where I love the best and am loved the best. As to wisdom, time will show.

I am a foreigner, and pleading for foreign nationalities; but woe to England if that could ever weaken for her the authority of truth, if any is found in my words. One day, in the times of imperial Rome, a foreigner, an enfranchised slave, pronounced in the public theatre the well-known line, "*Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto.*" A burst of applause broke out from those slave-holders, knights, and patricians. What Tacitus called the *conscience of mankind* had found its expression there, and conquered. I sympathize more with my old Romans than with the "*We do not listen to foreigners; we have no concern with foreign nationalities,*" of your leaders and of your Manchester men. There arose from the sympathizing applause of the first a new emancipating religious era; the disdainful neglect of the latter has, as yet, engendered nothing but failure, discredit, and the fruitless death of many thousands.—Yours faithfully,

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

LETTER II.

July 1855.

My dear Friend—You ask me why I do not express my opinions on the war. I feel disheartened. You seem

to me to be fighting like Ajax in the dark: only he was praying for light—you have it shining on you from every side, and shut your eyes resolutely against it. You have been repeatedly warned. Men who do not claim any superior insight or power of genius, but who, from their position, from the studies and events of a whole life, are entitled to know something of continental political matters, told you from the beginning of the contest that Austria would never fight your battles; that her only aim was to take possession of the Principalities; that by your obstinately pursuing the flying phantom of an alliance with her you were not only degrading your cause and losing all the sympathies of the good and brave throughout Europe, but fettering your intellect, cramping your schemes, and turning the policy of your war from the only ground upon which you could rationally hope for victory, to a wild chase of impossibilities. All this has been subsequently baptized into FACTS. Still, you remain inert, impassive, unshaken, bent on the same identical track—plunging deeper and deeper into a dark, hopeless region of dreams and deceptions; whilst a single act of will would lead you back to the wide, easy, bright path, on which honour and victory must bless each step of yours. I see brave deeds, sufficient to redeem a whole fallen nation; noble powers of action and endurance, displayed by your unknown demi-gods, your soldiers, and officers, in the Crimea; but for what purpose and with what hope? I bow before the quiet silent devotedness with which your nation accepts all the sacrifices inseparable from a war, and I feel proud of loving and being loved in your country; but such devotion ought not to be in vain; and, as far as I can see, it is so. Owing to the policy which leads the war, you are fighting for an impossibility.

The thought, unless indeed all practical sense has for-

saken your nation, must be by this time, after nine months of efforts and deceptions, living and restless within many souls; still, none dares to give utterance to it. You are, in your parliament, oscillating between one party aware of the difficulty of your position, but drawing from that knowledge a policy of cowardice, and another, fully alive to the supreme necessity of not withdrawing from the contest before a decisive victory; but neither understanding, nor wanting to understand, how victory can be reached; peace at any cost, even of honour, and war for war's sake; the three words uttered by Mr. Roebuck remaining unsupported, echoless, a threatening prophecy to be remembered when it will be too late. Your administrative reform societies are systematically shunning the vital question, apparently aiming at nothing else but at teaching people how to do cleverly the wrong thing. Your press, active, farsighted, bold, sometimes fierce, and when combined, all-powerful concerning details and all second-rate matter, is silent about the problem—"Can Russia be conquered through the Crimea?" Still that is the question. It is good and brave to die for one's flag; but it is sad, unutterably sad, and culpable, to bid the best die a fruitless death, when more could be achieved. Martyrdom is in certain times and circumstances the sacred duty of the weak; the strong are bound to conquer.

Can you conquer, without a radical change in your actual policy? It is my deep conviction that you cannot.

To believe that the success of a war rests on a ground of mere organization and military detail-skill—that the directing policy has nothing to do with it—that, when you have comparative perfection of mechanical arrangements and valour, you have conquered the most of favourable chances, is an immense mistake. I have witnessed in 1848, in Lombardy, the rapid, progressive, un-

avoidable destruction of a certain triumph, through a single fatal stroke of policy.

There, on a land where a national movement had suddenly taken place and swept the territory, the fortresses excepted, of all foes, from the Alps to the sea, a king stepped forward, with regular battalions, artillery, and resources twice equal to the conquered, disheartened, demoralized enemy; but with a different aim—the aggrandisement of the House of Savoy, and with a monarchical tradition entirely antagonistic to the spirit and tendency of the movement. There was valour in the army, devotedness in the officers; and a whole population glowing with enthusiasm was backing the Piedmontese regiments. The plan was obvious. The thirty thousand Austrian soldiers who had fled to Verona and Mantua could never reconquer alone the lost ground. To prevent their being reinforced was the problem to be solved; and the solution was easy. To arm the population, and tell them—protect your houses; to leave the fortresses alone; to march to the Alps and establish there, on the points where the military roads link Italy with the Austrian empire, two camps of some twenty-five thousand soldiers each; to bombard Trieste, from whence the Austrians were drawing all their supplies; to rouse with an appeal to the Slavo-Illyrian nationalities all the eastern Dalmatian coast of the Adriatic—was undoubtful, cheap victory. But Trieste was forbidden by diplomacy; the Tyrol, I do not know by what old absurd rights of the German Confederacy; to arm the population was out of the question; for a people who fights its own battles is a very dangerous element to rising monarchies; to protect the Venetian military roads was to strengthen the republican government which had been proclaimed at Venice. And how could a government, bent, not on the creation of an Italian nation, but on the formation of a Piedmontese

kingdom of the North, raise a war of nationalities? Thus, all the truly strategic operations being excluded, the emancipating war found itself forcibly narrowed down to the regular siege of the fortresses. The Piedmontese army lingered before Mantua and Verona until a scorching sun, disease, irregularity of commissariat supplies, and the demoralizing discouragement always attending troops kept in comparative immobility, pointed out to a freely reinforced enemy an opportunity for overpowering it. A wrong policy had destroyed all the chances of the war. Such must be the case in every war: its method rests mainly on the policy which rules the councils of the nation.—Such it is, and most strikingly in your own.

Had the policy of your government been a liberal one, you would now be firmly established in the heart of your enemy's land, backed by the insurrection of a whole brave nation, and with a powerful germ of disorganization, through desertion and revolt, at work in the adverse army. A stroke of energy at the service of a principle would have given you allies on every point of Europe; and no despotic power would dare or be able to support Russia against you. We could pledge our word for that.

By your declaring yourselves hostile to any national movement—by your courting during sixteen months the vilest of the despotic powers, Austria—by your renouncing every moral aim, every noble aspiration, for a paltry and hateful programme of expediency and *status quo*, you have deprived yourselves of the sympathies of all the good and brave throughout Europe—you have prevented a Polish rising—you have lost the alliance of Sweden—you have allowed free space and security to all German intrigues against you; and, renouncing all freedom of action, all free choice of places, means, and military plans, you have, like Charles Albert, in 1848, narrowed the war to a siege, on a spot which will be, I fear, henceforward

named "the grave of England's honour and England's sons."

The grave of England's honour and England's sons: the Crimea, at this period, can be but this.

"I confess I cannot understand the silent, obstinate apathy with which your press, your meetings, your parliamentary men, are witnessing the sacrifice of thousands, without ever dreaming of asking themselves: Can victory —a decisive and permanent one—be obtained there? I shudder when I read such words as those with which Lord Palmerston coolly assures the House of Commons that all losses will be met by new supplies of men. You had better decree at once, that the youth of England shall be periodically decimated, for no other purpose than that of gratifying the military ignorance of Louis Napoleon, and withdrawing every source of alarm from the Austrian government.

A Crimean expedition could in no case, I believe, lead by itself to a decisive success or to honourable terms of peace. Odessa, if you wanted to act from the Black Sea, was the point for you. Still, had you chosen the favourable moment and worked with adequate means, —had you landed at once 100,000 men somewhere above Sebastopol, and marched to Perekop, whilst your fleet would have got possession of the Straits of Kertch, Cape of Kazantip, and other points on the Sea of Azoff, the Crimea might have been yours, and you would have then fallen back on Sebastopol—thus deprived of all its communications with the continent. It would have been, no doubt, an important deed. But now, what is your hope? What is your aim in systematically sacrificing your best men under the walls of a town, which, in all probability, you will not take, and which if taken cannot give you what you want?

It is high time for you, I think, to look earnestly into

the matter, and to see that England's forces, which England may need at a not very distant period, for her own protection against allies—are not lost in a hopeless contest.

Cast a glance back on the war. You thought in the beginning—and it was the first fatal mistake—that you would frighten the Czar out of the contest, with some 50,000 or 60,000 men placed at Constantinople, Gallipoli, or Adrianople. When you began to perceive that a real earnest war was unavoidable, you turned to the Danube: there was your natural basis for offensive operations. Austria—it is now an established fact—forbade your acting there. You bowed to Austria, dismissed the thought at once, and gave up to Austria—the second fatal mistake—the Principalities.

Forbidden the Danube, and not wanting to arouse, through Poland, the dreaded question of the nationalities, you decided upon adopting the Bonapartist scheme of a Crimean expedition. You landed, with troops, material, and knowledge of the localities and of the enemy's forces utterly unequal to the object, near Sebastopol. You wanted to try the north, but found unforeseen and almost insurmountable obstacles, and through the most dangerous flank-march possible, you turned to the south. You could not, for want of troops, invest the place; you did not dream of preventing the accumulation of military stores and victuals which were coming from the interior of Russia and Siberia, down the Volga and the Don, through Rostof and Kertch, to Sebastopol. But you simply established yourselves there, trusting to chance, and despising the enemy—and there you still are. Since then you have been in imminent danger—averted only through want of boldness in the Russian leaders, and heroic valour in your soldiers, at Inkermann and Balaklava—of being driven back to the sea. Since then, you have lost the hope of

an active alliance with Austria, lost the confidence of Europe, lost a considerable amount of money, lost (I speak of England alone) some 20,000 men; and won—some counter-approaching outposts erected since your arrival.

This is the summary of the past: now for the future. Sebastopol, the besieged southern part, is as strong as ever—the Russian army in the Crimea more strong than ever; and, owing to the conduct of Austria, numerous fresh reinforcements are coming from the interior of Russia. You cannot dream of starving the enemy; your expedition to the Sea of Azoff has come five or six months too late; military stores and provisions equal to the wants of many months were already accumulated in Sebastopol. And the military road of the Shivash, the road across the Isthmus, the road leading from Simpheropol to Sebastopol, through Baktchiserai, the road from the same town to the northern part of the besieged place, are all in the hands of the Russians. You must then take the town by force. How many men will you have to lose in getting possession of the Malakhoff, of the Redan, and of the first line of defence? How many in conquering the second line?

Suppose you do gain possession of the whole town, how are you to keep it, under the fire of the northern forts? The ground there is much higher than on the southern side. The octagon fortress, called the Sievarna, the key of Sebastopol, according to Sir Howard Douglas, commands town, bay, and docks. Its height protects it from the fire of your ships, its shores are precipitous. You must therefore attack it by land, thus finding yourself after nine months of exertions and sacrifices, just before the obstacle from which you shrank at the beginning. How much time, how much English blood,

will be required to overcome it? Can you feel sanguine after the experiments on the south?

And, then? The Russian forces outside Sebastopol? Thinner in number; exhausted by victories which would undoubtedly prove like those of Pyrrhus, you will then have to begin the true war, the Crimean campaign. There are Russian forces, strong enough now, and which will be stronger still in a short while, on the right, at the two extremities of the Tchernaya; Russian forces on the Belbek, Russian forces in the proximity of Eupatoria; Russian forces, under Wrangel, Montreser, Bellegarde, in the interior. Between those, and through the steppes which from Simpheropol up to the Isthmus spread over all the Crimea, you will have to fight your way to Perekop. On the steppes, no trees, no shrubs; against the intense heat and the intense cold, an invading army is defenceless; no resting shelter—the Crimea is more than thinly inhabited; ten thousand English square miles and tenanted by some 200,000 inhabitants, and the few scattered villages of the interior will be burnt by the Russians. Water is there very scarce and saturated with salt. The winter sweeps the desolate land with overwhelming snow-storms: the warm season softens the ground, through the melting of the snows, to such an extent that the artillery will sink through it. No roads, tracks—the bridges on the ravines not strong, and easily destroyed. These difficulties you will say must work against the Russians too; yes, only the Russians are at home, they are used to them; you are not; you must conquer, they have only to defend; every step in advance will leave you further from your basis of operations, from your supplies; every step backwards brings them nearer to their own.

At the end of the Crimean steppes lies your objective point, Perekop. The Russians have been all this time

fortifying it. Then should you conquer it, and Russia not yield, three hundred miles of new steppes.

One would say that the man who first planned the Crimean expedition wanted to solve this problem: how to sink in an apparently plausible enterprise the best blood of England, and make her defenceless for a time of need.

Such are your prospects. How many thousands of men, how many millions of pounds, are you disposed to engulph in their possible, not probable, realization?

People who are wanting deliberately to blind themselves and England, will talk to you of a probable operation through the Liman of the Dneiper against Kherson, and the naval arsenal of the Crimea, Nicolaïeff. They forget Otchakow and Kilboroun, placed opposite each other at two and a half miles distance, and forbidding the entrance of the Lagoon; they forget that every place on the shores must have been by this time fortified by the Russians; they forget that Nicolaïeff is now the point where a reserve army of some thirty thousand Russians is formed. They will suggest an attack upon Akerman; and Ovidiopolis on the Dneister; they forget that there you would be faced by the Russians, and threatened on your flank by the Austrian army. Can you trust the Austrian army? They will hint at a bold attempt against Perekop. How—by sea? On the Azoff Sea it is protected by the Shivash; on the Black Sea your men-of-war cannot cast anchor except at the distance of twenty miles. By land? You must first fight, and conquer the campaign I spoke of some lines back. Unless you want to find yourselves prisoners between the forces coming from the interior of Russia, and those manœuvring in the interior of the Crimea, you must destroy Wrangel and Bellegarde. With what forces? You have now, after all usual deductions made—and Turks and Piedmontese in-

cluded—150,000 active men in the Crimea: probably less, certainly not more. Some 40,000, almost without cavalry, are at Eupatoria. How many of the rest will you leave to push on the siege? How many to guard Kamiesch and Balaklava?

No! Unless you raise the siege; unless you apply your energies to the only vulnerable point of Russia—Poland; unless you radically change the policy ruling the war, you can do nothing but systematically and periodically perish in fruitless attempts before Sebastopol. Russia is there now too strong for you.

Will your government ever spontaneously adopt a change of policy? Never. The men who had not one word to say in the name of England's honour when the Tsar in 1848-9 invaded the Principalities and crushed Hungary, because his object was then to check liberty and national movements—the men who plotted with Louis Napoleon for restoring the Pope "under an improved form of government," at Rome—the men who can, during sixteen months, exhaust every form of servile complacency towards such a power as Austria, and who when scorned do not dare a threatening word—can ally themselves with despotic usurpers—they never will say to a nation, Rise! Their policy lies between the despatch of the 23d of March 1853, in which Lord Clarendon declares that her Majesty's government is anxious to avert the risk of any advantage being given to the European revolutionists, and the speeches of Lord Palmerston, branding the liberty of Poland as a dream, the future rising of Hungary as an untoward lamentable event. They may break their pledge with Sicily; they will never break that which binds them to continental absolutism. But that you, English citizens, who worship freedom and revere morality—you who have no pledge except to England's honour, and safety—you who all to a man waved your hats at Poland's glorious

rising, and proclaimed its overthrow a crime—you whose brothers and sons are *dying*, the victims of a wrong policy, in the Crimea, whilst in Podolia and Lithuania they could *conquer*—that you, the free and able, by a single resolute act of will, by a sudden energetic collective manifestation to compel, can sit quietly witnessing the slow, useless work of destruction, and trust your fates to men who, thanks to their policy and to Austria, are besieging, after nine months of operations, an outer work, is more than I can explain to myself or others. Every man who has a son, a brother, or a friend in the East, ought to walk with a map of the Crimea on his breast, and a flag with the name of Poland inscribed upon his shoulder, from place to place, from park to park, from cottage to cottage, and preach and explain, until hundreds of thousands should peacefully but sternly signify their will :—"Change of policy. Down with Austria. Let Poland's rising be helped." And then you ought to kneel and thank God most humbly for having placed the easy accomplishment of a great act of justice on the very path which leads to English safety and success.

But Austria! Prussia! Leave Prussia to her own people; Austria to Hungary and to ourselves. As sure as Austria will never fire a single gun for you against Russia, not a single Austrian gun will be fired against you while we live. The question of the nationalities is amounting to a general war. What of that? Will not the nationalities fight their own battles? Only those battles will be yours too. With Poland, Hungary, and Italy up, the Czar could not dream of marching to Constantinople.

Out of the road I point to, depend upon it there is no decisive victory nor honourable peace possible for you. In a letter which I addressed to you on the 2d of March, I said, "Your policy is absolutely wrong and immoral,

therefore you cannot and will not conquer." I maintain my ground. War is for me the greatest of crimes, whenever it is not waged for the benefit of mankind, for the sake of a great truth to enthrone, or of a great lie to entomb. Yours is not such a war. It shrinks from proclaiming a principle. It equally aims at curtailing despotic encroachments from the north, and strengthening despotism in the centre of Europe. It declares that Turkey has a right to independence, whilst its policy and tactics are calculated so as to prevent any other country from asserting itself independent. I believe in God, and in a providential scheme; and consequently I do not believe in permanent triumph crowning a war grounded on expediency, temporary self-interest, and antagonism to European rights and liberty.

Czarism is a principle—the principle of unbounded authority; it is only a principle—that of universal liberty—that can conquer it.—Yours faithfully,

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

THE END.

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